

CHATTELAIN

MAY

1960

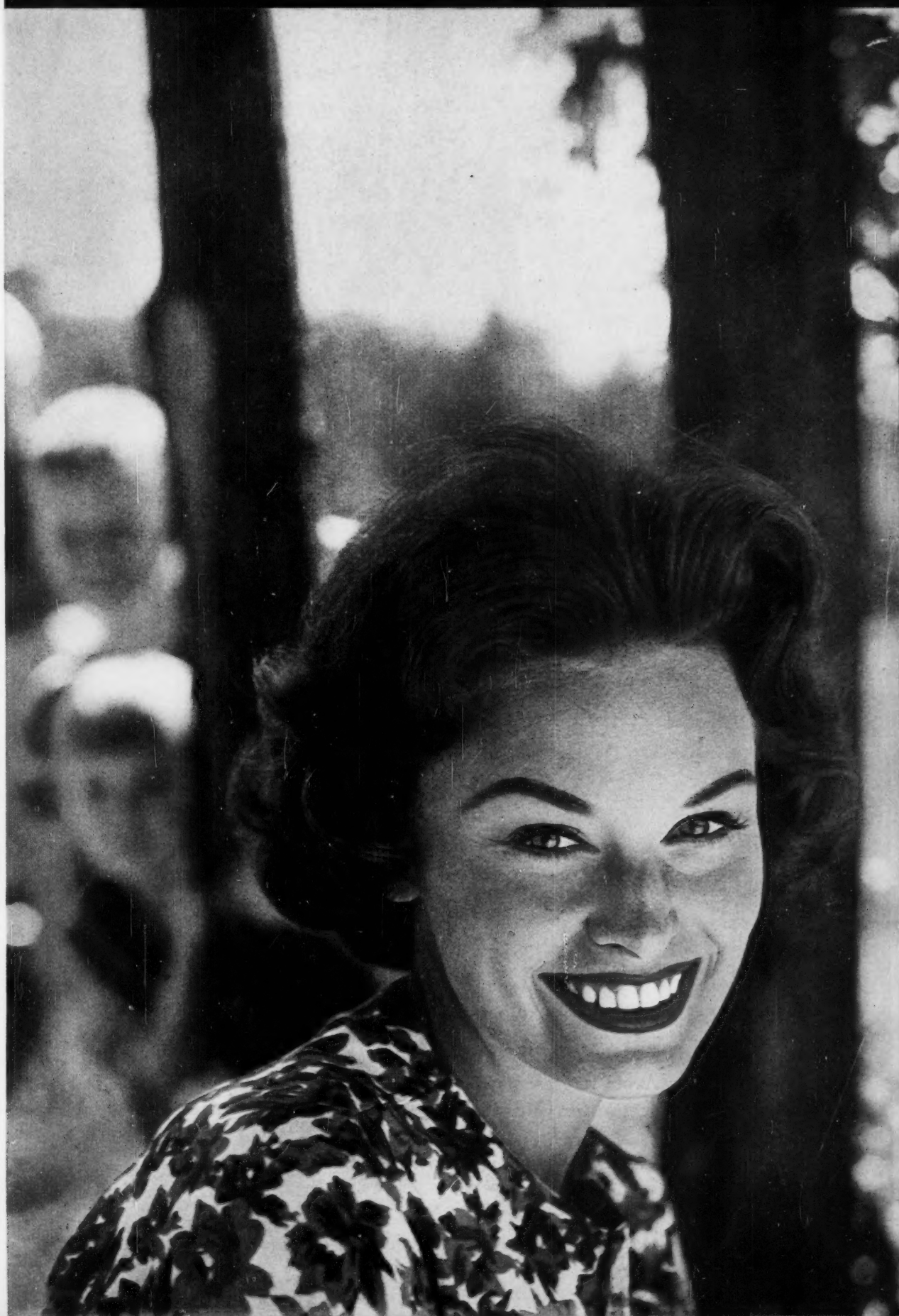
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The Canadian Home Journal



The man who won a princess
Sex crimes: our laws are outdated
Should a woman marry a younger man?

Holiday on Wheels—7 pages on family travel by car





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Danger—meddlers at work

THERE ARE SO MANY obvious areas crying out for change and improvement in this world that it seems a pity we can't leave works of art, such as poetry, alone. Recently, a mother in Scarborough, Ontario, was listening to her son recite R. L. Stevenson's poem, *My Shadow*. The boy substituted "downright" for "arrant" in the line "like an arrant sleepy head." When the mother corrected him, he assured her that his version was the one "in the book." She looked, and true enough, "arrant" had been changed to "down-right." She got in touch with school trustee Muriel Clarke and an investigation was started. It was discovered that R. L. Stevenson wasn't the only poet who had been "improved." In one poem of A. A. Milne's, "hundred" had been changed to "thousand." In a poem by William Blake "sung" had become "sang." "Have" had been changed to "am" in the poem *The Wind And The Moon* by George MacDonald. The reason — the new versions were supposed to be easier for children.

Should we "improve" Beethoven, too?

Perhaps there might be an argument for altering spellings to save some confusion in the minds of the young who are struggling with our inconsistent mother tongue. But changing the actual words of a poet to satisfy some pedant's idea of what is easy for a child to read is *not* admissible.

To follow out the logic of such a course of action, we should also change the contours in the faces of Leonardo da Vinci's paintings to make them look more like people today, and we should simplify Beethoven's symphonies to accommodate the pudgy fingers of music students.

Surely there should be a few difficult things for children to encounter and wonder about and perhaps find strangely old-fashioned in this world.

Here is a poem, hastily penned by me. There is nothing sacrosanct about it. It is intended as a sort of poetic punching bag for all those people who have an irresistible yearning to jab away at our established authors. Batter away at these lines to your hearts' content, pedants, and leave Shakespeare, Browning and Blake alone!

There's no doubt that man's intellect
Has improved the world in some respect;
We've harnessed the atom, made deserts bloom,
Created new fabrics and hit the moon.
But our zeal for change has become so intense
We've overstepped boundaries of common sense.
Let's accept our poetry without amendment
And read it just as the author penned it!

David Anderson
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, MAY 1960

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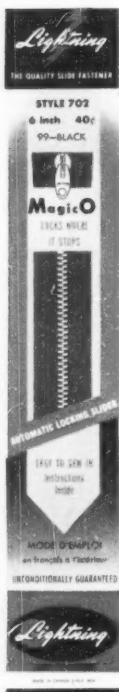
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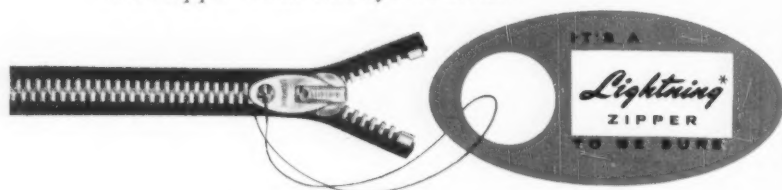


Every fashion sewer knows...

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What's New at Chatelaine

*Look who's quilting! Gypsy
sews, and chats with Eveleen.*



A visit with Gypsy Rose Lee

Quilting is the unlikely hobby of **Gypsy Rose Lee**, our **Eveleen Dolery** discovered recently when she met the famous stage, screen and TV star at her home in **New York**. Miss Lee proudly displayed to Chatelaine's beauty editor a richly varied quilt that she was piecing together from old silk and velvet stage costumes. She says she doesn't like to follow conventional quilting patterns, but makes up her own and uses four or five variations of featherstitching on one quilt. Quilting isn't as strange a hobby for theatre people as one might think. Another well-known actress, **Hermione Gingold**, is a quilter too, and occasionally the two get together to sew.

Miss Lee uses her needlework skill shamelessly to copy original hats created by the famous **New York designer, Mr. John**. Amused, he has even supplied her with his own labels to sew in her creations. Recently she was asked to teach quilting to women in a New York penitentiary. One asked her how long it took to make a quilt. "Four months," she replied. "Oh, I won't bother then," said the woman. "I'm only in here for ninety days." In addition to quilting Miss Lee likes to cook and to collect antiques for her five-story New York house where she lives with her dog, Fu Manchu, and her teen-age son.

How we got Wheels on the road

Our seven-page feature, **Holiday on Wheels** (page 45), actually got rolling a full ten months ago (earlier than that if we counted all the idea-



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gathering sessions, too). But the real work began on a glorious August day when two station wagons and two cars set out, loaded with seven adults, two children, and four hamperfuls of food (for eating and photographing). The object: to find a picnic site to use as a background for this month's food picture and cover.

The group came back with a fine set of sun tans, our cover picture, the food picture you see on page 46, and visible proof (on this page) that work can be great fun, too. From the left around the table you see Chatelaine's art director, **Joan Chalmers**, associate editor **Dorothy Dew**, **Joan Jackson** and **Elaine Collett** of Chatelaine Institute, and our four models — **Bernard Johnson** (standing at the back), **Betty Neden**, and **Johnie and Judy Johnson**.

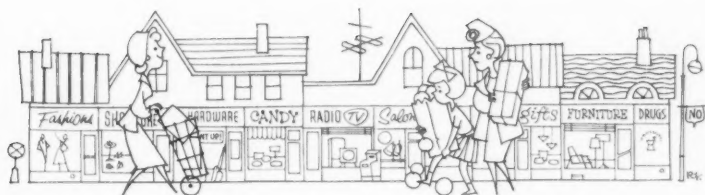
Our editors travel in fashion

Fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox** scarcely had time to unpack from



Milling and Chalmers arrive in Rome.

her trip to **Russia** last fall when she took off for **New York, Montreal** and **Vancouver**. Then in **March**, she needed hot sunny backgrounds for a fine new collection of Canadian summer clothes to be featured in our June issue. That kind of weather, if you'll remember, just wasn't to be had in Canada last March. So off she went again, bound for **Sicily** and sun. With her were **John Seibert**, our photographer and Chatelaine's art director, **Joan Chalmers**, and our model, **Ann Milling**, seen above in Rome en route to Sicily aboard a Scandinavian Airlines System Caravelle jet.



What's New in the shops

The leisure dress

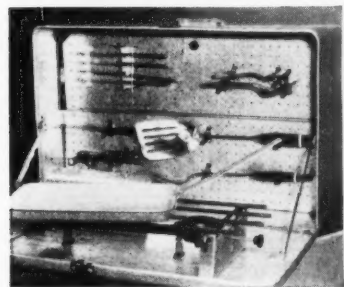
For a long time slims have been the fashionable choice for lounging and informal entertaining, indoors and out. But soon, reports fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**, you will see bareback, full-skirted "leisure dresses" — floor-length, as well as short ones, sometimes with divided skirts and usually in cotton. The long dresses will undoubtedly appear at **resort** and **country-club dances** as well as at home. They contribute a new femininity — to summer fashion.



The one sketched here is by **Mr. Mort**. You'll see another in June CHATELAINE.

A portable kitchen

Kamp-Kitch'n carries like a suitcase. Of embossed aluminum, both sides let down. One forms a **work-table** with shelves for staples and condiments above. The other, as shown below, is fitted with a **two-burner unit** which uses any of the standard brands of liquid fuel. Above are cooking and eating utensils. In department stores across Canada, the price is about \$49.95.



Summertime beauty

A strictly Canadian product, specially developed for Canadian summer use by Noxzema, is **Tan & Guard**, a double-duty lotion that **repels insects** while it encourages quick, even **sun tanning**. Pleasant-

smelling, nonsticky, the four-and-a-half-ounce bottle sells at \$1.25.

Yardley of London has changed the face of its **toilettries for men**. In May you will see the full range, from shaving soap to deodorant, in



the black, gold and terra-cotta garb shown in the picture above.

Pastel green, pearly pink and frosty blue are the exciting new colors in Harriet Hubbard Ayer's **Midas Touch aerosol hair sprays**. \$1.75.

Bathe 'n Glow is a pre-shower **bath oil**, also in an aerosol-spray container. Seven-ounce tin, \$3.95.

Cleaning all floors

Now you can shampoo rugs, scrub the linoleum, wax and polish the floors with only one appliance — Hoover's **new shampoo-polisher**. It is all a matter of the right brushes and the right applicant. It moves with a beautifully light, floating action. Sold only in Canada, at all Hoover dealers from May first, price approximately \$79.95.



Food for campers

Kamp Pack offers you everything from **apple sauce** to **pizza pie** in **dehydrated form** sealed in flat packable envelopes, containing servings for four or eight. Food lists from Bernard Food Industries, 165 Pemberton Avenue, North Vancouver.

What's New Continued on page 4



Does Junior get up with no appetite . . . and dawdle over his food? . . . Does Dad rush off to work . . . with only a cup of coffee and a bun to sustain him? . . . Does Sister skip breakfast entirely . . . to keep a trim figure?

Does your family have these breakfast problems?

The success or the failure of your day often depends on the breakfast that starts it. And yet, far too many of us either skip breakfast entirely—or eat a sparse one on the run—or substitute "coffee breaks" for a healthful morning meal.

If you've never thought breakfast important, consider these facts. In the morning, perhaps more than at any other time of the day, you need a well-balanced meal. That's because your energy is lowest after the long stretch between dinner and breakfast. So, your body requires "fuel" to renew your supply of energy—to help you feel better, think clearly and work more efficiently.

On the other hand, a sparse breakfast invites fatigue. In fact, many studies show that when you eat little or no breakfast, tiredness will almost surely overtake you while the morning is still young. And, in many cases, breakfast skippers become irritable, nervous or weak.

How much breakfast should you eat? Enough to supply at least one-quarter of your total food needs for the day. And to get the essential carbohy-

drates, proteins, vitamins and minerals, your breakfast should include fruit in some form; bread made from whole grain or enriched flour; cereal, eggs, meat or fish; and milk to drink or to use in a cereal.

Such a breakfast (with other things you like including coffee or tea) should be eaten by everyone in the family—mother, father and the children.

Try it for a while. Chances are you'll notice how much more energy you have, and how much better you'll feel around 11 o'clock than you did before.

If you have "no time" for breakfast, just set the alarm clock a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. You'll never miss those 15 minutes. And to save time in the morning, plan and prepare some of your dishes the night before.

Even if you are dieting, don't skip breakfast. Without breakfast, you're far more likely to overeat at lunch or dinner. And that can wreck anyone's reducing program.

All of us, overweight or normal, should take time to eat a substantial, unhurried breakfast. It's a fine way to help every member of your family to better health.

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What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

How do you measure up as a hostess? CHATELAINE recently took a national survey and came up with some interesting statistics on the way Canadian women entertain. Three fourths of the homemakers quizzed have dinner or evening guests at least once a month, and most favor twice-a-month entertaining.

Hostesses of the **Prairie** provinces entertain the most, survey totals show, and **Ontario** is a close second. Next, in order, are **British Columbia**, **Quebec** and the **Atlantic** provinces. There's a difference, too, when guests are received — only the **Atlantic** provinces' survey-subjects revealed a preference for evening, rather than dinner, guests.

When people come to dine, the survey indicates, eight out of ten Canadian hostesses seat them around the table; one out of ten serves buffet. The others asked didn't specify how they feed their friends—refrigerator raids, maybe?

Woman of the month

CHATELAINE applauds **Halifax** lawyer **Grace Wambolt, QC**, for her successful nine-year campaign to have women's names included in the **Nova Scotia** capital's jury lists. Her battle was sometimes baffling because, in theory, there was nothing to stop **Nova Scotia** women serving; but, in practice, officials struck women's names from the list of citizens eligible for jury duty. Miss Wambolt began her fight in 1951 when she led a delegation of eight **Business and Professional Women's Clubs** before **Premier Angus L. Macdonald** to protest proposed legislation which would exclude women from the jury call. Her protest was effective

— the **Jury Act** amendment was quashed.

But she still had a battle to win. Miss Wambolt persisted in a speech-making, letter-writing, official-needing crusade to have women's names actually appear on the lists. **Halifax Alderman Abbie Lane** joined in prodding the list-compilers. At last the fight was won. Assurance has now been given by **Halifax** city clerk **Ralph Stoddard** that the names of **Halifax** women will be on the jury roll for this autumn's **Supreme Court** sittings.

A city girl from **England**, **Pam Redfern**, is chief herdsman of a twenty-five-hundred-acre ranch at **Three Hills, Alta.** It took two weeks as a misfit in the ranch-house kitchen for Pam to convince dubious



Ranch-runner
Pam Redfern

boss **Larry Edwards** that she wanted the man's job for which she had applied, been accepted and come all the way from **Coventry** to fill. High-school graduate, and onetime **English** farmer, Pam is in charge of the

dairy and beef herds, crops and records during her employer's current six-month absence. He's gone off to **England** on an agricultural scholarship.

Final marks are now posted on university bulletin boards and far from being concerned solely with dates and parties, many students rate first-class standing in good deeds. **University of Manitoba's Panhellenic Association**, under chairman **Jane Murdoch**, provides recreational leadership at the **Winnipeg Children's Aid** receiving home, and members befriend lonely girls at the



Grace Wambolt
wins her case.

What's New Continued on page 6

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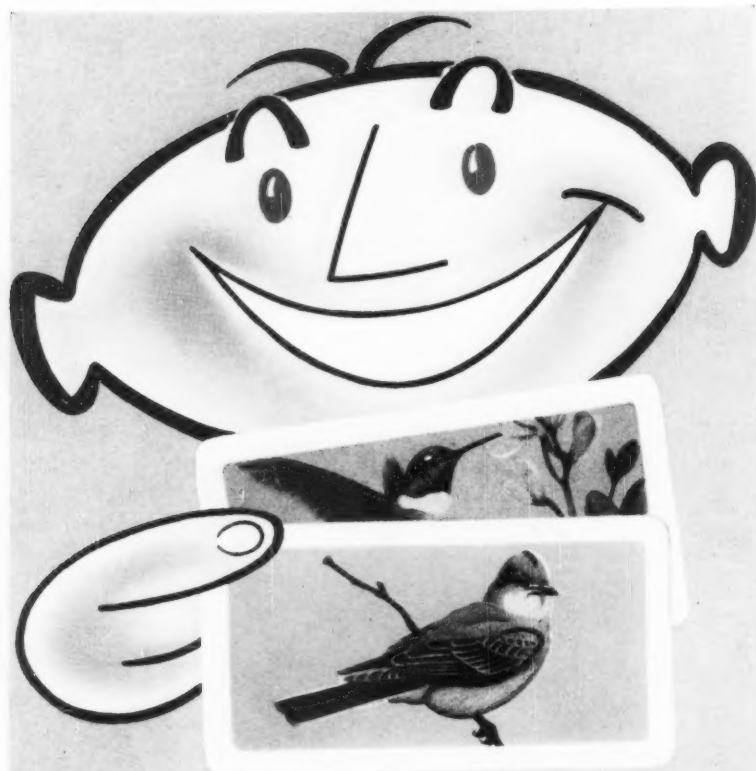
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What's New with you Continued

Home for Unwed Mothers. McMaster University (Hamilton) philosophy student **Nina Christie**, of Newmarket, Ont., helps out holidays and weekends at **Warrendale**, a centre for emotionally disturbed girls. **University of Toronto** students, led by **Jane Manning**, run a **Girl Guide** company at the **School for Retarded Children**.

They're doing something about: boosting mental health

Canada's first self-contained clinic to probe every phase of retardation and emotional disturbance in children has started in the **Psychiatric Research Institute for Children** in **London, Ont.** The youthful team of researchers (psychiatric, medical, psychological, educational), includes



Clinic pioneers: the doctors Zarfas

medical doctor **Jean Zarfas** and her husband, psychiatrist **Dr. Donald Zarfas**, clinic director.

Some western Ontario mothers will be brought in to aid the research workers in carrying out the program prescribed for their children.

The **May Court Club** of **Windsor, Ont.**, under president **Mrs. J. B. Mollard**, has turned over a new forty-five-thousand-dollar building to the provincial government for expanded mental health work in the border city.

A cross-country check with the **Canadian Mental Health Association** reveals: **Charlottetown** — the lone woman among three vice-presidents of P.E.I.'s new branch, **Mrs. Frank Ross**, was first roused to concern about mental matters by **Chatelaine's** May 1957 report of **Mrs. R. J. Davidson** pioneering visits to mental-hospital patients in **Regina**.

(Mrs. Davidson is still a leader in the service in Regina.)

Edmonton: the only CMHA women's auxiliary in Canada, under president **Mrs. C. B. Jakes** is justly proud of the group's "halfway house," where released patients who are alone in the city, can adjust to the workaday world.

Multilingual volunteers in **Vancouver** visit non-English-speaking patients in the **Provincial Mental Hospital** and, on European festive days, take along home-baked national delicacies.

When a fire gong sounds in the **Saint John, N.B.**, apartment of the **F. Harrison Howes**, it merely signals the children's return from school. Bell collector **Mrs. Howe** has more than two hundred bells — from a red-tasseled Buddhist temple bell sent by a Roman Catholic missionary, to a turkey bell from Maine. She's now waiting for a deer-and-moose-hoof ceremonial clacker, to be sent by **Mrs. Lucille Gottfriedsen** of **Cawston, B.C.** It's due to arrive this spring after it is put into use in Indian tribal dances to lure the chinook over the Rockies.



Bell collector Mrs. Harrison Howe

Quote of the month

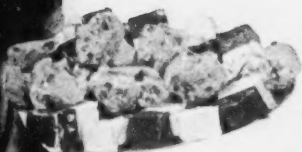
Miss Josephine Lynam, New Brunswick and only woman among four federal **Citizenship Branch** liaison officers: "Canadian women greeted the first postwar immigrants with an organized frenzy of welcome — now we're neglecting women newcomers. Their biggest need is for neighborly gabfests about commonplace things — shopping, sending parcels, sizes of children's clothes."

What's New Continued on page 8

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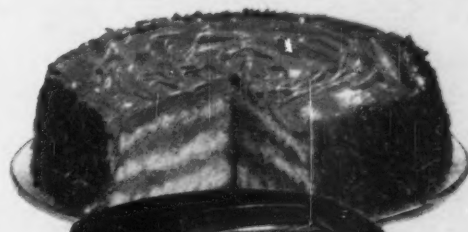
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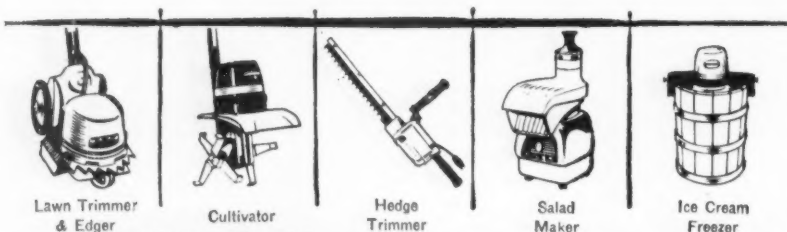


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What's New to see and hear

By EDNA MAY

Robert Goulet talks with Edna May:
weight-lifting for *Sir Lancelot*.



A good knight for Goulet

Canadian singer-actor **Bob Goulet** admits he's having "no inner peace" about his big break — co-star role with **Julie Andrews** and **Richard Burton** in *Camelot*, the new Broadway-bound musical by **Alan Jay Lerner** and **Frederick Loewe**, authors of the smash *My Fair Lady*. "It's a chance of a lifetime," Bob tells me, "but I know I'll have opening-night nerves." As *Sir Lancelot*, he'll have to be "robust and lightly jaunty," so he'll follow a routine of weight-lifting, lots of sleep, good food ("But not too much"—he has only one big meal a day) and a dash of vitamin pills.

Camelot will be a brilliant opener for the new **O'Keefe Centre** in Toronto in October, moving to **The Winter Garden** in New York in November. Bob is giving up his Toronto apartment and will play in summer stock at Warren, Ohio; then, in September, after a quick holiday in London and Paris, he'll be going directly into rehearsal for *Camelot*.

New university playwright takes Root

Toronto's **Crest Theatre** will stage the work of a completely unknown playwright on May 18 when the curtain goes up on *Root Out of Dry Ground* by **Howard Adelman**, a young University of Toronto student who studied medicine, ran a co-operative



Howard
Adelman

residence for fellow students for a year, and then turned to studying philosophy. His play, based on the Jewish-Gentile conflict in our society, promises to be most provocative.

Are Canadians snobbish about art?

"Much too snobbish," declares **Alan Jarvis**, ex-director of the National Gallery in Ottawa, now editor of *Canadian Art* magazine and National Director of the Conference



Alan Jarvis tilts at gallery opening
and outlines plans for a conference.

Committee of the new **Canadian Conference of the Arts** (formerly the Canada Arts Council).

Suave, personable Jarvis ruffles visibly at the mention of the February white-tie opening of the new National Gallery: "Not fitting of a democratic country," he told me. "Art is for everybody — black tie or no tie."

Jarvis hopes to inspire artists and ordinary citizens from across the country to a first conference of its kind scheduled to be held in Toronto in the spring of 1961. It will feature discussions, exhibitions of

What's New Continued on page 12



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Chatelaine • May 1960

What's New to see and hear Contd.

painting, sculpture, ceramics and handicrafts as well as performances of ballet, theatre and music.

It's Thaw time again

Joan Stuart, the pretty blond singing-dancing comedienne who hit the headlines after her engagement to **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, is drawing curious crowds into Toronto's Odeon Fairlawn Theatre, where she's appearing in **Spring Thaw**, the gay musical revue starring **Toby Robins**, **Peter Mews** and **Paul Kligman**. This could be the first Thaw to last through to a fall freeze.



Spring Thaw's
Joan Stuart

Producers **James deB. Domville** and **Brian Macdonald**, of **My Fur Lady** and **Jubilee** fame, are never afraid to tackle controversial material and since this show takes off on national issues from the population explosion to capital punishment they hope to tour across country with it come fall. This, the thirteenth Thaw to be presented by the New Play Society, is an all-Canadian production, with one exception—**Clare Jeffrey**, talented young Englishwoman who designed the sets.

Everybody's writing books now

Think of somebody — anybody — and chances are you'll find that person in print this month. Here are

just a few of the celebrities whose stories are included in the publishers' spring lists:

In **Once Upon A Dream** (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.95) singer **Patti Page** tells how she was one of eleven children and a plain girl, who made the most of her voice and nature. Patti's no profound philosopher, but her story could relieve and encourage those teen-agers who are worried about not being naturally endowed with enough "glamour."

The Case of Salvador Dali, by writer-artist **Fleur Cowles** (Little Brown, \$7.25). After a long acquaintance with this eccentric painter, author Cowles tells of Dali's background, loves, adventures, and in a section titled "The Paranoiac" she explores the meanings of the weird and famous symbols, such as the ear and the watch, that Dali employs in his paintings.

I Kid You Not, by **Jack Paar** (Little Brown, \$3.95). Paar had to hastily



TV's Jack Paar

add a few notes about the night he quit his TV show, and the publication date was advanced to tie in with all the publicity. This probably won't tell you more about Paar than you already know if you watch his late night show, but if, like me, you're a Paar fan you won't be able to resist it. **END**

CHATELAINE

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TEEN TEMPO

Problems anyone? Just write to Susan (address below)* and she'll answer by letter or on this page BY SUSAN COOPER

When a "friend" steals your date

Dear Susan:

A boy I like finally asked me out—to a concert. I don't know anything about classical music. Would it be better to pretend I'm busy?—Anne

Dear Anne:

Don't turn him down. But don't pretend to know the music, he'll see through it in a minute. Tell him frankly you've never been to a concert and you're delighted he asked you. Let him tell you about the music. If you're afraid of clapping in the wrong places, wait till he gives you the lead.

Dear Susan:

What's the best way to accept a compliment? The other day a woman dropped her groceries. I helped her pick them up and she thanked me. As usual I got confused and said something stupid like, "Picking up groceries is my hobby."—Jean

Dear Jean:

Why be embarrassed by natural politeness? All that situation requires is a smile and "You're welcome" or "Glad I was able to help."

Dear Susan:

I am absolutely wild. Last week I arranged a double date for a friend of mine with a friend of the boy I date. My "friend" spent the whole evening flirting with my date. She practically said she hoped he would ask her out. Then she tried to arrange that I would be dropped off at

home first so she could have him to herself. If my date does ask her out I'll die!—Sally

Dear Sally:

First, you won't die, no matter what happens. Second, you'd be very unwise to start a vendetta with your ex-friend. Airing the matter at school will only cause more bitter feelings.

You can ask your boy friend what his friend thought of the date you got him. No doubt he disliked being ignored and you can be sure the boys discussed the date. A casual "sorry about the bad arrangement" should put the situation on the right plane.

Never admit to your date that you feel "wild." Forget it as soon as you can, and remember politeness can be a beautiful double-edge weapon as far as your girl friend is concerned.

Dear Susan:

The boys stand outside the school doors in a group until the bell goes and the girls have to go through the crowd to get into class. Every time I have to walk through them they whistle and I turn red as a beet and they laugh at me. I know they do it just because I do get so embarrassed.—Sheila

Dear Sheila:

They must have thought you attractive enough to whistle at the first time before they found out it was fun to tease you. Try to laugh a little at yourself. Smile. They're not laughing at you; they're laughing at the wonderful reaction they get from you. So if you laugh at yourself, too, they'll think you're a good sport—and boys do like that.

*Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. No names will be published.

Bardot look is big for you

In June '59 when Brigitte Bardot married Jacques Charrier, the bride wore gingham. But long before this newsmaking event, Brigitte had established the full-skirted, snug-bodied gingham as her style trademark. And French *mam'selles* were enthusiastically copying, not only the curly-mane and pale-lipstick manner of Bardot, but were storming French shops for pert cottons similar to B.B.'s. Now the B.B. trend has come to Canada, and it's getting a warm reception. You'll see the Brigitte look in many dresses and separates when you go shopping. Ten to one, they'll be full-skirted pastel gingham (like the famous wedding dress). Ten to one they'll have sleeve interest: puff sleeves or no sleeves — and rickrack or lace trim. And with them you'll wear a small matching head kerchief. The separates pictured here are by Juniorite. They're in gingham, with a lacy ball-fringe border and heart-shaped buttons. The blouse is about \$6.95; the skirt (kerchief included) about \$8.95. Sizes 5 to 15. Your choice of lilac, green or blue. P.S.: Presstime Paris news says jangling gypsy earrings are the latest Bardot fan-fad.

END





Reassurance... a mother's gift to her daughter!

No words can reassure your daughter better than yours.

Maybe she's a gay, carefree extrovert . . . or a mysterious, thoughtful introvert. Perhaps she's suddenly become too sophisticated for that wonderful "Little Girl" closeness you used to share. But under it all, of one thing you can be sure—there are moments when you are the *only* one she trusts.

Don't let her down. Here's your chance to recapture

that warm, wonderful relationship once more—*on a woman to woman basis.*

Don't leave it up to the school system . . . a sympathetic friend . . . whispered gossip in the gang. This is *your* opportunity! For nothing can replace a mother's love and reassurance.

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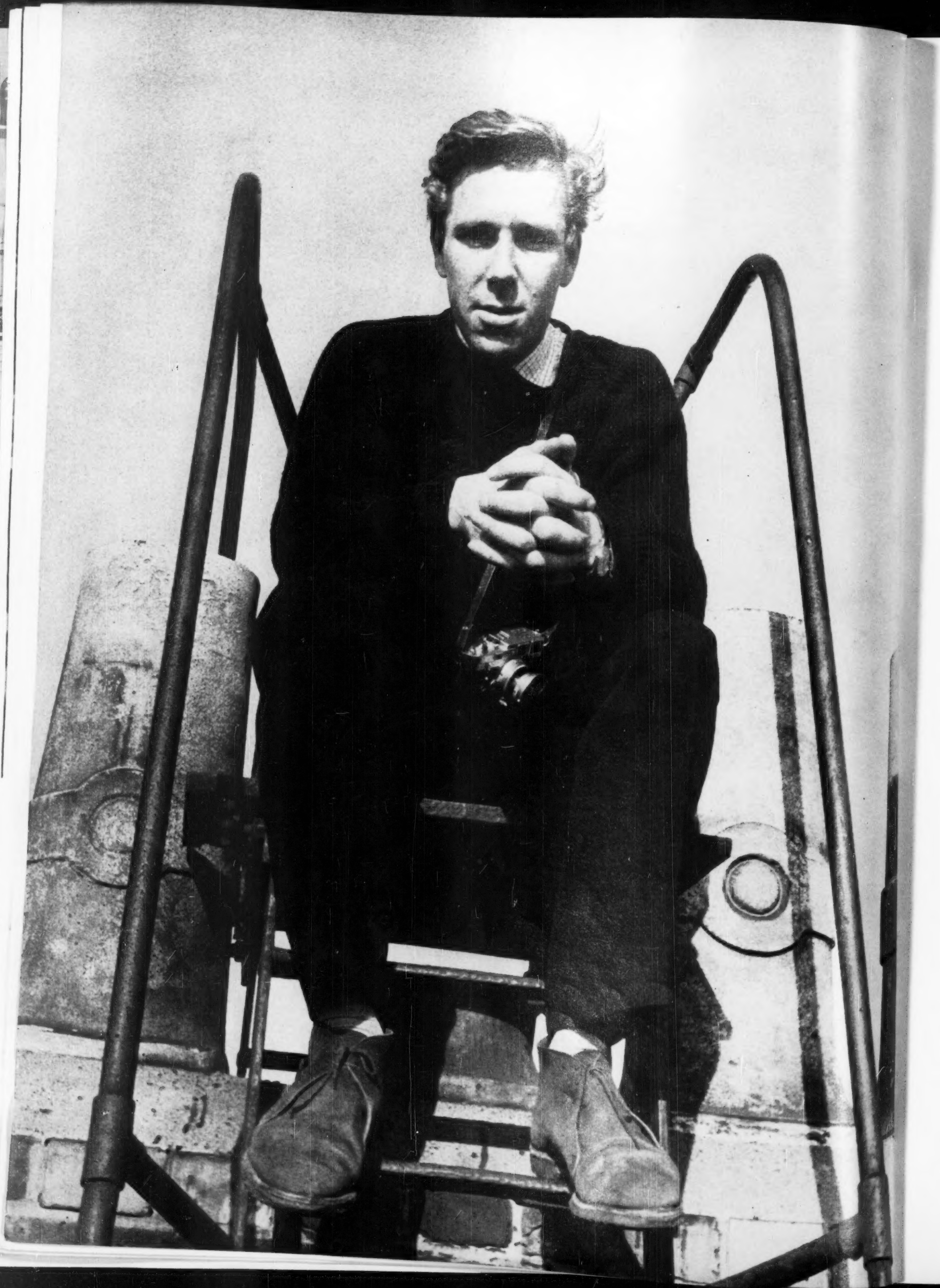
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THE MAN WHO WON A PRINCESS

By Graham and Heather Fisher

This month the world happily sits in on a fairy-tale wedding, when Princess Margaret marries Antony Armstrong-Jones. What sort of man is this handsome young Welshman? What's his future after a royal marriage? *Chatelaine* brings you the revealing story

Princess Margaret was once asked what sort of a man she would most like to marry. "Someone who can keep me in order," she replied with a smile.

Maybe she meant it and maybe it was merely one of those brittle quips for which the princess is famous. The fact remains that the man she is now marrying is precisely the type to keep her "in order."

Alone among the circle of escorts dancing attendance upon the princess, Antony Armstrong-Jones doggedly declined to conform to the convention which insists that she is addressed by even her closest friends as "Ma'am." Alone among her friends, he had the nerve to interrupt whatever she was saying to deliver his own views. Normally, royalty is never interrupted and Princess Margaret is the type of person who has been known to stalk huffily from a party if she felt she was being treated with insufficient *Continued on page 145*

Casual study reveals Armstrong-Jones as he was when he wooed and won Margaret's heart. Sensitive, mercurial, hard-working, his was the world of art where what a man accomplished counted more than what he wore or where he lived. He once served supper to Margaret in his cellar apartment.

Chatelaine • May 1960



Poignant study of Margaret was taken for her twenty-ninth birthday last August 21 by Armstrong-Jones, who broke into royal photography with a portrait of the Duke of Kent. This shot, with rocking horses from her childhood, displeased the public, but other poses were hits.



Tony at nine, with grandmother Mrs. Leonard Messel; mother Anne and sister Susan. Right: He coxed Cambridge to victory in 1950 race.



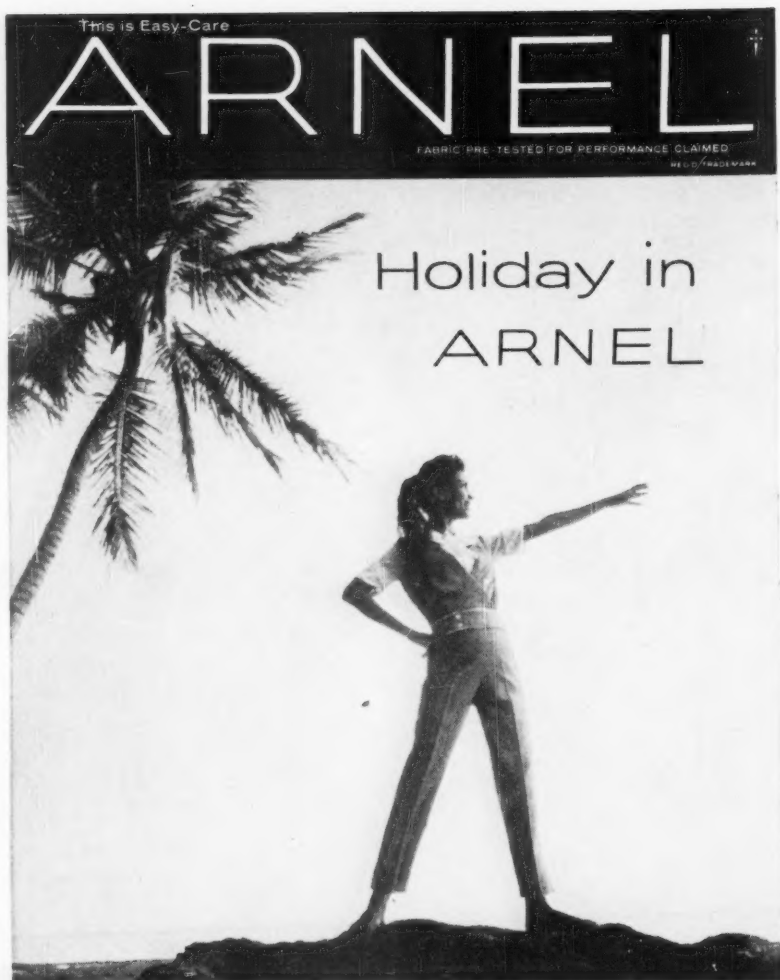
Father, Ronald, 60, with his third wife.

At work, Before Margaret, Tony shoots a ski outfit he had designed.



Royal round began just after the engagement with this public outing with Margaret to ballet in March.





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By DR. MARION HILLIARD



How to eat, relax— and be happy

This is the fifth in a series of exclusive articles taken from Women and Fatigue, a book by the late Dr. Marion Hilliard, completed after her death by her friends Opal Boynton and Marion Robinson, with the assistance of her brother Dr. Irwin M. Hilliard. Women and Fatigue will be published this spring.

Take it for granted that good energy production goes hand in hand with a good state of nutrition. What food is required by the human energy-production plant, and when, and how much? Food experts differ. So do the requirements of individuals. Nutrition has a lot to do with fatigue, but there's nothing mysterious about it. It's just a matter of common sense.

Many people assume that a certain intake of calories at stated intervals each day is essential to produce a required amount of energy. In the long run we do need a certain caloric intake over a certain period, but this is not necessarily true of the short haul. If you feel tired and your stomach is empty, you may be feeling the need of a rest period rather than the need for calories. Many people have learned that just sitting down and having a cup of black coffee gives them a new lease on life, especially if time is taken off from work to do it.

How much food do you need?

Inadequate diet over a long period of time is another question entirely. A poor state of nutrition can undoubtedly cause fatigue. Among our New Canadians, there are many who have undergone great suffering in Europe, including periods of near starvation. I have treated women of this group who cannot conceive a child because their general physical condition does not seem to allow it. Even so, an adequate diet, rest and care can usually give these patients confidence and hope in a matter of months.

In this part of the world, malnutrition is most often found in people who have replaced their food by drink, or continued for long periods on faddish diets.

Just as our metabolisms differ, our food requirements differ. In our society eating three meals a day is the normal pattern, but there's nothing against going without breakfast or lunch as long as the stomach and digestive tract are not stirred up with strong coffee or some other stimulating beverage.

We cannot always be hungry at mealtime. This is perfectly normal. Most of us overeat at times, too, and there is nothing wrong with that, either. The thing to remember is that the total amount of food taken in day by day should be in proportion to the amount of physical work we do. Because we live in a society of abundance and many of us lead comparatively sedentary lives, this calls for restraint in eating for most of us. *Continued on page 151*

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By DR. MARION HILLIARD



Holiday in

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Photographed at Montego Bay airport in co-operation with Jamaica Tourist Bureau. Travel by T.C.A.

"Josef" styles this play-care. They wash in a wink, dry in a flash. Sun Dress in Arnel and sleeveless Blouse in Arnel and shorts in Arnel and cotton Antelope or Willow Green,



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here's health

by Lawrence Galton

One less pregnancy danger

A Boston hospital recently conducted tests on several thousand pregnant women which revealed that six percent of the women had bacteriuria — bacteria in the urine. And, in a careful study, the condition was shown to be a considerable hazard during pregnancy unless corrected. For the study, some of the women received drug treatment to combat the bacteriuria while others, for comparison, received dummy medication. Two fifths of those who did not receive actual treatment went on to develop acute urinary tract infection, almost one quarter had premature babies, and one sixth of all the babies died. On the other hand, none of the women who received the genuine drug treatment developed urinary infection symptoms; only ten percent had premature babies, and no infant died.

When diabetes resists insulin

Becoming resistant to insulin, some diabetics require vast amounts to gain some control over their disease. A new development now promises to make life easier for them. Resistance has been found to follow the appearance in the blood of a substance that antagonizes insulin. Studies indicate that the antagonist can be combated with steroid hormones such as are used in arthritis. Prednisone, for example, has enabled some patients to cut their insulin dosage by ninety percent and more. In one case in which the insulin requirement had reached almost two thousand units a day, hormone treatment reduced it to under one hundred.

Surgery gains against shaking palsy

Promising results in patients with severe Parkinsonism, or shaking palsy, are being obtained with stereotactic surgery. This is a technique in which certain critical areas of the brain are destroyed — with negligible injury to vital nearby structures — by means of electrodes whose placement deep in the brain is precisely determined by mechanical guides. At the University of Minnesota Hospitals, fourteen patients, between the ages of forty-one and seventy, with Parkinson's disease of from three to thirty-eight years' duration, have been treated. Four have had excellent results, with ninety-five percent or better reduction of both tremor and rigidity. Five have had good results with sixty-six percent reduction of these symptoms. And there have been fair results in three others, with thirty-three to sixty-six percent reduction of symptoms.

Help for the childless

Dilating the cervix can promote conception in some infertile women. The procedure, performed in the doctor's office, is most successful in cases of cervical narrowing, but it often helps other women as well, possibly by stimulating ovulation and the flow of cervical secretions. So reports a Columbia University physician after employing dilation for 180 women who had been infertile



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here's health CONTINUED

one year or more. Pregnancy followed in sixty-six, and in thirty-nine of them it occurred within one month.

What they've discovered about ulcers in children

Symptoms produced by ulcers in children are not those of typical adult ulcer patients. In children, hunger pain and relief with eating are rare. Most often, there is generalized abdominal pain, sometimes accompanied by vomiting. The vomiting recurs regularly at a particular time of day which differs with the individual child. Occasionally, bleeding occurs. As the child grows older, the symptoms become more typically adult.

Some doctors believe that some adult ulcer patients had unrecognized ulcers during childhood; older patients with well-developed ulcers often turn out to have been subject to stomach-aches in their early years or to have been considered as children with "weak" stomachs. According to a recent report based on a study of fifteen children, two to fifteen years of age, ulcer treatment in youngsters is similar to that for adults — a bland diet, frequent feedings, mild sedation, antacids, reassurance. Results are good. None of the fifteen youngsters has needed surgical treatment.

How to swallow pills easily

Many people who have trouble taking pills and capsules may be helped by a simple technique, one physician reports. The exact procedure: Raise the tongue and place the pill or capsule on the floor of the mouth just behind the lower teeth. (In this position, the bitterest pill has no taste unless retained for a long time.) With the tongue elevated, a glass of water is taken as usual — but the pill is ignored completely, as if it simply were not there. During the process of swallowing the water, the medication goes down without taste or even any awareness that it is being swallowed.

A new find in heart treatment

Progress in treating congestive heart failure has prolonged many lives — but it has also created new problems. Some patients, after responding to mercurial diuretic drugs, which help rid the body of the excess fluids that accumulate, develop resistance to the drugs and no longer benefit from them. A promising new development is the use in such patients of L-lysine-monohydrochloride, an amino acid, which may restore the effectiveness of diuretics. In a study with eighteen patients, only two failed to respond to mercurial diuretics after L-lysine-monohydrochloride was added.

An added aid for epilepsy

In epilepsy, a mild nervous-system stimulant — piperadol hydrochloride — may be useful. The drug has some anticonvulsant action of its own; it also helps overcome the sedative effect of other drugs used to combat epilepsy. In a study at one hospital, it was tried in half of a group of patients with grand mal epilepsy incompletely controlled by phenobarbital treatment. In those receiving phenobarbital plus piperadol, a significant reduction in the seizure rate and an increase in the number of seizure-free months occurred. In other studies at the hospital, the stimulant also was found to increase the effectiveness of other anti-convulsant medications. In many cases, too, increased mental alertness was noted. END



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Claude Lorrain: Pastoral Landscape. Collection: The Art Gallery of Toronto

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WHY DON'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT sex criminals?

We're doing pitifully little. We're fighting lamely with some of the world's most backward laws. We're doing next to nothing to cure offenders. We'll convict at least a thousand this year, next year and the next, and we'll be no further ahead . . . unless we demand action . . .

By ELIZABETH DONNOVAN

City police have been conducting an intensive search for eight-year-old Deborah Smith, who disappeared late yesterday afternoon on the way to her east-end home from Bleek Street public school. The child was first missed by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith of Dowling Crescent, at dinnertime and by eight o'clock, after a frantic hunt, police were called. A check with school friends revealed that the girl had been playing tag at the entrance of a district park when the driver of a panel truck called her over, apparently to ask directions. She was seen getting into the truck after talking briefly with the man. An exhaustive search of city parks and ravines had provided no trace of the child by noon today and police are rounding up all known sex deviates for questioning.

● This particular story hasn't appeared in a Canadian newspaper yet because it hasn't happened. It's a composite of countless true stories that have been printed with ugly regularity in newspapers all across the country for as long as most of us can remember. With minor variations the same item may be written again today or tomorrow, describing in flat prose the tragedy that could strike someone you know—the four-year-old down the street, the kindergarten pupil next door, even your own child.

The aftermath of such a tragedy is all too predictable. There will be a brief flutter of anxious talk over morning coffee among young mothers. Newspapers will run repetitive follow-up stories. A women's group or a county council

Continued on page 62







*The girl was a rare gentle beauty, with a softness
of eye that would plague a man's dreams—
and she was up for sale. Dowie hadn't reckoned
on marriage, not just yet . . . but could he stand
by and let the scowling stranger have her?*

the boughten bride

By IRENE WEMPE

He saw the wagon train in Berry Valley from the top of the pass. It was strung out along the river with campfires and lanterns lighting up the night. It was a pretty sight and warming. He sang on the switchback turns coming down, the burr his pa had brought from Scotland sounding in his voice:

Wish I had a needle, as fine as I could sew,
I'd sew the girls to my coattails and down the road I'd go.
Git along home, Cindy . . . Cindy . . .

He sat loose in the saddle, young and tough-sinewed, his shoulders made of flat heavy bones, his middle Injun-lean even with the money belt. He was on his way home, traveling light—canteen, a handful of tea, some jerky and matches, and the money.

He'd done all right with the cattle, driving them across the border where he got a better price at the Yankee railhead. Pa had promised him half of what he made on the drive. Dowie felt the edge of excitement that had been crowding him all day, excitement about what, he didn't

Continued on page 75

"Fancy her yourself?" Gatin growled at Dowie. "What's your offer?"



CONCLUSION

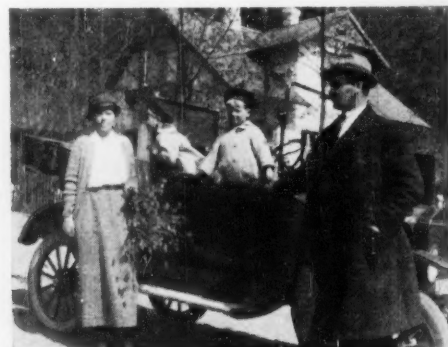
Grand Duchess Olga: THIS IS MY STORY

What is the truth about Rasputin? What happened in the bloody days the Communists seized power in Russia? The sister of the last czar, now living in Canada, recalls for Chatelaine the tragic events that toppled a throne and led to harrowing flight and exile

Picnic near Peterhof Palace in 1914. Grand Duchess Olga (centre) with officers of royal guard.



Rasputin, shadowy court figure, allegedly held the czarina in his power, but Olga throws new light on his true role. He was murdered on Dec. 16, 1916, by Prince Felix Youssouпов.



Olga in exile in Denmark, about 1924, on a country outing with her husband, the late Colonel Nikolai Koulikovsky, and their sons Tihon (left) and Gury.



At the front in 1915, Czar Nicholas tours hospital. His sister Olga (centre) was Red Cross nurse.

Czar Nicholas, accompanied by his son Alexis, inspects the Cossack guard at Livadia, in 1910.



Olga's sons joined the Danish Army. Above, in 1941, the Grand Duchess poses proudly with Tihon (left) and Gury, then undergoing officer training.

Painter Olga, at right, works in the garden of her Cooksville, Ont., home. Her religious paintings hang in Russian churches around the world.

BY IAN VORRES

Now in her seventy-eighth year, Grand Duchess Olga lives in a modest home in the little Ontario town of Cooksville, near Toronto. There, surrounded by photographs and mementos of imperial days, she looks back on an era of stately splendor and on the grim days of war, revolution and exile that shattered three hundred years of Romanov rule in Russia. "Till now," says the Grand Duchess, "I have kept silent about these years. But because of the many inaccuracies and distortions that have been published, I have made available to Ian Vorres all my files and photographs so that this story may be told in the pages of CHATELAINE."

When Czar Alexander III, the towering resolute father of Grand Duchess Olga, died in Livadia Palace in the Crimea on November 1, 1894, the last great era of Romanov rule came to an end.

Alexander was a strong, decisive administrator who, with few concessions, during his reign held in check the rising tide of radicalism within the Russian empire. He had a mind of his own and, what is more, possessed the will power and determination to abide by his own decisions. This was not true of his eldest son and successor, Nicholas II, brother of Grand Duchess Olga.

Nicholas, known as Nicky within the royal family, lacked in many respects the strong character of his father, though, says Olga, he was always dedicated to the highest ideals. Shy by nature, irresolute, he found it difficult to make decisions; and when finally forced

to make them, they often proved impractical, and he was unable to abide by them for long.

Even his marriage to a golden-haired German princess, Alexandra of Hesse, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, proved harmful to the crown — though, on a private family level, it could not have been a happier match for both. Inclined to mysticism, exceedingly shy, and determined to preserve the autocracy by all means, Empress Alexandra Feodorovna (Alicy) unconsciously exercised a commanding influence upon her wavering husband.

It was an influence resented by many, including Nicholas' mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna. "Mother always blamed everything on poor Alicy," Grand Duchess Olga recalls today. Yet Olga herself, one of the few people who enjoyed the confidence of Alexandra, insists that the widespread criticisms growing out of the czarina's aloofness and great determination were exaggerated and unjust. She was, says Olga, irreproachable in her devotion to her family and to her adopted country, and there was something heroic in the way she fought to save the life of her son, Alexis, who was suffering from hemophilia.

"I have never seen a more dedicated family than Nicky's and Alicy's," says the Grand Duchess. Yet even then she had no illusions about her brother. "Nicky was exceedingly kind and considerate," she says, "but far too yielding

Continued on page 108



Peter shoved them, tripped and fell.

"Keep your hands off me!" he shouted.





the accident

In a strange cruel way it was driving a wedge of misunderstanding between the two people Jane loved best, her son Peter and his stepfather Mark. And only Peter knew why

• "Dad. Dad. Daaad . . ." Peter was screaming in the pinioned voice of nightmare.

Jane groped for the light switch in his room, calling, "Peter! Wake up! Wake up!" in almost the same tone. She went over to the bed and shook him, still trying to split his dream open with her voice — and thinking that his arm, where it went down into his sleeping hand, was still so much a child's.

He shivered, as when you swallow something too quickly, and opened his eyes. He blinked the wildness out of them. They were empty of everything but their intense color for a second, waiting for whichever of his warring daytime expressions should race there first. Defensiveness won. His blazingly bright blond face looked older. He was very big for thirteen.

"Did I wake up Father?" he said.

"You were making quite a racket," she said. "What were you dreaming about?"

"I don't know," he said. "I forget." He turned on his side away from her and closed his eyes.

She drew the covers up about his shoulders. He thrust them back again.

His hand was awake now and she thought: it looks too large for his wrist.

"Can I have the light on for a few minutes?" he asked. He invented a quick excuse. "I might want to go to the bathroom."

She glanced toward the room where she and her husband slept. Mark didn't believe in humoring Peter about the light. Then she nodded a silent yes.

She was of two minds at the door. Should she close it to hide the light from Mark, or leave it open between her and Peter? This was the kind of decision she was faced with from hour to hour. Even a show of affection between any two of them had to be watched lest it seem like an alignment against the third. Somehow they could never be an equilateral triangle. It hadn't worked out at all. She closed the door.

"What was it this time?" Mark asked when she got back into bed.

"He wouldn't say," she said. "You know he'll never say."

They both lay awake a long time after Peter had gone to sleep again. Separately awake.

In the daytime *Continued on page 117*

By Ernest Buckler

Illustrated by Tom McNeely

Chatelaine drops in on JULIE HARRIS

One of the brightest stars of stage and screen, she'll headline this summer's Stratford Festival. What's she like off stage? How does she live, what are her interests?

Our reporter takes you along on a visit to her New York home

By CHRISTINA McCALL NEWMAN

When the Stratford Festival opens for its eighth season late next month with the usual flurry of trumpets and beating of publicity drums, the centre of attention both on and off its revolutionary stage will be an iridescent bright-eyed small woman named Julie Ann Harris, who has earned, at a relatively young age, an undisputed reputation as one of the great ladies of the theatre. In the brief fifteen years that she has practised her craft, Julie Harris has become almost a legend, both for the quality of her performance and the modesty of her temperament.

In roles that have ranged from a heartsick adolescent to an unrepentant hoyden and a triumphant Joan of Arc, she has received the accolades and adoration that have traditionally gone to such great and flamboyant stars as Sarah Bernhardt, Lynn Fontanne and Ingrid Bergman. But her response to acclaim has been far from traditional. She still lives and behaves, as a friend once said, as quietly as a theatre mouse in a kettledrum, without any of the egotism or eccentricity that normally accompany stardom.

When I dropped in to talk to her for CHATELAINE in New York a few months ago, she was much happier answering questions about her house, her husband, her oil furnace, plays she has read and actors she has known than any that dealt with the reputation of Julie Harris, the star.

For the last five years she has lived with her husband Manning Gurian and small son Peter, who will be five in July, in an eighty-year-old brownstone house in Manhattan's East Fifties, barely ten blocks from Broadway as the New York taxi crawls. But the brownstone's atmosphere of serenity is so different from Broadway's ballyhoo that it could quite easily be a thousand miles away. When I went there one wet winter afternoon late in January, the front door was opened by a neat Negro maid with a mop in her hand and a wide smile on her face. She led the way through the entrance hall, and up a long flight of stairs. Just as we reached the landing, a head poked over the third-floor banister and somebody whispered

Continued on page 102



WERNER WOLFF

"I think the way we'll be playing Romeo and Juliet at Stratford is very exciting.

Romeo shouldn't be a dreamy type—he's a lusty young brawler and their love is the attraction of opposites.

People often love each other for their differences—it was my husband's dark eyes that attracted me first."





WE BUILT OUR HOUSE . . . WHILE WE LIVED IN IT

By MARGARET I. McLEAN

To set out to build a house around you, while you're living in it, you must be either slightly mad or desperate for some place to live. In the spring of 1951 we were both. The city of Toronto had expropriated the house we had rented for ten years. We had no money to buy a house. It was impossible to rent one, with a family of six children, all boys.

So we decided to do what was out of the question — we'd build our own house, and we'd live in it while we built.

And we did. Five crazy, backbreaking, happy years later we had a home for ourselves that, at current market prices, could easily fetch seventeen thousand dollars.

But in 1951 the finer points of a pleasant, picture-windowed suburban home were farthest from our thoughts. We wanted — we desperately needed — only one thing: something with four walls and a roof, which the eight of us could sportingly call home.

The three older boys, my stepsons, Gerald, twenty, Gaynor, nineteen, and Gordan, seventeen, were all working. Eight-year-old Brian and Robin, five, were in grade school, and the youngest was Larry, three. They were all perfectly normal boys, which means that they were energetic, noisy and would rather wrestle than eat.

Mac, my husband, was a decorating contractor. He had recently been remodeling kitchens and, as a result, he had a cellar full of expensive woodworking machinery, and unknown to me, a secret yearning to build a house.

Suddenly we were in a frenzy of drawing plans and shopping for



A start was made in 1951. The author's husband Mac laid blocks — but only \$8.20 remained in the bank. Then came a surprise loan of \$1,500 — and work continued.

There was no other way. We couldn't afford to buy and it was impossible to rent. We had \$450—and \$350 of that was borrowed. Five crazy, backbreaking, but happy years later we had built a \$17,000 home. Here's how we did it

a lot. Our plans (Mac drew up the complete set himself) called for a six-room house, containing three bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen-dining area, and living room. The house was to be forty-four feet wide and twenty-four feet deep — though twenty-seven feet deep at one end, for a more spacious living room.

With \$450 in cash on hand (\$350 of which was borrowed), we made a down payment of \$250 on an acre lot at Concord, just north of Toronto. The balance of \$1,000 was to be paid in monthly installments of \$15.

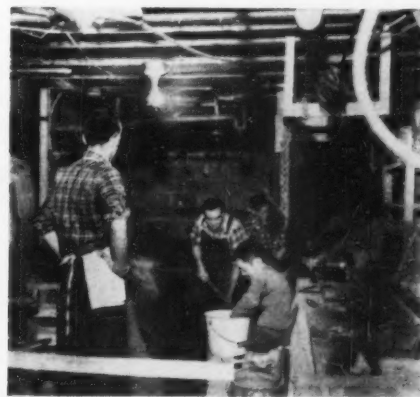
After paying for the excavation, buying sand, gravel, cement and cement blocks our cash was exhausted.

Our friends were uniformly sympathetic, but just as uniformly short of cash. What they lacked in cash, however, they made up for in labor. The day we were ready to pour *Continued on page 84*

A CHATELAINE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE STORY



Living room of the McLeans' home today. They spent five years and \$8,000 on the house. Above (from left): Brian, Mrs. McLean, Robin, Mac (who painted wall pictures), Gerald (seated) with Ian, Larry at coffee table.



Work continues below ground, where Brian (left), Mr. McLean, Larry (with pail) and Robin put finishing touches on the cellar, which the family began excavating after the house was built.

Speak OF Love... and murder

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Maggy's marriage to Kirk was just days away, when out of the past came Josh—with a kiss and a warning. Now two mysterious deaths had loosed dread whispers in the night-filled corridors

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. Although Maggy Warren and Kirk Beall have known each other since childhood, their whirlwind romance takes place when Maggy, now a nurse, comes home on a visit. Kirk has taken over the failing old Beall tool factory, and is making a fortune. Their marriage date is set — when Josh Mason, another childhood friend, returns from his army stint and tells her she can't marry Kirk, but does not explain why. She is confused and indignant. Two days before the wedding an accident occurs under strange circumstances: a canoe overturns in the river in front of the Beall estate. Kirk, who can't swim, saves himself by holding onto the canoe. Lydia Clowe — the divorced wife of George, one of Kirk's business associates — is rescued; but Ralph Hewitt, a local lawyer, is drowned. Only Maggy and Josh overhear Lydia say, as she is brought to shore, "He tried to kill me." Later she denies having said it. Josh insists she is afraid to talk. Late that night Maggy looks in on Lydia—and finds her dead. The doctor diagnoses the death as heart failure, and no one questions him except Josh—who charges that Lydia was murdered.

CONCLUSION

THE TREAD of the men up the stairs, along the hall and almost immediately down the stairs again, was decorous too. Even the departure of the undertaker's car was measured and slow, as if its very engine had been trained to express respectful sympathy.

When the car had disappeared Maggy left the window of the sewing room. There were voices from downstairs. Emily and Kirk were talking in low, subdued tones. Clare came up the stairs, a glass in her hand. "I brought you some hot milk," she told Maggy. "Cousin Emily said to see to it that you get some sleep."

Clare led the way to the big guest *Continued on page 128*

Maggy gasped as Kirk's fist flashed out and Josh went down.



CHATELAIN
BONUS
NOVEL

Will Sarier



HOLIDAY ON WHEELS

Travel authorities foresee the biggest season ever for family motoring! To cheer you on your way Chatelaine presents this seven-page package of happy-holidaying travel, food, fashions and beauty

The family car is taking the lead in Canadian vacation plans and those in a position to guess what's coming are scrambling to provide for a rush of holidaying motorists.

In the last four years touring services show sixty-five to ninety percent increases in requests for trip routings; motel accommodation has shot up by thirty percent; Canadian tent manufacturers produced—and sold out—thirty percent more family tents in 1959 than in 1958. And government-run camp sites—though enlarged each year—were hard pressed to cope with last summer's peak crowds.

If you are planning to take to the highways and byways of this big country of ours here is how to go about it . . .

WHAT TO DO FIRST

Send early—a month ahead of take-off time—to provincial tourist bureaus for literature and maps to give time for route-charting. If you already have a destination in mind, oil-company travel services will send you marked route maps and a collection of useful folders.

Set your holiday budget—then add no less than twenty-five percent for the unexpected (and hope you won't need it). Travelers' cheques, bought at your bank, but not negotiable until you countersign them, will protect the bulk of your holiday funds from loss or theft. You may find that travelers' cheques are unknown in remote areas, so keep a modest cash reserve. Credit cards for gasoline cut down on the amount of money you need carry.

Membership in the Canadian Auto-

Continued on page 82

MORE HOLIDAY TIPS START NEXT PAGE





Meals on Wheels

Meals that take a minimum of time, fuss and dishes — made from canned, packaged and instant foods . . . or as you see here, a "catch as catch can" treat provided by the family fisherman. All planned for holidaying cooks — en route, at home or on the camp site

By **ELAINE COLLETT**
Director Chatelaine Institute



Rainbow trout, succulent husk-baked corn, and jacket potatoes taste twice as good in the open air.

For a carefree holiday we have planned menus that are simple, well balanced and need little preparation. Notice how we have used dehydrated foods to save packing space and weight. These, with canned foods and packaged mixes to make dumplings, pancakes and puddings in a jiffy, and the fresh produce you will buy on the way, will give you meals hearty enough to satisfy the keenest holiday appetites. Now, some hints:

HOW TO PACK

Use a six-quart basket to make a portable pantry for staples, favorite condiments, seasonings, relishes and sauces. Paper towels can go in here, too. **A canvas bag** or duffel bag to keep all cooking tools and utensils together. **Fill the portable ice chest** with both ice and food. Ice stays frozen and food keeps fresh longer when there are no large air spaces in the cooler. It is better to use block ice for this rather than ice cubes which melt quickly. **Use shopping bags** to hold the basic menu supplies of canned and packaged goods for each day of the trip — and mark each with the intended day for use. This saves rummaging through a medley of boxes before starting a meal.

TRAVEL TIPS

Line the covers of perforated shaker tops (salt, pepper, spices, herbs) with wax paper to prevent spilling and to protect contents from air and moisture. **Put flour**, sugar and extra salt into covered plastic or pressed-paper cartons or polyethylene bags. You won't need large quantities of staples — two or three cups of flour for thickening or dredging, and a pound each of sugar and salt will be sufficient for two weeks even counting three meals a day. **A string mesh bag** is handy for washing vegetables, for dunking soiled dishes and cutlery in the water for rinsing; and also for cooling drinks in the lake. **Frozen foods**—meats, vegetables and juices—can supply your first meal or two. Packed in the cooler they will also help to keep the fresh food chilled. **Foods that keep well** in or out of the cooler are margarine, firm under-ripe fruit, dried fruit, cabbage, carrots, onions; hard-skinned smoked meat such as salami; waxed natural cheese, foil-wrapped and vacuum-packed cheese. **Carry dressings** and sauces in plastic or glass containers rather than metal ones. Mustard and ketchup travel best in plastic squeeze bottles. Don't forget the fatless frying liquid in the handy aerosol spray container. **Crusty bread** wrapped in foil or plastic keeps fresh longer than soft-topped bread; bacon in the piece better than sliced bacon (and side bacon better than back), so pack a sharp knife to cut it with and a board to cut it on. **Carefully wrap** all opened food packages after each meal to discourage hitchhiking ants. Seal with cellulose tape. Use elastic bands to keep bags closed. **Try to maintain** a fairly good stock of ice in the cooler to keep milk, butter and perishable foods fresh. The last are best bought in small quantities. **Make sure** any fresh milk you buy on the trip is pasteurized. Take along a good supply of powdered milk anyway, for cooking as well as for drinking.

MENUS AND RECIPES BEGIN ON PAGE 92

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

**Tick-off
for your**

Chatelaine went on a free-wheeling shopping spree—everything from lanterns to lingerie. Check off what you need—and then add some of the nonessential extras

take-off



CLOTHING: everyone has the following

- ☐ 2 outfits nightwear (easy-care)
- ☐ Several changes underclothing and socks
- ☐ Co-ordinated sets of easy-care summer sportswear
- ☐ Sweaters and slacks for cool days
- ☐ All-purpose coat (Grenfell jackets for men; all-purpose raincoats for mother and daughter)
- ☐ Terry cloth robe (doubles for beach, bath)

- ☐ Pair playshoes
- ☐ 2 bathing suits
- ☐ Sun hat and sunglasses

IN ADDITION: father has

- ☐ 1 summer slacks and jacket
- ☐ 2 ties
- ☐ 2 Terylene shirts
- ☐ Dress shoes
- ☐ Travel slippers

Mother has

- ☐ Terylene shirtdress
- ☐ Bouclé knit dress and jacket
- ☐ Pair pumps

- ☐ Crushable ribbon hat
- ☐ 3 pairs nylons
- ☐ 2 pairs white nylon gloves
- ☐ Bathing cap
- ☐ Pair travel slippers

Son has

- ☐ 1 dress-up trousers and jacket
- ☐ White Terylene shirt, 2 ties
- ☐ Pair Oxfords

Daughter has

- ☐ Easy-care Sunday dress
- ☐ Pair good shoes
- ☐ Bathing cap

EQUIPMENT YOU'LL NEED:

for the car

- ☐ Flashlight
- ☐ Warning light
- ☐ Dusters
- ☐ Tire-changing tools
- ☐ Repair kit
- ☐ Fire extinguisher
- ☐ Window cleaner
- ☐ Tow rope
- ☐ Compass
- ☐ Whisk
- ☐ Cool cushion
- ☐ Motor rug in zip case
- ☐ Cushion
- ☐ Window rack
- ☐ Hangers
- ☐ Visor clip-on packet
- ☐ Litter basket
- ☐ Maps and travel folders
- ☐ Car-top carrier
- ☐ Tarpaulin
- ☐ Rope

For tenting

- ☐ Tent
- ☐ Sleeping bags
- ☐ Air mattresses, hand pump
- ☐ Folding table and chairs
- ☐ Lantern
- ☐ Hunting knife
- ☐ Hatchet
- ☐ Spade

For housekeeping

- ☐ Portable ice chest
- ☐ Ice pick
- ☐ Metal pail
- ☐ Plastic dishpan
- ☐ Liquid detergent
- ☐ Scouring pads, metal and plastic
- ☐ Cellulose sponge
- ☐ Paper toweling
- ☐ Dish towels
- ☐ Waterproof matchbox

For the table

- ☐ Stainless-steel cutlery
- ☐ Plastic tablecloth
- ☐ Paper napkins
- ☐ Plastic and paper plates and cups

For cooking

- ☐ Portable stove
- ☐ Set of pack-up aluminum utensils
- ☐ Dutch oven
- ☐ Iron frying pan
- ☐ Tongs
- ☐ Food preparation tools
- ☐ Breadboard
- ☐ Can opener
- ☐ Bottle opener
- ☐ Aluminum foil and wax paper
- ☐ Asbestos oven mitts
- ☐ Fabric apron (plastic is flammable)
- ☐ Fuel for stove

Luggage

- ☐ Suitcases
- ☐ Tote bags

Recreation

- ☐ Sports equipment
- ☐ Games
- ☐ Books
- ☐ Camera

Personal needs

- ☐ Toiletries (see page 50)
- ☐ Towels

FOR FAMILY BEAUTY ON THE GO, TURN THE PAGE

Beauty on the go

Chatelaine packed four bags full of beauty essentials all geared to go places. Every thing is bounceable packable, leakproof. Check these lists for happy holiday needs

By EVELEEN DOLLERY
Chatelaine Beauty Editor



PETER CROYDON



SISTER'S TRAVEL KIT

- ☐ Hairbrush
- ☐ Comb
- ☐ Toothbrush, toothpaste
- ☐ Facecloth
- ☐ Disposable towlettes
- ☐ Soap in soap dish
- ☐ Lip pomade
- ☐ Stick cologne
- ☐ All-purpose cream (sun-tan, bites)
- ☐ Fitted case with containers for lotions
- ☐ Sunglasses



IN JUNIOR'S BAG

- ☐ Brush
- ☐ Comb
- ☐ Hair trainer
- ☐ Shampoo capsules
- ☐ Facecloth
- ☐ Disposable towlettes
- ☐ Soap in soap dish
- ☐ Toothpaste
- ☐ Toothbrush in plastic container
- ☐ Insect repellent
- ☐ Nylon zipper bag

MOTHER'S BEAUTY KIT

- ☐ Fitted kit (with make-up, comb, toothbrush, razor and tweezers)
- ☐ Plastic brush for scalp and hair
- ☐ Hair spray
- ☐ Capsule shampoo
- ☐ Sleeping beauty cap (to cover pin curls)
- ☐ Toothpaste
- ☐ Mouthwash
- ☐ Facecloth
- ☐ Disposable towlettes
- ☐ Liquid hand soap
- ☐ Plastic kit for make-up items
- ☐ Compact
- ☐ Emery board
- ☐ Nail pencil
- ☐ Hand cream (tube)
- ☐ Nail polish (base and top coat)
- ☐ Eye make-up kit (mascara, shadow, pencil) and sunglasses
- ☐ Eye drops
- ☐ Stick cologne
- ☐ Hand and body lotion
- ☐ Deodorant
- ☐ Cleansing cream
- ☐ Sunproof cream
- ☐ Large straw tote bag



FOR THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

- ☐ Brush
- ☐ Comb
- ☐ Capsule shampoo
- ☐ Toothbrush
- ☐ Toothpaste (smoker's)
- ☐ Pre-shave lotion
- ☐ Cream shaving lotion
- ☐ After-shave lotion
- ☐ Battery-operated shaver
- ☐ Facecloth
- ☐ Disposable towlettes
- ☐ Soap in plastic dish
- ☐ Nail brush
- ☐ Stick deodorant
- ☐ Sun-tan and insect-repellent lotion
- ☐ Collapsible glass (pill case in lid)
- ☐ Nylon zipper bag

Chatelaine maps your route to holiday good looks

Be picture pretty. Don't make light of your regular beauty habits — even though you are in a holiday mood. Take in the sun wearing a lotion that will filter out the burning rays (you can choose types that encourage or prevent tanning). Use a soothing lip gloss to prevent lips from drying. Be sure your tinted make-up base is summer-weight. Wear a moisture lotion (light and nonsticky) with or without make-up. Waterproof eye shadow and mascara stay intact through swim sessions.

The golden look is the rave this summer: golden beige powder and make-up base; golden apricot lipstick; gold mascara and eye shadow — use one or all (be daring). Besides, they look wonderful with a sunny tan.

This leg stretch can be practised on the beach: Sit with legs stretched out. Bend right knee so sole of foot is flat against inner thigh. Push knee down into sand with right hand six times. Reverse position.

Limbering-up exercise: The shoulder roll is a good one which you can practise in the car. It will quickly relax muscles cramped by hours of steady driving. With your arms down at sides, raise your shoulders as high as they will go. Then push them backward — then downward. Next pull shoulders forward — then pull them up again, as high as you can. Make a complete circle, leading with your shoulder-tips. Repeat seven times. If you find it easier, reverse the direction of circling.

Looking a-head: Prepare your hair for all the pleasant abuses it will take from summer sun, wind and sports. First, have it cut and styled in a cool, easy-to-keep line; if your hair is fine or becomes limp easily, have the ends permed. Here's how the mother in our picture ties her head scarf: Fold a large silk square into a triangle. Crisscross the folded corners under your chin and tie them at the back (catching the third corner underneath). Tuck in the ends for a neat hood effect.

Diets are apt to get broken on holidays (chips, candy, hamburgers, are some of the reasons). So we invented a calorie-exercise game you can play during your vacation — and if you stay with it, your "win" could be a slim, trim figure. Here's the rule: If you add extra calories to your basic daily diet, then you must add an extra activity as well.



Scoop ice cream	= 200 cals = 1 hour walk
Hot dog	= 225 cals = 1 hour rowing
Hamburger	= 350 cals = ½-hour swim
Nut chocolate bar	= 250 cals = camp laundry
Bag potato chips	= 200 cals = 1 hour water-skiing



Good-humoredly, you might remind father that he has a waistline, too!


Shampoo at the beach. Fluff hair dry with a towel, brush into shape, dab on a little conditioning cream, brush again. Pin-clip ends or wind on huge rollers. Tie scarf on loosely. Bask in sun until hair is dry.

Old Sol is a traveler — so beware! His rays are hottest 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

- * First time out, sun ten minutes each: front and back.
- * Children sunburn more readily than adults.
- * Prevent squint lines by wearing eye cream when sunning.
- * Feet are sensitive — protect them from sunburn.
- * Sun is deceiving on cloudy days — don't neglect lotions.
- * True: a severe burn can leave freckles.

Breathe in your beauty. In spare moments, sunning or driving, inhale deeply through your nose. And as you exhale through your mouth, pull in your stomach muscles. Sixty waist-deep breaths once a day will refresh you, add a healthy glow, trim your waist — at no cost! **END**

Take your own calorie guide along. Send ten cents and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Can a woman marry a younger man and be happy?

Alice was nine years older than David. She married him to have someone to care for. But what happened in the painful years when he began to outgrow his immaturity?

IF WE WERE compiling a list of the factors that cause stress in troubled marriages, most of our counselors agree that a wife being considerably older than her husband would be a significant one.

There's no logic in this, of course, unless you consider that all marriages have periods of strain and that the woman with a younger husband, a situation which invariably embarrasses her, has that one extra problem that can make the difference between a relationship that works, however creakingly, and one that collapses into bitter argument.

The Kerrs are a classic example of the kind of conflict that an age imbalance can produce. Alice Kerr came into a marriage counselor's office three years ago, when she was thirty-nine and her husband, David, was thirty. Alice was an invisible woman, mousy and self-effacing with a wispy voice and a habit of looking vaguely around while she talked. Remnants of gentility clung to her— she had been the youngest child of a distinguished family — but her attitude was of a woman already used up, discarded.


She had been married for seven years, she said, to a man she described as "a bit younger." She hated the moment when she had to admit he was nine years younger. She had doubts about the marriage in the beginning because of the

Continued on page 54

By VIOLET MUNNS Director of Casework,
Neighborhood Workers Association, Toronto, as told to

JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTO BY JOHN SEBERT



4 SOUPER BEEF DISHES

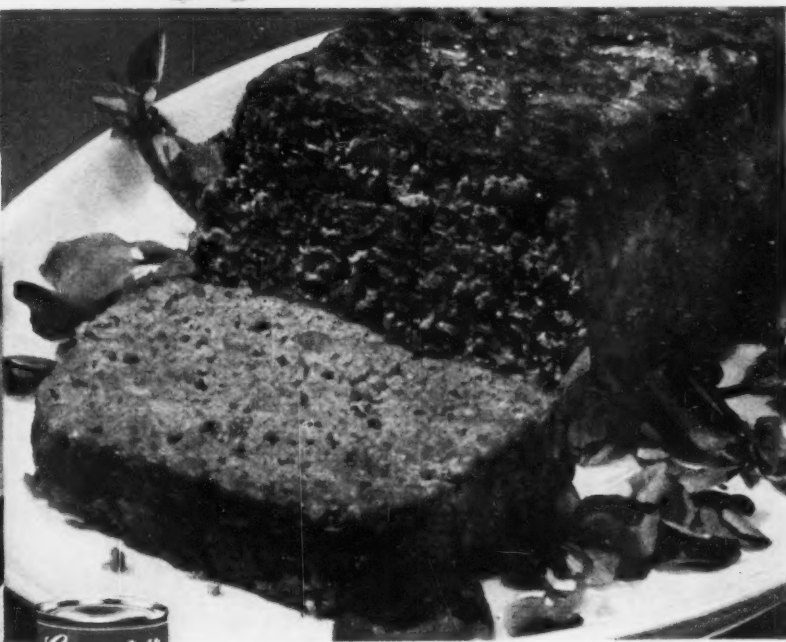
made delicious with *Campbell's Soups*



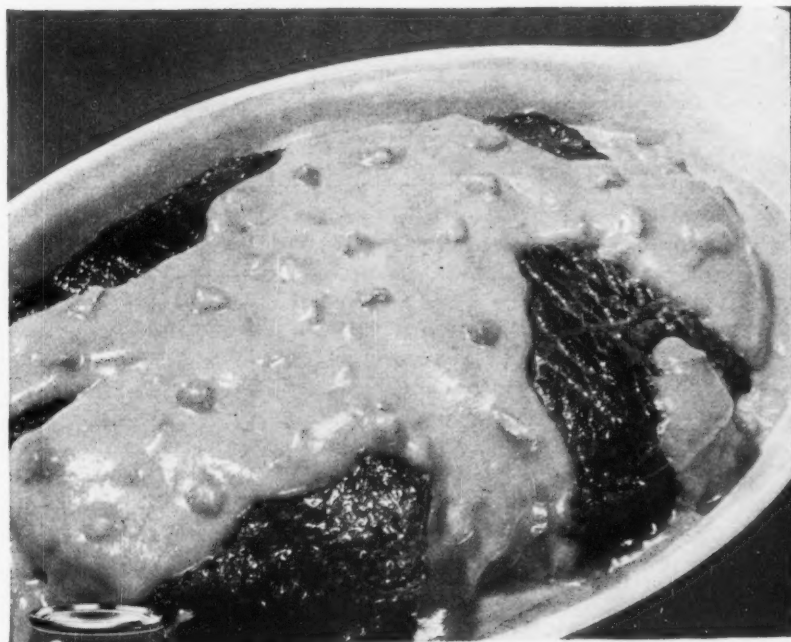
Here they are! Best of Beef recipes made easy and inexpensive with Campbell's Soups. And souper delicious! Make one of these main dishes for your family tonight. P. S. They'll ask for it again!



Souper Tomato Beef Stew. Roll 1 lb. cubed beef in flour seasoned in salt and pepper. Brown meat in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 soup can water. Cover. Simmer 1½ hours; stir occasionally. Add 6 small onions, 1 cup peas, 3 quartered potatoes, ¼ tsp. thyme. Cover; cook about 45 min. or until done. 6 servings.



Meat Loaf with Vegetables. So Juicy! So Tender! So Good! Mix 2 lb. ground beef with 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Soup, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. black pepper. Shape mixture into loaf. Bake 1 hour at 350° F. 10 servings.



Baked Steak with Mushrooms. Creamy mushroom sauce, that's what goes great with steak! Pound ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, dash black pepper into 1½ lb. round steak. Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening in oven-proof skillet; add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and ¼ cup water. Cover. Bake in 350° F. oven for about 45 min. 6 servings.



Pot Roast with Quick Onion Gravy. M-m-m! Brown 4 to 5-lb. pot roast; add 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup. Cover; cook over low heat 2 hours. Add 10 carrots, 5 large halved potatoes, ½ tsp. salt, dash black pepper. Cover; cook 1 hour. Remove meat, vegetables. Thicken gravy with mixture of ¼ cup each flour and water. 10 to 12 servings.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soup*

There's nothing like the Old-fashioned Chelseas *you bake yourself!*



When you bake at home it's much easier with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. There's less fuss, less preparation . . . and if you follow our recipes carefully, you'll never need to worry "will it work?" It will! And you'll feel so proud!

You'll need

for the dough:

- 1/2 c. milk
- 1/4 c. granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 c. lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3 1/2 c. (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/4 c. soft shortening

for the filling and glaze:

- soft butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine
- 3/4 c. lightly-packed brown sugar
- 2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 c. seedless raisins
- 2/3 c. lightly-packed brown sugar

1 Scald milk; stir in 1/4 c. granulated sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm.

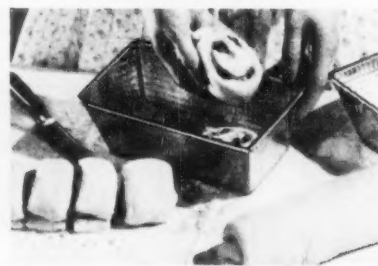


2 Meantime, measure lukewarm water into large bowl and stir in 1 tsp. granulated sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, well-beaten egg, 2 c. of the flour and soft shortening. Beat until smooth and elastic. Work in remaining 1 1/2 c. (about) flour.

3 Knead dough until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Grease top. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1 1/4 hrs.



4 Punch down dough. Knead until smooth. Halve dough and roll each half into a 9" square. Brush with soft butter or margarine. Combine 3/4 c. brown sugar, cinnamon and seedless raisins; sprinkle over dough. Roll up jelly-roll fashion and cut each roll into 6 slices.



5 Melt 1 tbsp. butter or margarine in each of 2 loaf pans, brush sides of pans with fat and sprinkle 1/3 c. brown sugar in each pan. Place 6 rolls—cut sides up—in each pan. Grease tops. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 1 1/2 hr. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 1 1/2 hr. Makes 12 fragrant, delicious Chelsea buns, that will be snapped up by the family in no time.

CAN A WOMAN MARRY A YOUNGER MAN?

Continued from page 52

age difference, she hastened to say, but David had been enthusiastic and insistent. Now he was ruthless toward her, treated her with contempt and talked of separation. It had been his suggestion that she see a counselor.

The counselor soon discovered that the basis of the Kerrs' marriage was so unreal that it seemed unlikely it could be saved. Alice had married the younger man so that she might have someone to take care of; David married her because he wanted mothering. It was an arrangement that could only work as long as both partners remained static. But David had outgrown his role and, like a teen-ager, was inflicting cruel hurt on the authority he was rejecting.

Alice explained first that she had made a rash marriage in her high-school years to a limp youth who rapidly became an alcoholic and was killed while drunk in a car accident. She became timid after that, apprehensive that people had no real use for her. To give herself some value, she became known as a warm-hearted woman. She knitted constantly for charity bazaars, baked cakes when neighbors were ill, passed out cookies to children. She ran a little flower store, to avoid using the small inheritance her father left her.

David Kerr moved one spring into the Maritime city where Alice lived and married her two weeks later. His background remained murky, but it was evident to the counselor who later talked with him that it must have been wretched because he wove a tangle of grandiose lies to conceal it. One fact was indisputable—for a year he had made a mistress of a woman nearly twice his age. Her refusal to marry him had made him so despondent that he had quit his job and moved to another city. The first time Alice saw him, when he came into her shop to sell her some business equipment, she noticed a coat button hanging by a thread and insisted he take off the jacket and let her repair it.

David was entranced. His ego had been flattened by the woman who rejected him and here was someone fussing gently over him, concerned because a coat button was loose. Alice represented everything he lacked, the comfortable manners of her early

training, a community's esteem, the assurance that reflected from a secure income and her evident willingness to care for and comfort him. Young women had never attracted him: they were too selfish.

He begged Alice to marry him only a few days later and she eventually accepted, though she was uneasy about their relative ages. In other respects David seemed perfect. He obviously admired her without restraint, which filled a lonely void, and he had the siren appeal of truly needing her, since his manners were awkward, his employment erratic, his taste in clothes juvenile.

"I did everything for him, everything," Alice Kerr told the counselor. "I showed him how to dress, bought him good clothes with my own money. He wanted to live in Toronto, so I sold my business and moved here. We spent that money and my inheritance, too, getting settled. Thanks to me introducing him to some friends of Daddy's, David eventually got a good job as a bond salesman. I even had to teach him table manners! And now he abuses me, insults me, hardly ever comes home."

A struggle for superiority

David had been moody, Alice explained in her faint voice, right from the beginning. "Now he starts awful arguments, says ugly things to me until I cry, and then he apologizes. I think he enjoys making me cry."

The crisis had come the week before when David and Alice were talking of the marital difficulties of a couple they knew. David became venomous on the subject of the wife's failures, spoke of the husband as a martyr who ought to get a divorce. With dawning horror, Alice realized David was really talking about his own marriage. Alice's visit to the marriage counselor was a last-straw effort.

The core of the problem, as the counselor listened, seemed to be a loveless struggle for superiority. Alice had always administered the money, since in the beginning most of it was hers, but David was objecting now. "But he's so forgetful about the bills, I have to do it," she explained. Alice had always waited on David with motherly solicitude, laying out his clothes, preparing bedtime snacks; lately these attentions irritated him.

When they were first married,

Continued on page 58

THIS NEW INVENTION WILL CHANGE EVERY IDEA YOU EVER HAD ABOUT PAPER TOWELS

IF YOU ARE NOT USING PAPER TOWELS, THIS IS FOR YOU:

Possibly you've held back on paper towels because you think they just don't belong in homes. Certainly, unpleasant experiences with the "public wash-room" type of towel would justify your preference for cloth! Or maybe you feel that paper towels are a luxury you can do without. Whatever your reason, you are in for a delightful surprise when you discover the new invention in ScotTowels. An exclusive new process textures every sheet of these new towels with more than 2000 tiny puffs. The result is amazing. New ScotTowels look and feel like cloth. And they work like cloth better than any towel has ever done. This new towel texture not only creates a special softness that's gentle as cloth to your hands and face, but the tiny, thirsty puffs drink up moisture instantly - like a blotter - so new ScotTowels are perfect too for draining fried foods or wiping up spills.



So strong they won't tear apart even when wet, the new ScotTowels are extremely pliable: they get in around tiny corners on appliances, cupboards, sinks and windshields. Use Super-Absorbent ScotTowels in your kitchen and bathroom. They'll save you more washing and ironing than you thought possible. They're economical too because just one usually does the job. With durable ScotTowel holders available to blend with your color scheme, it's so easy now to have fresh clean towels at your fingertips every moment of the day. Get Super-Absorbent ScotTowels the very next time you shop - your old paper towel ideas will vanish overnight!

IF YOU ARE USING PAPER TOWELS NOW, THIS IS FOR YOU:



You know how many uses you've found for paper towels around your home. But perhaps you've wished they could be made softer and more like cloth. Well, it's happened. A new invention gives ScotTowels a cloth-like softness and instant absorbing power without sacrificing strength or body. This exclusive process textures each sheet with more than 2000 tiny puffs, creating a soft, gentle surface that's kind even to the tender skins of little children. New ScotTowels softly shape themselves to hands and faces, dry them quickly and thoroughly, without a bit of rubbing. The tiny puffs drink up moisture instantly - like a blotter - yet Super-Absorbent ScotTowels keep their strength and shape when wet or when used with the modern cleaners. On any cleaning job, you'll see how their new pliable surface makes these paper towels more "workable". They fit into and around tiny corners, difficult spots. Because they're so strong and firm, they're economical too, since one towel lasts and lasts!

The beauty of the soft colors of ScotTowels is heightened by the new texture. So it isn't surprising that these new towels - together with their attractive, durable holders are showing up in the smartest powder rooms as well as the brightest kitchens. (A comforting thought to know your guests need never again see a soiled hand towel in your home.)

And here's more news. Super-Absorbent ScotTowels not only come in white, pink and yellow, but also are now available in two sizes: a handy new Big Roll of 228 towels and the Regular Roll of 150 towels. Both fit the ScotTowel holder. Discover the joy of these new towels right away. Look for Super-Absorbent ScotTowels at your food market.



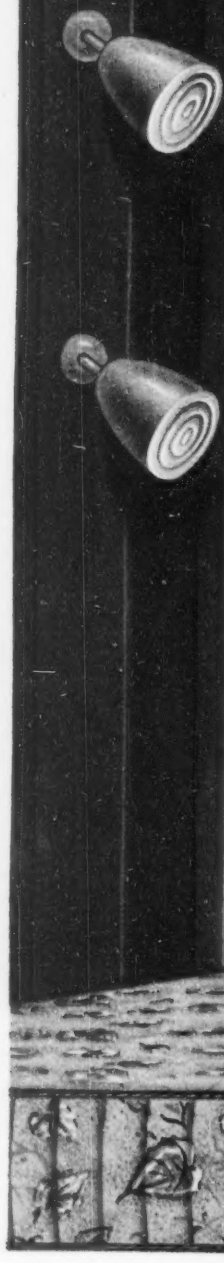
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CHARM REST — the popular new SMOOTH TOP or the ROSEMARY, both with "Auto-lock" precision coil construction; deep white layer felt upholstery; pre-built border; corded handles; air vents...

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You name the price. Simmons has the mattress! You're sure of getting your mattress money's worth of comfort and durability. For only Simmons offers such a selection — your best mattress buy at any price.

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DEEPSLEEP*—finest of open-coil mattresses; 405 coils "auto-locked" in perfect position; exclusive inner-roll pre-built border; precision uniform tufting; corded handles...

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SLEEPY KNIGHT*—with Simmons "Auto-lock" coil construction; precision tufting; white layer felt upholstery; pre-built border; corded handles; air vents...

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have made Simmons "the greatest name in sleep". Each is available with matching box spring.

Best buy for all is famous Beautyrest with its "power-packed" individually pocketed coil springs for luxurious buoyant firmness, best for your back... best for you!



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— for the most for your mattress money!

Step from your bath

FEET FIRST

into all-day protection!



To the lady who demands complete protection, a deodorant foot powder is essential. That's why more and more women rely on Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder.

Dust your doubts away! Enjoy the certainty of cool, comfortable, bath-fresh feet all day... with Dr. Scholl's deodorant Foot Powder.

Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder now at any drug, shoe, Foot Comfort Shop, variety or department store—and walk in confidence!

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The Finest in Foot Care... The World Over



Dragged down by constipation?

You'll be warbling a new song soon if you "chew your troubles away" with Feen-a-mint, the minty-flavoured chewing gum laxative that sweetens the breath as it relieves constipation. Feen-a-mint is easy and pleasant to take, gentle enough for children, yet it gives the fast effective relief most adults want. Keep a box on hand for all the family, and leave constipation blues "for the birds".

BOX OF 6, 21¢ BOX OF 16, 49¢ JAR OF 36, 87¢

REG. TRADE MARK
Feen-a-mint



"Chew your troubles away"

Get Feen-a-mint at your nearest drug counter today!

Continued from page 54

David had basked in her absorption. She had little other existence but tending him. She prepared hot cereal in the morning because he had mentioned casually that he rather liked it. She hung up his clothes, sponging out the spots and pressing them with almost professional excellence. She culled the list of her friends to decide who would be most helpful to David and, though her shyness made this very difficult, arranged for introductions.

In the early years, David had been a rewarding pupil for her lessons in deportment. He was blissfully grateful for the concentric circles of solicitude she put around him. Then, as his confidence developed with his emerging business ability, he began to feel he was being coddled in a prison. He brought home boastful stories of accomplishments in which she had no part, but she wouldn't listen; such tales frightened her with their suggestion that she was no longer all-important to him.

She fought back with a low-blow weapon—his obligation to her. "After all I've done for you!" became a common coin in her arguments. She used it against him on the smallest provocation, if he even planned to buy a suit without taking her along.

He had equally malicious weapons. He associated more and more with people his own age and never failed to mention how young his new friends were. He could prod her into crying with such references and, though he was immediately contrite, Alice knew in her bones that he had a flash of satisfaction when she began to cry.

In recent years he had shown a tendency to reverse their roles that had alarmed Alice. He was critical of her clothes and suggested she try new brighter colors. He recommended she tint her hair, and diet. He introduced her to his friends in a patronizing manner and then ignored her as she sat, mute and baffled, in a whirl of topics beyond her comprehension. As his independence of her deepened, so did her dismay and terror. She could only wail, "After all I've done for you!"

"He says he'd rather send his clothes to the cleaner's, but I do them just as well," Alice reported tearfully to the counselor. "He says it's too much trouble for me. And he wants to drive me to my bridge club and pick me up afterward. We had a row over that because I'm perfectly capable of getting a bus both ways."

"Why won't you let him do these things for you?" asked the counselor.

Alice began to explain again that she was skilled at pressing clothes, but the counselor interrupted. "Really, why don't you let him help you?"

There was a long pause. "You know," said Alice quietly, "I hate to be obligated to anyone. It makes me uncomfortable. I would sooner do things for others than have them do anything for me."

"Is that fair though? You put your friends and especially your husband under tremendous obligation to you. Shouldn't you let him try to even matters?"

Alice was startled by this concept and promised to consider it. When she left, she made an appointment for David to see the counselor.

Why did you marry her?

David Kerr was a handsome, brisk young man with a soft petulant face and an air of indulged conceit. He said he had been educated in private schools, which the counselor suspected was untrue, and that by reason of intelligence and interests he and his wife were totally incompatible, which seemed entirely too true.

"I love to play golf, for instance," he began. "I tried to teach her the game, but she has no use for it. Whenever I get ready to leave for the club, she wants to know who I'm playing with, how long I'll be away. Eventually she complains that I'm always leaving her alone and that leads to reminders of how much I owe her."

His friends were all busy people, outgoing, party-loving, interested in sports and current events, he said. The people Alice liked seemed to drift around in a never-never land of their own, playing bridge, reading nothing, holding opinions two generations old.

"If I have some trouble at the office that I start to tell her about," he continued, "she interrupts after a few minutes with some silly trivia about what she wore to a tea party, and I realize she hasn't been listening."

"Why did you marry her in the first place?" asked the counselor.

David looked confused. "She was so kind to me," he said reluctantly. "Did she tell you about the button she sewed on my coat? Well, things like that. She seemed so thoughtful and interested in me. I had just been through a bad time and it felt wonderful to have someone care about me."

Continued on page 60

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Continued from page 58
"She enjoys helping you," the counselor began.

"She's smothering me," said David flatly. "I can't breathe."

When he left, the counselor wrote in her notes: "It is hard to find a focus for this marriage, they seem so far apart. Since he still isn't firm about a separation, perhaps we can get them to face their feelings and work out an easier way of living together."

Not all marriages in which the wife is older than her husband have the pronounced, classic symptoms that were ravaging the Kerrs. In many cases, the wife is able to give over her domination gradually, or else the husband is content with the softer role of a cherished son. Often, where the age difference is only slight, the problem doesn't seem to hinge at all on the calendar. But we have noticed, with concern for this extra straw or two, how sheepish and disturbed such wives invariably are. "It just doesn't feel right," a woman only two years older than her husband recently explained. Actually the two years' difference isn't of much importance in itself, but becomes so if the wife has this attitude toward it.

It is too soon since we first began noticing the frequency of an age imbalance in our troubled marriages to draw any certain conclusions. The Kerrs typify one of the serious hazards such marriages must face, the likelihood that they are built on a shifting-sand foundation that will drown both parties if either searches for new footing. Where there is a wide age difference the hazard that the male is looking for a refuge and the female for a dependent child should be considered as objectively as possible before marriage. Obviously no clinical decisions arrived at in a study of a few distraught couples can hold true in every case but, generally speaking, we marriage counselors suspect that a woman marrying a man considerably younger than she has an extra problem built into her marriage.

Alice Kerr paid several visits to the counselor, but she continued to complain about her husband's ingratitude. The counselor struggled to help her modify her attitude, but it seemed to be too late. David said the tension was becoming unendurable. He, too, was intractable to every suggestion for moderation. One evening when he spoke of signing up for a university extension course, Alice had grown hysterical. She had begun knit-

ting a sweater for him. "I feel stifled," he said. The counselor noted unhappily that the couple had not one single interest in common.

Our counselors rarely see a marriage that can't be helped, probably because the very act of seeking a marriage counselor indicates a willingness and anxiety to preserve the union. But the difficulties of the Kerrs proved insurmountable. Alice was beginning to appreciate that her kindness was killing, but it was too late for her to be flexible and David would yield not an inch. A few months after their first visits, they separated. The counselor was asked to help them work out fair financial terms.

"I gave him everything"

As many arbitrators in this position have discovered, all the previous arguments that lead to the failure of a marriage pale under the sheer savagery of dissension over separation allowances. "Money represents power," a counselor observed. "In this case Alice saw it as a weapon of revenge, so she demanded outrageous amounts. David saw it as a means of demonstrating, at last, his authority over her. He offered very little."

The wrangle dragged on, between lawyers, counselors and the Kerrs, for nearly a year. "I gave him everything," Alice would weep. "I'm going to make him pay me back." She totaled up in dollars and cents everything she had spent on David and showed the tally so often it became dog-eared.

Finally, she accepted an allowance of forty dollars a week, sold some of her furniture and moved with the rest into a minute apartment near some widowed bridge-playing friends. Her health grew so poor, a decay hastened by her shriveled confidence in herself, that she couldn't seek a job. For a short period the emptiness and futility of her life so overwhelmed her that friends feared suicide.

The counselor kept in close touch with her during this difficult time. Gradually, her bitterness began to abate and she showed a new dignity. Currently she is negotiating, with remarkable poise, for adequate alimony in return for the divorce David wants.

"He wants to marry again, another older woman," commented the counselor sadly. "We may see more of him."

END

Editor's note: Names and places in this story have been altered to protect the identity of the family.

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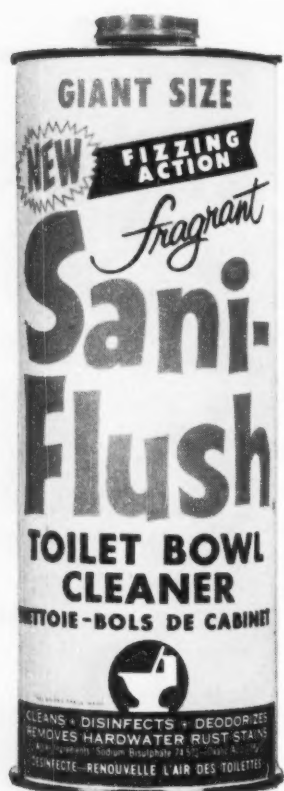
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SEX CRIMINALS

Continued from page 33

will draw up an earnest petition resolving that perverts ought to be locked up for life. A crusading columnist will recommend that the only cure for the deviate is castration.

The child may, mercifully, be returned to her parents alive but terrified, her clothes torn, her mind and body bruised. The chances that her assailant will be apprehended are slim. (Often such cases are not even reported to police. Some experts estimate that for every sexual offense committed, twenty are never known because of the fear and embarrassment felt by those involved.) If the offender is caught and proved guilty, he most likely will be sentenced under the Criminal Code of Canada for a period ranging from two years to "life" imprisonment (which almost always means twenty years or less.) Within a few days after his trial, the uproar will die down and the public hysteria subside until the next such case makes news.

But while the horror of the crime is fresh and the accompanying wave of revulsion has gripped the public conscience, many people will wonder, "Why doesn't somebody do something? Can't they (a vague term that seems to mean either the police or the government or the psychiatrists) put a stop to this kind of thing?" A smaller, more thoughtful group may probe the problem more deeply to ask, "How good are our laws in dealing with the sex criminal? What is being done in Canada to protect society from the deviate, and the deviate from himself?"

What does the law do?

Most responsible legal and medical authorities in Canada would be quick to answer that our laws are woefully inadequate, probably among the most backward in the Western world. In the large majority of cases, the sexual criminal is released from a Canadian prison at the end of his sentence, without any systematic effort having been made to determine whether or not he will repeat his crime, or any psychiatric treatment attempted to cure him. There is a law in existence to lock up the habitual sex offender for "an indeterminate period" (roughly translatable as meaning for the rest of his

natural life). But by the end of 1958, a full decade after this law first came into existence, it had been invoked only thirty times.

In that same period convictions for sexual offenses averaged about one thousand per year — that is, of ten thousand sex criminals only thirty, or .3 percent, have been removed from society permanently. In fact, the report of the Royal Commission on the Criminal Law Relating to Criminal Sexual Psychopaths, published in March 1958 after four years of intensive study, begins with the statement: "The fundamental criticism of the Canadian law is that it has not proved to be effective."

Despite the commission's well-documented condemnation of the existing law, the federal government has so far made no move to amend it.

The conclusions to be drawn are obvious. Our laws are antiquated. We don't provide treatment for sexual criminals. We don't lock enough of them up for indeterminate periods. Therefore, we can continue to expect that at least a thousand people will be convicted this year and next year and the year after for serious sexual offenses that range from bestiality to rape. Why isn't something done?

Behind the federal government's lack of action is the fact the problem of the sex criminal and how to deal with him is one of the most intricate and least understood aspects of Canada's Criminal Code. To untangle some of these complexities, I have talked to the lawyers, psychiatrists, social workers and others closely involved in formulating a new approach to the problem. There emerges from the interviews a fascinating profile of the sex offender's world, his background, his often tortured criminal drives, his woeful lack of treatment centres.

Not the least of the problems involved in this complex situation is to know exactly what to call the sex offender. In the days before Freud became a *Kaffeeklatsch* word, society used to term such a man a sex maniac; twenty years ago he was called a sex pervert; now the words most commonly used are sex deviate or sex criminal. The subtle difference between the sex deviate and the sex criminal is described succinctly in a Citizen's Handbook, put out by the State of Michigan: "From the legal and social point of view the *sexual deviate* is a person whose sexual drive, the object of his sexual desire, or the way of expressing his desire is con-

sidered by his social group to be abnormal." But, "when an individual performs sexual acts that are forbidden by law he is a *sexual criminal*. Not all, but the large majority of sex crimes are the result of sex deviation."

As an illustration of the difference, the handbook cites the case of a young hoodlum "out for kicks" who may rape a woman; he is therefore a sex criminal, but not necessarily a sex deviate. The sex criminal who is not deviated in his desires, while a very real menace, does not present the same problem of treatment.

What is sexual deviation?

It's the sexual deviate, described by Dr. Kenneth Gray, of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, as a person seeking "abnormal sexual gratification other than intercourse with an adult of the opposite sex," who causes the most public anguish and is the victim of the most public misunderstanding.

When people, and particularly parents, talk of the sexual deviate, they are usually thinking almost exclusively of the pedophiliacs — the men who prey on children. But pedophilia, while it's the most frequently committed sexual crime of a serious nature, is only one aspect of sexual deviation.

Sexual deviation has many manifestations and the most common are: *homosexuality*, where sex desire is directed totally or in large measure toward an adult of the same sex, *exhibitionism*, an unnatural desire to be sexually seen; *voyeurism*, a clinical way of describing the Peeping Tom; *fetishism*, which means that the individual is sexually stimulated by inanimate objects, such as silk, fur, women's lingerie or displays a sexual interest in some part of body other than those parts commonly found to be sexually stimulating; *sadism*, the desire to hurt another person in order to obtain sexual satisfaction; and its opposite, *masochism*, the desire to be hurt by the sexual partner.

The first four are usually committed by relatively harmless, unaggressive people and could be described as annoyances rather than menaces to society. But the public is inclined to blame all deviates for the criminal acts of the sadist and pedophiliacs.

Occasionally, both sadism and pedophilia are present in the same person, but more often the pedophile does not display sadistic tendencies. When such a man is guilty of the sex murder

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of a child, he has usually killed in a moment of panic to destroy evidence.

But what kind of man would sexually assault a child in the first place? Who are the deviates, what drives them toward committing what seems to the ordinary citizen the most hideous and incomprehensible of crimes? "Sex offenders are not necessarily zoot-suiters, poolroom frequenters... They are present in all age groups, races, professions and institutions, sometimes where least expected... They range from the pugnacious, youthful rapist to the senile old gentleman," said the late John Chisholm, Chief Constable of Metropolitan Toronto, in the brief he presented to the Royal Commission on Criminal Sexual Psychopaths.

Contrary to popular belief, the pedophile is not always a dark stranger who approaches the child in a back alley. He is far more often someone the child knows and trusts. He may be an acquaintance of the child's parents, a janitor in their apartment building, even a child's teacher.

How can we cure them?

For instance, one case described in the Royal Commission report involved a sixty-five-year-old woodworking teacher, who in 1955 was sentenced to prison for an indeterminate period. At his trial evidence was produced to show the man had shown abnormal tendencies for more than forty years and had regularly found jobs as a crafts teacher in schools all over Canada, run by service organizations. He would build up a reputation as a kindly old gentleman, interested only in helping children with a hobby, and after the authorities' trust in him had been established, would select susceptible children on whom to practise his perversions, usually confining himself to young boys. (Deviates who display sexual interest in children of their own sex are "homosexual pedophiliacs.")

To describe what factors cause the deviate to act as he does is even more difficult than to pin-point who he is. Only rarely is there a physical cause; the offender almost always suffers from a mental disorder, often the result of childhood experiences that even a psychiatrist cannot probe.

"The trouble with trying to treat the sex offender, is that so little is known about the causes of his illness," said a Toronto psychiatrist recently. "People think psychiatry is the magic

answer to everything, but with this particular problem, there is just not enough scientific information available. Some psychiatrists even begin to feel hopeless that there is any solution."

Only one tangible fact seems to emerge: most sex-offenders appear to have a background of emotionally deprived childhoods. During the trial of an eighteen-year-old Vancouver youth, convicted in 1955 of raping an eleven-year-old child, a social worker described his background. The boy had lived until he was twelve in a series of rented rooms with an alcoholic mother who was a part-time prostitute. He had been neglected physically and emotionally until he was made a ward of the Children's Aid Society at the age of twelve.

Sometimes mental disturbances of a sexual nature, caused by brutality, indifference or overindulgence suffered in extreme youth, aren't revealed until the child is an adult, or even approaching middle age. Even then such disturbances can reveal themselves in a number of ways, often not directly traced to sex deviations. Of 56,910 convictions for criminal offenses in Canada in 1956, only 1,043 (or approximately two percent) were for sex offenses. But psychiatrists believe that many of the so-called "normal crimes" are motivated by sexual abnormalities. Studies of shoplifters, arsonists, certain types of murderers, reveal that the crimes were very often committed for the sexual thrill involved.

There are several other important facts about sexual offenses that are not generally known. One of the most startling was expressed by Dr. John Rich, a British psychiatrist, who told a reporter in Toronto recently: "Most people see the child as an innocent victim of a cunning adult. Anybody who has worked in this field knows how often the picture is wrong. Over and over again the child is a willing partner who makes the first advances. It is extraordinary how quickly these children can spot a man who will pay for such services. Some experts believe that fifty percent of such cases involve willing victims."

One young mother in Ottawa was disturbed last year when she noticed that her eight-year-old daughter and her sister's child, who was seven, wanted to dress up in party clothes every day after school. When she questioned them, they explained gravely that they were going to a nearby park to "meet John—a nice man who always

gives us candy, and wants to kiss us." Suddenly the niece burst out in tears. "Yesterday he said he didn't want me to come any more," she explained. "He wants Susan to come alone because he thinks I'm too fat."

The man was later apprehended; he had been convicted of sexual offenses on seven separate occasions over a period of fifteen years. But, when questioned by police, he claimed the children had approached him, when he was sitting on a park bench.

Another widespread fallacy about the sexual deviate is the belief that castration would permanently cure

eral agreement that the law in Canada only confuses the problem further.

Here is how the law works at present. The sex offender is tried in court for his specific offense, exactly as is any other criminal offender. If found guilty, he is sentenced to a number of months or years in a penitentiary and, often, to a number of lashes. If the criminal has been found guilty of one of seven grave offenses (rape, carnal knowledge of a female under sixteen, indecent assault, buggery or bestiality, indecent assault on male, gross indecency), the crown prosecutor may apply for a second trial to have him declared "a criminal sexual psychopath." If this charge is proven, the offender is then locked up for an indefinite period in a penitentiary, not to be released until he is pronounced cured.

This second trial of the offender, introduced into the Criminal Code in 1948, should have improved the law. Instead it has been found to be unworkable, for several reasons. At the second trial, two psychiatrists must declare that the offender is indeed a criminal sexual psychopath. Most doctors are reluctant to give such evidence, maintaining that it is impossible clinically to define a psychopath even though laymen and lawyers think the task should be an easy one.

Medical authorities are also troubled by the Criminal Code's definition of the sexual psychopath as "a person who... has evidenced a lack of power to control his sexual impulses..." Psychiatrists say they cannot be sure whether a man is powerless to control himself, without prolonged clinical examination for which there are no facilities provided. As a result, most psychiatrists are reluctant to give evidence that will lock a man away for life; and knowing how difficult it will be to make his charge stick, the crown prosecutor rarely institutes the second trial.

California locks them up

To show just how unworkable this law is, Canada since 1948 has invoked the criminal sexual psychopath law only twenty-three times. In the State of California, which has only two thirds the population of Canada, sexual deviates are locked up for indeterminate periods at the rate of two hundred a year.

Even if all the legal hurdles are jumped and a man is declared a "criminal sexual psychopath," he is con-



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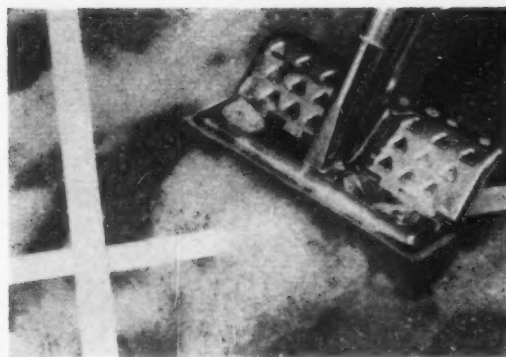
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him. The truth is that sexual potency is not necessary for the commitment of most types of deviate acts, and castration does not totally destroy the over-all sex appetite. It has been tried, under close control, in the Scandinavian countries and in some parts of the United States, but its practice has a bad effect on the general personality of the deviate and usually weakens his intellectual function, leaving him less capable of controlling himself by his own will power. As a result, if the castrated man is released from prison, he is more likely to commit crimes.

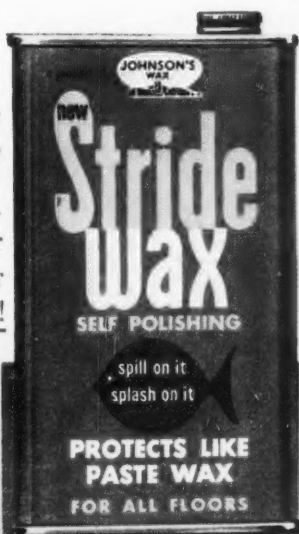
Along with all these complicating facts — the widespread ignorance of what the sex deviate is, the confusion in medical and legal circles over what to call him, the problem of how to identify and treat him—there is gen-

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fined to a jail cell (as are all deviates serving ordinary sentences), without provision being made for psychiatric treatment of any type. He's put in the penitentiary like any "lifer" without any hope of the cure that would effect his release.

In evidence given to the Royal Commission, Dr. M. J. O'Connor, a psychiatrist formerly on the staff of the Kingston Penitentiary, pointed out that he was the only psychiatrist employed to treat eight hundred inmates — and, at that, he was employed for only five half-days a week.

"To put it very bluntly," said Dr. O'Connor, "I am not making any effort to treat [criminal sexual psychopaths], because the attendant difficulties are so great as to make it very questionable if I am not wasting my time. As a part-time man, the pressure from the mentally sick in the prison and those who are acutely disturbed is so great that I can scarcely keep up with it, let alone try long-term intensive therapy, which is what these people would require if one is going to do anything. Seeing them once a month is useless."

The doctor went on to say that the methods of treatment needed could not be carried out in a prison. He recommended that a treatment centre should be set up completely apart from the penitentiary.

There is at present only one such treatment centre in Canada—the Forensic Clinic of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital. It operates an outpatient service for deviates and other criminal offenders, referred there by the courts. But the clinic's staff and facilities are so limited that they can treat fewer than two hundred patients a year.

For the hundreds of other deviates charged each year, the attitude of the law was made clear in a magistrate's court in Toronto late last fall. The offender being tried was a twenty-four-year-old man who was charged with indecent exposure in the presence of two teen-age hitchhikers he had picked up in his car. The man admitted he had been convicted of similar charges before and asked to be given psychiatric treatment. The magistrate answered his request by saying, "If you want treatment, you'll have to get it yourself. I am fining you one hundred and fifty dollars or fifty days."

If the law is so obviously inadequate, why hasn't there been public pressure to change it? There has been

such pressure exerted over the past decade, most notably by the much-publicized Parents Action League, an organization formed by three Toronto mothers who decided to do something about the problem. Various service groups and legal associations have also demanded over and over again that immediate action be taken — without noticeable result. But this kind of pressure did result in the Royal Commission on Criminal Sexual Psychopaths, formed under the chairmanship of Chief Justice J. C. McRuer of Ontario in 1954, which presented its report in 1958.

Any effort is worth while

The commission's report made several cautious recommendations, most of them directed toward a change in the wording of the law. The most dramatic changes it advocated were for a new, more easily provable definition of the sexual psychopath, and for psychiatric treatment facilities for psychopaths now in penitentiaries.

If and when the federal government acts on these recommendations—and there are no signs of it doing so yet—the law covering sex offenders in Canada will be improved. But it will still not reach the high standards set by the laws in other Western countries—most notably in Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Holland—and in certain states (New Jersey, California, Michigan) of the United States. These laws provide for psychiatric examination of all sex offenders, and treatment in mental institutions for deviates, rather than imprisonment.

But laws, however good, can provide only the beginning of a solution to the over-all problem. What is needed is more scientific research into the problem under government sponsorship, more diagnostic clinics where deviates can be treated and greater understanding among ordinary citizens of the causes and strange guises of sex deviation.

No sudden dramatic act of law can guarantee that the problem of sex deviation will be wiped out entirely, any more than the law can decree that all citizens will maintain good mental health. But for parents like the hypothetical Edward Smiths, whose story was told at the beginning of this article, and who know the anguish of trying to soothe a child who has suffered such a terrifying experience, any effort toward this goal, however small, is worth while.

END

THE BOUGHTEN BRIDE

Continued from page 35

know but it was a good feeling, a hunger and wanting that came from the stars blurred in a windy, mare's tail sky. He felt he could stand in the stirrups, reach up and pull his yearning down into his grasp. Of a sudden, he wished he could talk Pa into selling out and heading farther west or maybe south to California where they were picking up gold in the streets. But Pa had sunk his roots too deep on the prairie to pull loose. He was yoked to his land and Ma's grave—mostly to Ma's grave.

Ma had died young. Pa buried her beyond the garden fence where her grave caught the shade of the trees. It had whitewashed stones about it and always flowers on it come spring.

Dowie remembered only special things about his Ma because it was so long ago. There was that time Pa went into town and was late getting home. It was the year the cattle died of blackleg and Pa had gone to see if he could borrow from the bank. Ma

to look at him to see the loss still there in his eyes. Pa had buried his woman and with her, he'd buried his heart, his mind and all the rest of his life. And because Pa's hurt was his hurt too, the fear stayed with Dowie like a lesson hard-learned. *What you loved most could be taken from you.* The way he had it figured, you were safe just so long as you took care not to let anything get too close or matter too much. No, Pa was rooted to that spot for always. It wasn't right and long ago, Dowie told himself, "Not me — I don't want it to happen to me."

DOWN FROM the pass, he caught the clear cold smell of winter, so sharp and sweet it made him giddy-headed. The excitement touched him again — it spread in him, spilled over and he let out a high wild shout that sent the pinto leaping into a headlong run. "Git along home, Cindy . . . Cindy . . ."

The wagons turned out to be a Selkirk-bound outfit, twelve in all. Dowie talked with an Upper Canada man, name of Rumer, who was filling his water barrel, carrying buckets from the river.

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SEE PAGE 1
FOR WOMEN ONLY
by Anne Brown

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fined to a jail cell (as are all deviates serving ordinary sentences), without provision being made for psychiatric treatment of any type. He's put in the penitentiary like any "lifer" without any hope of the cure that would effect his release.

In evidence given to the Royal Commission, Dr. M. J. O'Connor, a psychiatrist formerly on the staff of the Kingston Penitentiary, pointed out that he was the only psychiatrist employed to treat eight hundred inmates — and, at that, he was employed for only five half-days a week.

"To put it very bluntly," said Dr. O'Connor, "I am not making any effort to treat [criminal sexual psychopaths], because the attendant difficulties are so great as to make it very questionable if I am not wasting my time. As a part-time man, the pressure from the mentally sick in the prison and those who are acutely disturbed is so great that I can scarcely keep up with it, let alone try long-term intensive therapy, which is what these people would require if one is going to do anything. Seeing them

such pressure exerted over the past decade, most notably by the much-publicized Parents Action League, an organization formed by three Toronto mothers who decided to do something about the problem. Various service groups and legal associations have also demanded over and over again that immediate action be taken — without noticeable result. But this kind of pressure did result in the Royal Commission on Criminal Sexual Psychopaths, formed under the chairmanship of Chief Justice J. C. McRuer of Ontario in 1954, which presented its report in 1958.

Any effort is worth while

The commission's report made several cautious recommendations, most of them directed toward a change in the wording of the law. The most dramatic changes it advocated were for a new, more easily provable definition of the sexual psychopath, and for psychiatric treatment facilities for psychopaths now in penitentiaries.

If and when the federal government

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women

THE BOUGHTEN BRIDE

Continued from page 35

know but it was a good feeling, a hunger and wanting that came from the stars blurred in a windy, mare's tail sky. He felt he could stand in the stirrups, reach up and pull his yearning down into his grasp. Of a sudden, he wished he could talk Pa into selling out and heading farther west or maybe south to California where they were picking up gold in the streets. But Pa had sunk his roots too deep on the prairie to pull loose. He was yoked to his land and Ma's grave—mostly to Ma's grave.

Ma had died young. Pa buried her beyond the garden fence where her grave caught the shade of the trees. It had whitewashed stones about it and always flowers on it come spring.

Dowie remembered only special things about his Ma because it was so long ago. There was that time Pa went into town and was late getting home. It was the year the cattle died of blackleg and Pa had gone to see if he could borrow from the bank. Ma must have known he'd managed it just by the look on his face when he came in the door. Dowie was up on the loft bed and supposed to be asleep but he rolled over and looked down when he heard Pa's step.

Ma was at the fireplace — that was before they got the cookstove—where she was keeping his supper hot, the cookall on the crane. Pa stood there and they looked at each other as if there was no need for words. Ma put down the spoon, wiped her hands on her apron and they came together in the middle of the room like streams meeting and flowing into one. There was only the fire to see by and Dowie watched the single shadow they made, the dark of Pa's head over Ma's fair hair. When she leaned back, resting on his arm, the firelight touched her face and it was soft with love, soft with such a tenderness that Dowie hid his own face in his bed, warmed and stirred, happiness keening through him.

They had a good marriage — but the thing was, Pa never got over losing her.

Dowie heard him crying one night — afterward. He didn't know Pa could cry and it scared him. He only knew Pa's tears came out of a fearful loneliness, a big empty grief that nothing could fill. Even now, you only had

to look at him to see the loss still there in his eyes. Pa had buried his woman and with her, he'd buried his heart, his mind and all the rest of his life. And because Pa's hurt was his hurt too, the fear stayed with Dowie like a lesson hard-learned. *What you loved most could be taken from you.* The way he had it figured, you were safe just so long as you took care not to let anything get too close or matter too much. No, Pa was rooted to that spot for always. It wasn't right and long ago, Dowie told himself, "Not me — I don't want it to happen to me."

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"We've made out fair-to-middlin' so fur," Rumer worked a knob of tobacco in his jaw and scratched at a scrubby beard. "But there was a skim of snow on the ground this mornin' . . . winter's likely to catch us." He nodded toward the other wagons where cookpot smells mingled with campfires, and voices called back and forth over the sound of banjo and fiddle starting up. "And if you should ask, some of these stove-in apple crates ain't gonna' make it." He pointed up the incline. "Take them Gatins now."

The Gatin wagon was off a piece from the others, weather-greied, its canvas sagging, one of its wheels propped against a nearby tree. A woman in a worn-thin calico was getting some young ones settled for the night, her voice sharp and complaining. A girl, sixteen, seventeen maybe, was at the makeshift stove — a square of sheet iron set up on rocks — fanning smoke aside with her apron.

The woman called out to her, "Bless-in', hang the skillet under the wagon, then you'd best go help Mr. Rumer fill his water barrel."

The girl came down the path and watching her, Dowie felt a swift stirring in him. She was barefoot, her hair pulled back and hanging in heavy dark braids; the homespun she wore had lost its dye and some of its but-

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tons, but she had a rare and gentle beauty, the curve of her mouth — the softness of her eyes something to plague a man's sleep.

"Mr. Rumer, Aunt Elvina says I'm to help you," she said.

Passing her on the incline, Rumer reached out in an owning way and put his hand on her. "You've not call to help me, little one."

She stopped when she saw Dowie. It seemed to him she'd shied off from Rumer's touch, and standing there she minded him of a bird about to fly.

"Evenin'," She spoke in a small polite voice and her smile was venturing, like a kid who wants to please, who is afraid not to. In the lantern light from Rumer's wagon, her big-eyed face was so quick-turned and careful it most hurt Dowie to look:

"Evenin' to you," he said.

She came on slowly and dipped her bucket near to where he stood. He wanted to help her but he didn't know just how to offer — and his horse, cropping at the river edge grass, was dragging on his arm.

"Where you from?" he asked.

"New Brunswick," The bucket full, she backed off, holding it in both hands. "My Uncle Barth aims to get a new start in the west." She looked at him and added, half-shy, half-daring, "You from round here?"

"Yes . . . my father immigrated from Scotland, settled in these parts in '46."

"Way back then — fancy that! It's nice hereabouts, the trees and all."

"Our place is fifteen miles yonder," Dowie pointed with his hat. "We've got a log house, shed and lean-to and a coupla' corrals." He told her how Pa dragged the logs from a coulee miles off when he built, how the old sod shack was used for a milk house now. "We got a soft-water spring and a windbreak of willows along the garden fence."

"It sounds right pretty." Her voice was wistful and admiring. "It truly does."

IT WASN'T as pretty as he was making out, that was for certain. The place was scarred from old times — Injuns, prairie fire, grasshoppers and drought — but she'd put down the bucket, her eyes fixed bright on his face, and he went on to tell her about the Saturday-night dances at the Stoney Creek schoolhouse, how some folks stayed the full night to be there for church meeting the next day. She laughed at that and he joined in. Looking at her,

he wondered what she'd be like dressed up in something bright and eye-catching: a ribbon bowed in her hair. He let loose a long, uneven breath, wishing he could take her to one of the dances.

Then, like always, there was that wary pulling back, a brake going on in some part of him. He couldn't help it — mostly it came without his meaning it to happen. *Don't let your heart run off with you.*

She was looking at him, a kind of waiting — asking, in her eyes. He'd never seen anything just like her and he knew it, but he went silent and backed off a step.

Someone hollered, "Blessin'." It was a man this time. He was at the end of the Gatin wagon, tall and spare in hickory shirt and high-hung britches, his mouth ill-tempered like it was pulled in by a puckering string. "Blessin'!"

"Yes, Uncle Barth." She picked up the bucket and half turned to go, look-

her. Dowie felt a stir of slow anger. It was a sorry thing and a shame — still and all, it was no fur off his back. He threw a stick on the fire and watched it catch. You see someone like her, he thought, and it's like you've known her for as far back as you can remember, personal and close. He looked out over the black shine of the river feeling the sudden press of loneliness. You forget everything but your wanting —

He got up from the fire, kicked at it. Maybe he shouldn't wait for dawn to light out of here.

Too restless to sleep, he checked his horse's hobbles, then wandered along the river path, watching the wagons settle down for the night, lanterns going out, yellow canvas turning to blue-white in the starshine.

HE PASSED the Gatin wagon. He slowed his steps but only for a minute and kept on going.

Voices up ahead stopped him and through a break in the bushes, he saw two men hunkered over a fire, feeding it twigs as they talked. Dowie recognized the girl's Uncle Barth. The other man was Rumer.

"Seems like we ought to be able to work somethin' out, Rumer," Gatin's voice had a whine to it. "You bein' alone and needin' someone to do for you. It's this way — Blessin' is kin but not rightly our'n and we done our bounden duty by her. She was a big help to Elvina and me fur a time, I grant her that, but my own chillern can fetch and carry now and she's just another mouth to feed. I know you fancy her—that you'd be good to her."

"Mind now, I'd want her willin'." Rumer worked his fingers along his jaw, losing them in his beard. "I don't want trouble —"

"Blessin' knows she's beholden," Gatin said with irritation. "She knows, too, I'm in a fix and she can help me out of it. There'll be no trouble."

"I can let you have a hundred and fifty," Rumer spoke low and cautious. "I ain't got too much myself, you know."

"I'll need more'n that!" Gatin's voice sharpened. "Look, this is the truth, Rumer, if the captain knew I lied about havin' extry funds hid in the flour barrel, he'd be mad enough to abandon us—and effen he didn't, we'd be on the train's bounty fur the rest of the way. I ain't even got enough fur the tire I need."

Dowie was close enough to hear most of what they said but slow to get the full meaning of it. He stepped

SUPPORT



RED SHIELD APPEAL

ed at Dowie once more, the asking still there in her eyes. "You — you'll be goin' on home in the morning, I expect."

He nodded. "I'll be on my way come sunup."

"Good-by, then . . ."

"Good-by," Dowie said.

He thought about her after he got settled at his own fire. His camp was down the river away where he'd spent other nights and where he'd cached the old smoke-black tea kettle. He figured she was a shirttail relation of these Gatins, working double for the nothing she got, jumping every time someone yelled "frog"; humble and willing, too young to be anything else. And there was the knowing way that whiskered Rumer had reached out for

back, feeling his jaw hang lax. Hell's hot ashes — they were dickering over the girl! Gatin was selling her off like a critter or a piece of household belongings he had no more need for. He swung about, looking back at the wagon.

She'd be in there, waiting for them to finish, no fight in her, no say-so about what was to happen to her. She'd have that polite humble look, wanting to help because she was beholden. And with no other choice anyway.

Rumer had stood up and he was scowling down at the other man.

"I'll have to do a leetle more figgerin', Gatin," he said in a grudging voice. "Maybe I can up it to two hundred — we'll see."

Afterward, Dowie couldn't recollect stepping through the bushes.

"I'll give you two fifty, Gatin," he said.

For a spell, there was only the sound of the fire and the river sliding past beyond trees. The two men didn't move. Gatin, still humped over the fire, was like he had been turned to stone.

Rumer spoke first, his voice a growl in his beard. "This is a private pow-wow, young feller. Kindly butt out."

"How about it, Gatin?" Dowie said. His heart was hitting his ribs like hoofbeats. Pa always said if your cause was right, bull in. Dowie wasn't sure about the cause or if it was any of his never mind, but something pushed him on. "I said two fifty; that was just to keep the biddin' open. I can go higher or I can go to the captain of this outfit and find out what's goin' on here."

"Hold on now . . ." Gatin got to his feet, waggling his hands, his mouth lifted in what went for a smile. "It's not like you think. This was jest a borryin' we was talkin' about. I'm bad off for cash and Mr. Rumer was fixin' to help me out."

RUMER HAD moved back out of the firelight, his eyes lost in the shadow of his hat. "You try to make trouble, young feller," he said, "and I'd be your word agin our'n. You ain't a stranger, you know who the captain'd believe. You'd best make racks."

"Anyhow," Gatin put in, "nobody's forcin' Blessin' agin her will. Fact is, she favors Mr. Rumer."

Dowie spat. "You're a liar!"

"Jest a minute now," Gatin squinted at him, still smiling. "That was you she took up with earlier, weren't it? I seen the two of you down by the

water. Fancy her yourself, eh? Well now, you been talkin' pretty big — let's put your money where your mouth is. How much was it you offered, boy?"

"Two fifty."

Rumer stirred on the other side of the fire. He muttered something ugly

at Gatin, then, "Three hundred," he said.

Dowie wiped the back of his hand over the dryness of his mouth, wondering how he'd got into all this. He only knew he'd gone too far now to back down. His share of the cow money came to four hundred dollars.

"Four hundred," Dowie said evenly.

The quiet held again. There was only the heavy rasp of Gatin's breathing. Rumer stood without moving in the shadows, then he swore and turning, pushed his way through the bushes.

Continued on page 78

"Darling, I'm so glad you phoned!
Yes, she's right beside me, sound asleep.
Flying home Friday? Good, we'll meet
you at the airport."



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Continued from page 77

Gatin straightened, his smile showing sparse teeth. "Looks like you won, don't it? I hope you don't think the less of me fur this. Blessin' will tell you herself that she wants what's best fur me and my family. An' I want it right fur her — you know how it is."

"Yeah—" Dowie's voice was rough and scornful. "I know how it is."

"Like to show me some of that money, boy?"

"I'll talk to her first."

"Well now, you jest wait here — I'll fetch her."

"Blessin'," he hollered. She came, her cheeks aflame and her eyes round with surprise. Dowie went over to her, took her by the arm and led her to the other side of the fire, out of Gatin's hearing.

"First off," he said, "I want you to know I don't hold with this sort of thing. I did it because I couldn't stand by silent and let it happen to you."

"You'd no call to . . ." There was a kind of soft wonder to her voice. "But thank you nonetheless. And you mustn't think ill of Uncle Barth. He's been most out of his mind from worryin'. He had to get some money somehow, else what would become of them all? And I'd no other way to repay them." She lifted her face and even with its tired look, its sweetness fair turned Dowie's heart over. Anger stung him.

"Don't you know your rights?" he demanded of her. "You're not bound over to these people even if they give you a home. I'm payin' your uncle some money but you're not beholden to me or anybody! That wasn't what I set out to do."

"You — don't aim to take me with you then?" she asked, low.

"Take you?" he stormed. "Do you think I had a notion of buying you like something off a counter and carryin' you home over my saddle? Think I'm no better than these other two? I'm not layin' claim to you — you're free as the air."

"You wanted to help me — that was it." She'd stepped back from him and there was that patient give-up look in her face like she was used to taking what came, good or bad. "But your money — it's not likely you'll get paid back."

"You're not to fret about that."

Gatin spoke across the fire, "The captain's ordained. He can marry you."

Dowie turned about slowly, his face hot. "I ain't fixin' to get married, mister."

"Now, see here . . ." Gatin wagged his hands. "I'm a moral God-fearin' man. I want Blessin' married proper and lawful before she leaves my care. What would the folks here think of me turnin' a young girl loose with a wanderin' cowboy?"

"You're gettin' powerful pious of a sudden." Dowie reached inside his shirt to the money belt. "I didn't have in mind to buy me a wife. I wanted to help her — only that."

"You're not takin' her?"

"I'm not!" Dowie pointed at Blessin'. "The thing is, you're free, hear? You're not beholden any more, now or when you reach the Settlement. I want that plain."

She didn't answer and when he turned back to her after counting off the money for Gatin, she was gone. She

trail for home. Opposite the wagons, he saw the Gatin's stirring. And, like she might have been looking for him, Blessing moved out from the others at the makeshift stove and came to stand at the top of the incline, her hand half lifted in good-by. The early sun touched the side of her face, the shine of her hair.

Dowie sat half around in the saddle watching her, feeling himself pulled two ways. Then, without knowing he'd turned his horse, he found himself going back toward the ford. He didn't try to reason with it. He only knew he couldn't go off and leave her standing there.

She must have seen him coming for she met him part way along the path on the other side, her breath spent as if from running.

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

My husband has been asked to toast the bride at a wedding. What is the correct procedure?
Mrs. J. E. Gill, Orillia, Ont.

ANSWER

After refreshments have been served and the bride has cut the cake, punch glasses are filled and the toasts begin. First is the toast to the bride. The person proposing the toast rises, glass in hand, and announces that it is his pleasure to be chosen to toast the bride. He mentions that he has known the bride for a long time, and gives a flattering résumé of her accomplishments and personality. He should keep his speech brief—about three to five minutes in all. In conclusion, he asks the company to rise, raises his glass, says "To the bride" and drinks the toast.

must have slipped out and along the river path back to the wagons.

DOWIE WAS UP and ready to travel before the sun fired the mountain top next morning. He kneed the pinto to make him pull in his belly, jerked the cinch tight and tied his bedroll to the saddle. He heard the first far-off sounds from the wagons, a baby crying — a dog barking. He said in a light way, talking to his horse, "Wonder what I'd done if Rumer hadn't give up?" Still, there was no fun in him. He tried for the good feeling he'd had last night riding into the valley but it seemed he'd lost it. And he wondered what he'd tell Pa.

He rode along the river to the ford, crossed over and came back on the other side where he could pick up the

Dowie got out of the saddle and they stood apart and not speaking at first. Seeing her in daylight was like seeing her for the first time. Her eyes were grey — like the sky when it's fixing for light rain. Her waist curved in from the tie of her apron no bigger than a man could span his two hands. He felt the hard pound of his heart, a dryness in his mouth.

"If you're still of a mind to come with me," he said in a gruff way, "get your belongings together and I'll round up this marryin' captain. It just came to me that if I don't take you along, your uncle is goin' to start workin' on Rumer again. And you're no match for the two of them, that's for certain. It would be as if I'd throwed my money away." His voice took on the burr. "And that's purely against

my principles." He smiled for her face had gone solemn. "Should anyone ask, I would say I got myself a bargain at that."

She made no offer to move. For the first time, it was hard telling what went on in her mind.

"Don't you — want to come with me?" he asked. "You'll have a good home, be treated decent and respectful and not overworked. And us . . . I mean, you and me . . . you'd no need to fret on that score."

"I'll go with you," she said. She half turned from him. "But wantin' . . . that's another thing."

Dowie stared at her, feeling a strange sinking at his middle. His horse dragged at his arm and he let the lines slide through his fingers. "Why, I thought you . . . You mean, you'd sooner have that tobacco-chawin' Rumer who was out to buy you? He's old enough to be your pa and I doubt if he's had a good wash since he left Upper Canada."

"Leastways, he wants me," she said. Dowie could see only one burning cheek and she spoke so low he had to step close to hear. "And it's no half-way wanting either just because he's sorry for me."

"I want you."

Hearing himself say it, he stopped. All at once, there was strange goings on inside him like he was filled with music, there was no weight to him and the sun seemed to have goldened everything, the river water, the trees, the sky. *How could there be any halfway to this thing?*

"With all your heart?" She only whispered it.

Dowie reached out for her and half-shy, half-daring, she came into the circle of his arms.

"With all my heart," he said.

Her face took on the look he remembered from long ago, the look he'd seen on Ma's face in the cabin firelight — soft with love, soft with such a tenderness it most hurt a man to meet it.

And he thought, this is how it was with Pa! A kind of wonder came over him. He need never to have felt pity for Pa — Pa'd had this to remember, and the few years he had with Ma could have made worth-while all the lone ones without her.

He took Blessing's face in his hands and kissed her, felt his happiness spread in him and spill over.

"I didn't know what ailed me," he said. "Why, it was this — I was looking for you all along." END



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COLOR CONDITIONED



I Blues and greens are the coolest colors, and here we started with a printed cotton for the slip covering on the sofa. At the window is an ordinary basswood slat roll-up blind (about \$8) painted stark white. Composite fibre rug in tweed effect wipes clean with a damp cloth. Plants and wicker add final touch.

Designed by Barbara Reynolds, Chatelaine Home Planning Editor * Sketches by Reg Campkin

... FOR COOLNESS

We've worked out three schemes to give you a new background for summer living . . . and the best part of it all—these ideas don't strain the budget

BEFORE



Our winter room shows usual cosy setting around the fireplace. We've rearranged the furniture, introduced cool touches. To make slip covers on these pages send ten cents to our decorating department.

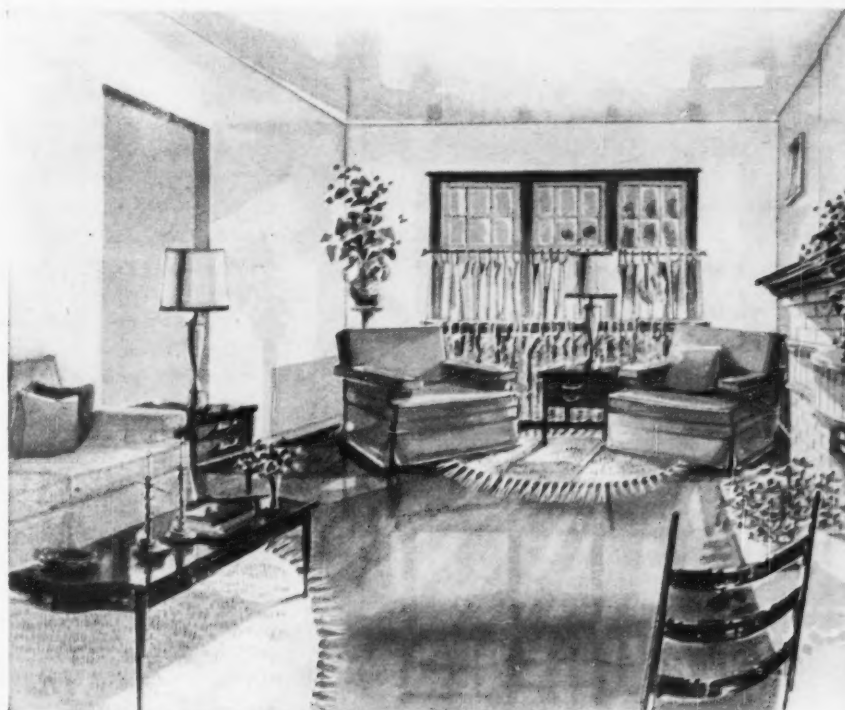
The first step comes just after your spring house cleaning. We suggest that when you send your carpet and draperies to be cleaned, leave them in storage until September. Now, starting with a clean, carpetless, curtainless room, give your window a summer outfit. Short inexpensive sheer curtaining in marquise, bouclé or theatrical gauze can take over. Try some of the new, exciting braid trimmings on the curtains, picking up the colors in your room.

Step two: Let's consider the flooring problem. Nicely cared for hardwood or tiled flooring is lovely and cool by itself for the summer months, but try a new fibre rug, rush squares (thirty-five cents each), sisal

carpeting, or some washable looped cotton rugs. A 9- by 12-foot area can be given a brand-new treatment for about thirty dollars.

Step three: This is the most ambitious one — and the one that will completely transform your living room. If you have done any sewing at all, you will be able to make smooth-fitting slip covers. Suitable fabrics are bark cloth, sailcloth, and cotton and linen blends. An armchair takes approximately 8 yards of fabric, and a sofa about 10 to 14 yards, 48-inch width. There's a practical side, too, to this morale-boosting summer scheming — you will prolong the life of your finer furnishings and regard them much more favorably in the fall.

2 Minimum of accessories gives this room its cool look, and here we deliberately used touches of orange—cooled down by mauve and deep amethyst. The curtaining is plain white sheer, with a deep border of our feature cotton stripe sewn along the bottom. Rush squares, a wall hanging made from a tree branch painted black and fastened to a window-shade scroll, and floor cushions create an Oriental atmosphere.




3 Country garden brought indoors sums up the general feeling of this transformation. Delicate floral chintz made up in shorty café curtains camouflages the radiator and inspires slip-covering colors. Airy white sheers are above this, forming a pleasing background for conversational grouping. Finishing touches: looped cotton rugs, and flowers.

END

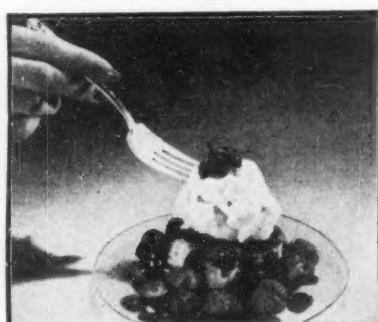
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HOLIDAY ON WHEELS

Continued from page 45

mobile Association (through its affiliated provincial motor leagues and auto clubs) will provide you with emergency road service, lists of accredited garages and accommodation, certain insurance coverage and legal services. Members of the association receive travel literature and maps on request.

TWO WEEKS BEFORE YOU GO

Set up lists—one for the car, one for general equipment and one for each member of the family—so that nothing important will be forgotten.

Have the car checked and put in good working order. Take along tire-changing and tube-patching equipment because you may not be able to find a convenient garage if you run into trouble. Other musts are a flashlight (with spare batteries), dusters and chamois. It's a good idea to add safety belts, safety locks (especially if the children are under ten years of age), a combination blinker-torch for after-dark roadside repairs, and a fire extinguisher.

IF YOU'RE TENTING

A **tenting holiday** is not necessarily a budget holiday, although the annual cost will go down over a period of years. Even if your budget is limited, buy a good tent—at least fourteen-ounce material after waterproofing, with outside-suspension frame which allows more interior room, takes less space to pitch because guy ropes aren't needed. Other basic needs are air mattresses, a portable stove operated on gasoline, naphtha or propane gas, and a battery- or naphtha-powered tent lantern. Improvise the rest of your camping needs—blankets, dishes, utensils and tools—from what you use in the house.

ONE WEEK BEFORE YOU GO

Start sorting the family clothing, make needed repairs and replace holiday togs the children have outgrown since last year. Line up the luggage and begin packing items as they are ready. It saves digging if outfits are packed together for wearing—underthings and socks with the garb they will accompany.

Individual requirements such as pre-

scriptions for lenses and medicines should be ready to take. Remember first-aid and sewing kits.

A **car-top carrier** will relieve the strain on your car's trunk capacity. This will call for a tarpaulin large enough to tuck in on all edges and a length of half-inch rope or an octopus-like gadget of elastic straps on a metal ring to secure the load. Go shopping for all the missing items on your lists.

THE DAY BEFORE YOU GO

Do your final packing and double-check your lists to be sure nothing is omitted. Set aside an outfit for everyone to wear starting out (check the weather report), and begin loading the car so only last-minute needs are left for the morning.

Put things you'll need on the trip where they are easy to reach. Never toss loose items into the trunk—to avoid confusion if you have to change a tire in the rain; provide a place for everything. Get a good night's sleep.

AND AWAY YOU GO

Keep the inside of the car as uncluttered as possible. Car coats and sweaters will hang on a window rack. Camera and films should go in the coolest spot—under the front seat.

A **clip-on visor case** holds sunglasses, tissues, pencil, memo paper and maps. Use an old rugged suitcase on the floor of the back seat to hold children's playthings. Hang a little basket under the dash. If the children are subject to car sickness take the precaution of giving them preventative pills if your doctor approves (sometimes these cause drowsiness), and stack a few oiled paper bags in the glove compartment, just in case.

Take soap, washcloths and a large, screw-top plastic jug of water to use when other washing facilities aren't available.

For comfort in the car take a foam cushion and a motor rug in a zippered case for back-seat napping. The driver's place, at least, should be provided with a cool cushion which allows air to circulate around the sitter. The back seat can be leveled with a telescoping metal car den to provide safe and roomy playing space for toddlers.

Select children's toys with varied play qualities in mind—hand puppets, wheeled plastic cars, a doll with several outfits, scribbles heavy enough to resist being carried out the window by the breeze, and nonmelting colored

pencils. Easily disturbed toys (jigsaw puzzles, for instance) and those requiring close concentration (comic books) are not good while the car is moving. Give each child a daily holiday allowance to spend on his heart's desire. Choosing and using will be a good boredom barrier.

Everyone can join in word games during the drive—I Spy; Twenty Questions; Animal, Vegetable or Mineral. Or make up contests based on counting car colors, red barns or deer-crossing signs.

WHEN YOU STOP

Half the fun of a motor trip is stopping whenever you feel like it—but make it a rule to stop (and change drivers if you're a two-driver family), at least every two hours or every hundred miles. Choose spots where the children can run off accumulated energy.

Public camping and picnic sites are spaced conveniently in most vacation areas, but, with the booming popularity of family travel, you may find them crowded. Remember to ask permission to use private property, and warn the children for their own sake as well as the farmer's, not to trample crops or chase animals.

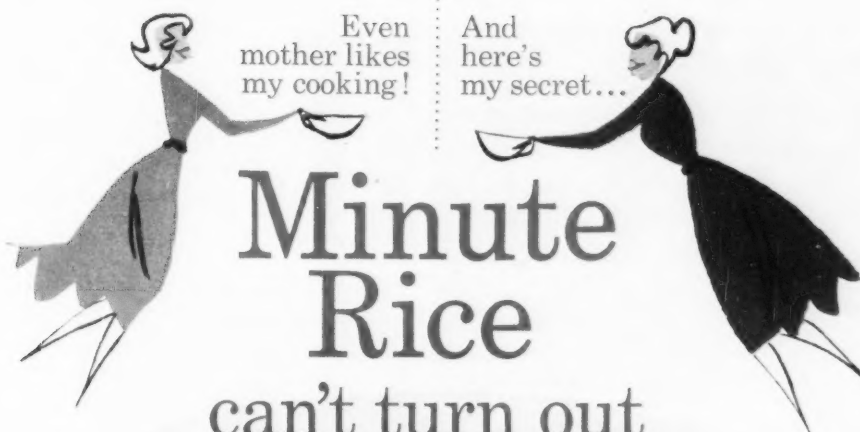
When motels and hotels are in your plans ask about prices in advance—and don't hesitate to drive on if they seem out of line. Often you will find equally fine facilities at lower cost in a less-populated district. Be sure the facilities you are paying for are those you want; a splendid pool is no advantage if you won't be using it. The old rule of stopping early—usually before the evening meal—applies equally to selecting motels and camp sites.

Advance reservations are good if you are quite sure of your schedule—but many proprietors will honor reservations only if paid in advance.

To avoid leaving your belongings scattered across the countryside, have a routine check before leaving camp sites, motels, restaurants, washrooms or beaches.

ON THE WAY HOME

Stow souvenirs in the nooks and crannies left by depleted holiday supplies. Plan a special event for the last hours of the homeward trek—a visit to an amusement park, a pony ride or even a super meal—to lift the letdown feeling from holiday's ending. **END**



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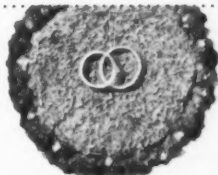
and look at all the things
you can make with it!

It's "MENU MAGIC" in
a package.



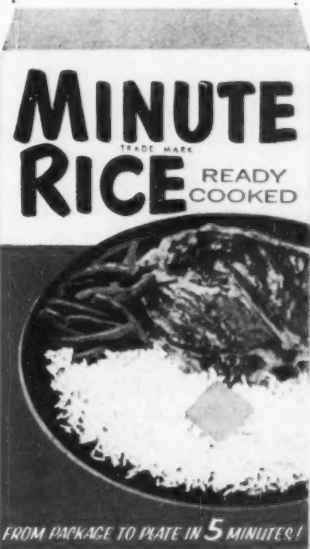
Sweet and Tart Rice Molds

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seedless raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 5 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, canned crushed pineapple and 2 tablespoons butter, mixing lightly with a fork. Press into 4 well-greased individual molds. Unmold on serving plates. Serve with ham. Makes 4 servings.

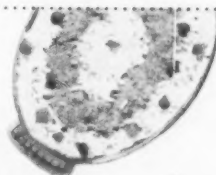


Meat-Crust Pie

Combine 1 pound ground beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon each oregano and pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce. Mix well and pat into bottom and sides of greased 9-inch pie plate. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Spoon mixture into meat shell. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes. Top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Bake uncovered 10 to 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.



Another Delicious Time-Saver
from General Foods Kitchens.



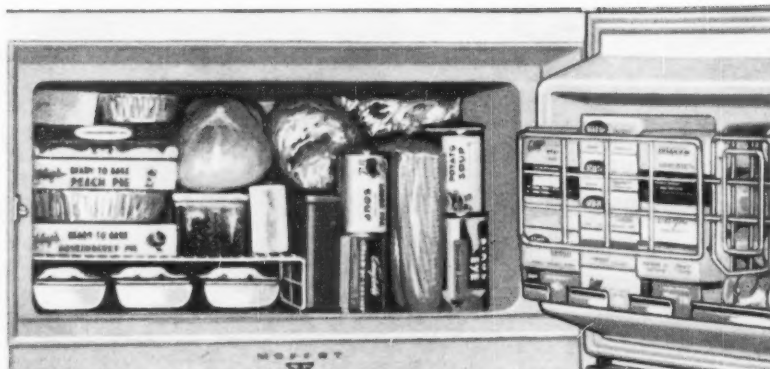
Baked Rice with Cheese and Vegetables

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice, $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk and 1 teaspoon salt in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to a boil over high heat. Then cover and simmer gently 3 minutes. Add 2 cups grated process cheese, dash of pepper, dash of dry mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup each drained cooked peas and diced cooked carrots. Spoon into greased 1 quart casserole. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine soft bread crumbs over the top. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes or until crumbs are golden brown. Serves 4 to 6.



Peach Rice Pudding

Combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Minute Rice, 1 cup water, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt in saucepan. Then bring to a boil. Cover and simmer 5 minutes; remove from heat. Blend 1 slightly beaten egg yolk and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk. Stir into rice. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Mix well. Bring to a boil stirring constantly. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 1 hour. Just before serving, fold in 1 cup drained, canned, diced peaches. Serves 4.



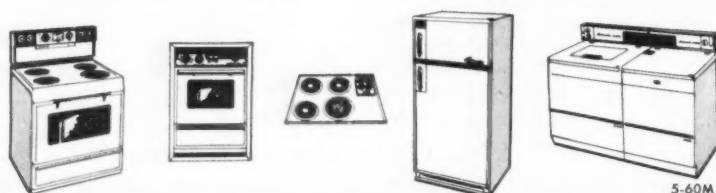
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WE BUILT OUR OWN HOUSE . . .

Continued from page 43

the footings for the house, thirty-four people assembled — ten men, nine women (one pregnant) and fifteen-odd children. By evening we had the footings poured, and everyone had a glowing sunburn.

The excavating was done on May 12. By May 22 my bank balance was \$8.20. A large overdraft had Mac avoiding his bank completely. He went doggedly to the lot every evening and laid blocks while the material held out. Without my knowledge, he had made the rounds of the finance companies hoping for a loan. He was turned down everywhere.

On June 5 the miracle happened. My younger sister Barbara, in her last year at high school, was writing for a scholarship. A teacher (blessings be upon her head) feared that Barbara's concern for us would interfere with her studies and loaned us fifteen hundred dollars.

The pages of my diary, innocent of entries for two weeks, blossomed with memos of purchases of concrete blocks, sand, cement, gravel and more cement. Our foundation walls rose steadily. Finally, young Robin came home from the lot one night with the announcement, "Well, Mom, the next thing is the 'woodenness'."

The day the winds came

The wooden framework — the "woodenness" — was finally finished with much arguing of ways and means between Mac and my father, a faithful if inexperienced assistant. The next night, when Mac and the boys arrived at the lot, none of it was standing. A baby twister had snaked through the neighborhood and left all our brave walls mangled on the ground. We painfully sorted them out, replaced the broken two-by-fours and soon had them standing again. Then sheets of wallboard six feet by eight feet, were applied to the outside. (But four years were to pass before we had the money to cover it with wood siding.)

Before the roof could go on, the long argument about the chimney and fireplace had to be settled. In the interests of speed and economy, I wanted to dispense with a fireplace. Mac however, insisted that without

one he didn't want to build a house.

This brought about the erection of what I consider our monument to co-operative endeavor, a chimney six feet by four feet, sixteen feet high. Everyone we knew laid bricks in it.

Don't be deceived by the outside appearance of a chimney. There is more to it than meets the eye, much more. The very bricks themselves were a source of despair. We had ordered secondhand bricks: they were cheaper and better color. Mac asked me



Haircut for Larry is given by author in the McLeans' attractive kitchen, as his big brother Robin happily kibitzes.

whether we should get cleaned or uncleaned ones.

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"I don't know, except the uncleaned ones are cheaper."

We ordered uncleaned bricks. Be warned. Uncleaned bricks are those with the old mortar still stuck to them. It sticks, I may add, with the utmost ferocity, and can be removed only by means of hammers, chisels, scraped knuckles, tears and curses.

From then on, any unwary woman or child over three who set foot on the property ended up at the brick pile, chipping away for dear life, trying to keep up with the bricklayers. Robbie and Larry ran back and forth carrying bricks and screaming, "Hurry up! They need more!"

By the end of August, the chimney was up as far as the roof, the walls were in place, and the roof was shingled. There were no doors or windows installed. The window openings were closed in with a collection of old storm windows Mac had been hoarding. We had spent slightly more than two thousand dollars.

Moving day was, quite fittingly, Labor Day. With two borrowed trucks and the help of a dozen friends, we moved into our dream home.

I shall draw a curtain over the day.

merely noting that the hydro had not been connected, there was no water supply, and the front doorway (there was no door) was reached after stumbling across fifteen feet of rough clay backfill which had been absorbing rain for two days.

The next day, Mac and Gerald left for work early. (Gaynor and Gordan had prudently found jobs out of town.) After watching Brian and Robin scamper off to school, Larry and I turned back to our fantastically cluttered house. The first thing to catch my eye, was an eleven-quart basket of blueberries which had been donated by a friend. My first job in my new home was to make blueberry jam on a naphtha gas camp stove. I ended up with singed eyebrows, and twenty pints of jam with nowhere to put them.

It was cats or mice

Mac's first chore was to fit doors on the back and front and to rig up a small Quebec heater in the kitchen. Each day he brought home a five-gallon can of drinking water. The boys hauled buckets of water from an abandoned well half a block away, and this was used for washing.

Now began our introduction to the native fauna. With the eaves not filled in, more than once an inquisitive bird flew in, to swoop among the rafters. The week after we moved into the house, it seemed that half the mice in the township joined us and settled down for the winter. They jumped out of cereal boxes and saucepans, and I quickly formed the habit of knocking loudly on the door of the improvised cupboard before I opened it.

After trapping twenty-four mice in two days, we acquired an exotic-looking cat, completely white except for her black tail. She very shortly reduced the mouse population to more reasonable numbers. Of course by spring, our cat population had increased somewhat — but cats I preferred.




Early in September I rescued a forlorn puppy from being drowned by its owner. And so we acquired Rover. He grew into an odd-shaped, low-slung hound dog, with a tail like a swiveled feather boa.

Our first concern was to close in the ceilings with Gyproc lathe. (They were plastered four years later.) We next tackled the prickly job of insulating the walls and ceilings with rock wool. A couple of weekends of intensive work and the help of our

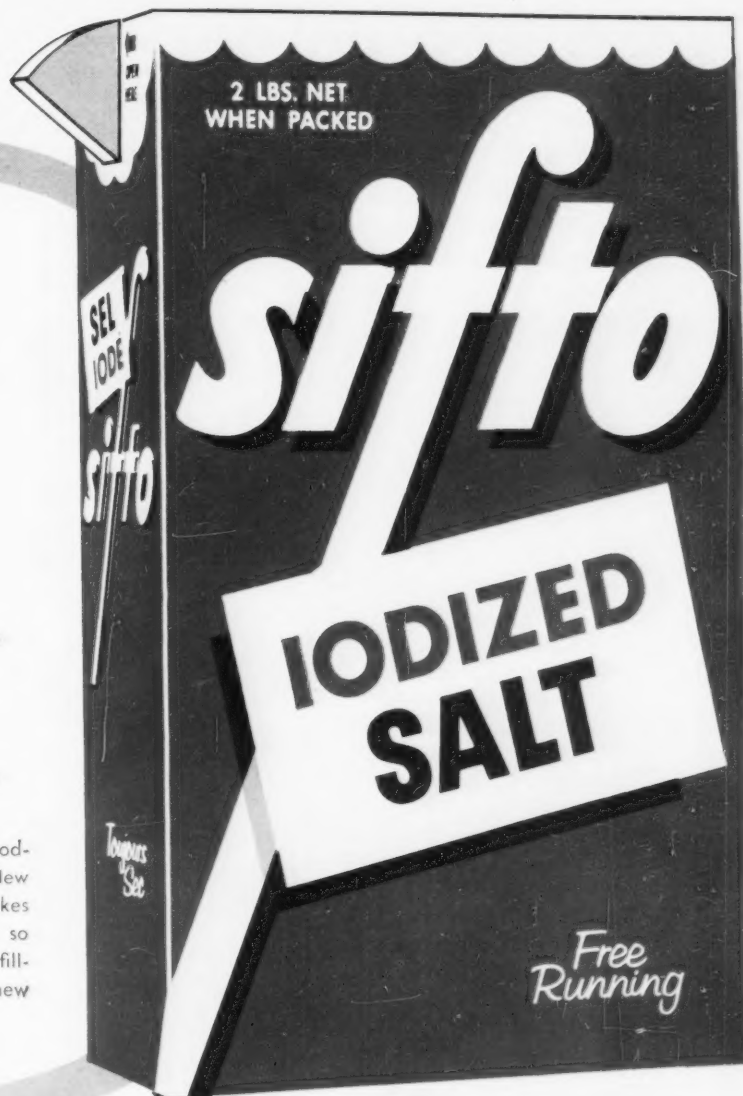
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stanch friends finally saw the job done. Lying in bed one could read on the ceiling "Canadian Gypsum Company" tastefully picked out in green on a grey background. The walls bore the legend, endlessly repeated, "Johns-Manville Superfelt Home Insulation," carried out in black on a brown background. (I could suggest more interesting colors to these people.)

Hot-water bottle brigade

The tangy autumn nights spurred us to further efforts. From a neighbor we borrowed a space heater and with it in the kitchen and the fireplace in the living room, we kept reasonably warm. I did, however, notice a distinct tendency displayed by all to undress in the kitchen and make a dive for bed with a hot-water bottle clutched under one arm.

By Christmas, we had long spent our fifteen hundred loan and were necessarily building at a slower rate, out of current income. We bought twenty dollars' worth of wallboard at a time.

In the spring we were forced to buy a sump pump to remove the three

feet of water over which we had been living all winter. I think we built the house over a flowing well—we've had two sump pumps since.

During the summer of 1952 Mac gradually replaced our peculiar assortment of storms with attractive picture windows. The place began to look more like a house. The boys and I laboriously leveled the ground in front of the house, cut the weeds and soon had something remotely resembling a lawn.

We worked all summer at deepening the well started the previous fall. Mac would fill a bucket with the sticky clay, and raise it to the surface. I would lunge at it and drag it away to empty it, alternately struggling with the adhesive mass and sucking at bleeding knuckles.

Fortunately, we reached a good flow of water at about fourteen feet. Mac decided to line the well with poured concrete, and each evening after supper we would mix a batch by hand. In the end, we had a well fourteen feet deep and forty-eight inches in diameter, which had cost us twenty dollars. When you add in the blood, sweat and tears, it wasn't necessarily

cheap. From a mail-order catalogue we ordered a direct-pressure pump for ninety-eight dollars — happily payable in installments.

Soon all the connections were made and carefully sealed. We rushed mad-



Robin studies in his room after hockey practice (note stockings). Handy with tools, he built well-stocked bookcase.

ly to the sink. The tap was turned on. Water! Miracle of miracles! Clear, white, sparkling water! We all had a drink and pronounced it good.

As soon as we had water in the

kitchen sink, our longing for a bathtub became acute. For two years we had been imposing on friends and relatives. Invited out for the evening, we would arrive early, complete with soap and towels, and have a quick tub before the rest of the guests arrived.

Now we heard that a friend of a friend was replacing her bathtub, and did we want the old one? Off went our indispensable old truck, to come back in triumph. Mac went downstairs to operate on the pipes with his faithful audience in tow. A length of eaves-trough downpipe would carry the waste from the tub to the sump hole, to be pumped out to the ditch.

We sprinted upstairs again to watch, breathless, as the tap was turned on. It worked! Who was to have the first bath? Alas, we had overlooked the necessity of a plug. Mac went off to whittle one out of wood, while I began heating water on the stove.

Eventually everyone was duly bathed. As I tucked Larry into bed that night he pleaded, "Mummie, can I have a bath every night?"

The waste water from the kitchen sink was still a problem. I had been operating with a bucket placed under

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LEMON PUFF PIE

Prepare meringue and Jell-O Lemon Pie Filling according to package directions. Stir 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind into prepared pie filling immediately on removing from heat. Pour half of filling into a baked 8-inch pie shell. Fold remaining half while hot into meringue. Spread evenly over pie filling in shell. Chill until set.





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the drain. More times than not, I forgot to check the level of the water in the bucket until I had just emptied the dishpan into the sink. The result was disaster.

Mac's solution to the problem was simple and inexpensive. First burrowing through the insulation, he cut a hole in the outside wall of the house, behind the sink. An eavestrough elbow was attached to the drain in the sink and ran through the hole. On the outside, another elbow joined this to a long length of eavestrough downpipe which carried the water out to the ditch. Rube Goldberg had nothing on us. I can still see the look of fascinated wonder on the face of the man who came to install our plumbing two years later.

When I mention that we rushed "downstairs" to carry out these plumbing feats, don't be misled into thinking we had anything so elaborate as a cellar. We had built the house over a four-foot-high "crawl space." However, we soon realized that with the layout of our house, we would get little circulation of heat into the bedrooms and that a furnace was a necessity. This meant a cellar.

Out came the long-handled shovel, the pick, the spades and the battered wheelbarrow. With Mac shoveling the dirt into the wheelbarrow, the boys and I took turns wheeling it up a narrow plank and dumping it outside through an opening in the foundation wall. Finally we had a room eight feet by twenty. We walled the excavated area. Then came the next big job—pouring the concrete floor, which had to be done all at once—on one hectic Saturday. Now we had a furnace room (without any furnace) and, at long last, a living room. The walls and



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11R

ceiling still reiterated "Canadian Gypsum Company." The floor was made of rough boards. All the room really had to recommend it was great gobs of deliciously empty space.

Our program began to move even more slowly. All the remaining jobs were expensive. We decided to forego the luxury of plastered walls in all but the living room and closed in the bedrooms with plasterboard, a fireproof, smooth-finished wallboard which is nailed up in eight-by-four-foot sheets.

Buying one or two sheets at a time, we gradually covered the floors with plywood, in preparation for laying linoleum tile. Mac somehow induced a local lumber yard to sell us, on credit, enough clapboard siding to cover the outside of the house.

Finally, we had done all we could without a large outlay of money. Why not a mortgage? There were several reasons.

At that time, the large lending institutions would not invest their money so far outside the city. We had enquired from a local lawyer without results and didn't know where to go for a private loan. As self-employed, Mac could not qualify for a bank loan.

Added to this was the fact that by this time, we were in debt to everyone

from the Department of National Revenue to the local doctor.

After three years of worrying, conniving, scraping and scrounging, I had a mild nervous breakdown. Sent to hospital, I spent a full week alternately crying and sleeping. Physical, mental and emotional exhaustion was the diagnosis.

At the end of three weeks, I felt ready to cope again, but made two stipulations. I must have a door on my bedroom and a dependable clothesline. Both were installed by my husband, himself worn thin by work and worry, and back I came to my family of riotous boys. They tiptoed past my bedroom door and spoke in whispers for an hour, behaved themselves generally for a day, and by the end of a week were as noisy and clamorous as ever.

By the fall of 1954, Larry was ready to enter school. I quietly went out and got myself a job. Although I worked hard all day and the trip home took an hour and a half, I had the satisfaction of making a practical contribution to the solution of our problems.

By the spring of 1955 the other houses on the street were beginning to look more finished. Some very sub-

stantial homes were being built, and as a result, mortgage money became easier to get. We finally secured a modest loan of three thousand from a local farmer, and borrowed a further one thousand the next year.

Of course the money disappeared in nothing flat. But what a change it wrought.

In hot water to our ears

After spending a weekend helping to build a septic tank, I came home from work one night to find a complete plumbing system installed.

The next weekend, a hot-water heater was installed. Bliss! No more pails of water to be lifted onto the stove and carried to sink and bathtub. How we all luxuriated in piping hot baths with the water up to our ears.

An expenditure of eight hundred installed a dreamy oil-burning furnace. We threw away the hot-water bottles.

Plastering was next on the list. We ate and breathed plaster dust for a week. At the end of that time, the living-room walls and ceiling gleamed radiantly white, as did the ceilings throughout the rest of the house.

By now our mortgage funds were running low, but there remained enough to buy linoleum tiles for all the floors. How beautifully restful it was to go to work on a Monday morning after spending the weekend on hands and knees, spreading linoleum cement and painstakingly fitting tiles in place.

Finally, we bought doors—lovely, lovely, doors. Two doors for the living room, one for the hall, doors on each of the bedrooms. And luxury of luxuries, a door on the bathroom!

We had a party!

It really looked like a house. True, there was no trim around doors or windows, and no doors on any of the clothes closets, but it was unmistakably a house—and a very nice one.

During the next two years, we gradually added trim, kitchen cupboards, eavestroughs, storm windows and other refinements. Including the \$1,250 for the lot, we had spent an estimated \$8,000.

But there was one luxury for which I secretly longed; and it would necessitate a veranda.

Well, my indulgent husband saw that I got them both—a new baby (a seventh son) and a veranda for him to sleep out on.

And so we all live together in the house that Mac built.

END

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ence, will be assembled and mailed to you. This kit will contain selected samples of paint colors, fabrics, wallpaper, furniture illustrations and a proposed furniture arrangement. All items recommended are identified and available in Canada.

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO

CHATELAINE'S
DECORATOR SERVICE,
CHATELAINE,
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,
TORONTO 2.

Name
.....
Street
City
Province

Please send me questionnaires.



**RECIPE FOR A REAL LUNCH
... KENNEBUNK-STYLE!**

You'll surprise your guests
—and your family will vote
you cook-of-the-year—
when you serve this
hearty New England dish
with cornbread.

KENNEBUNK BEANS

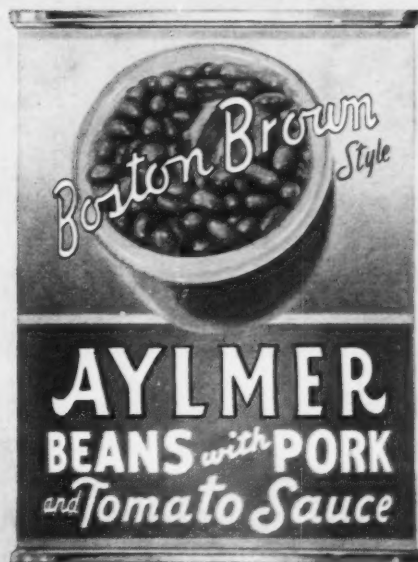
½ lb. grilled sirloin steak,
cubed
2-15 oz. tins Aylmer Boston
Brown Beans
2 Aylmer pimientos, sliced
12 Aylmer stuffed green
olives, sliced
Mix together all
ingredients and heat in
moderate oven or skillet
15 mins. Serve with
cornbread.

Beans *with Sunshine in every bite!*

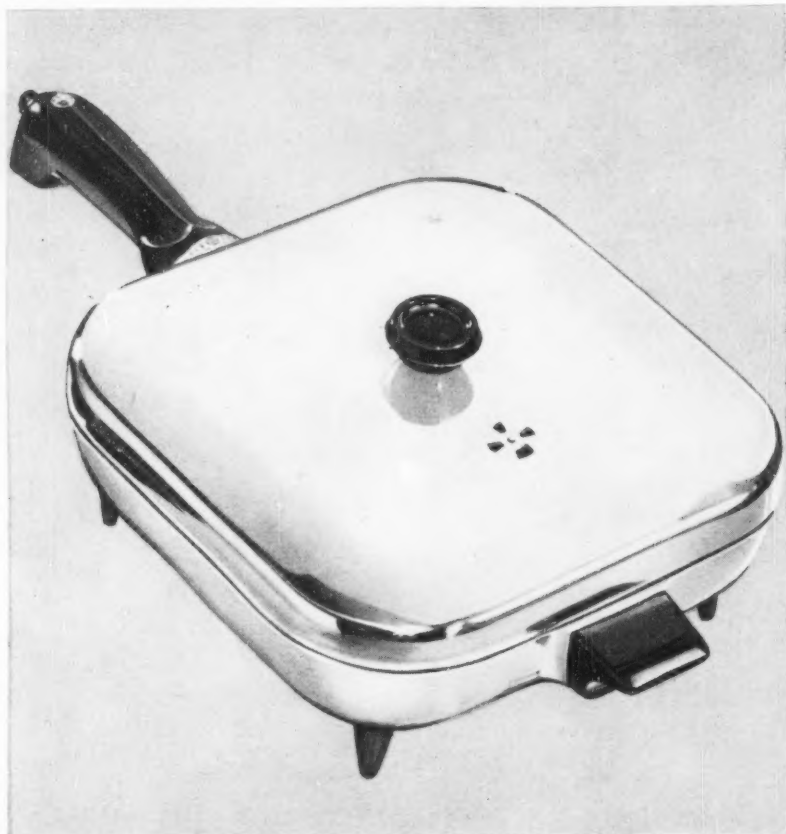
AYLMER BOSTON BROWN BEANS... a special
old recipe brimming with hearty
bean'n tomato goodness and sunshine-fresh flavour



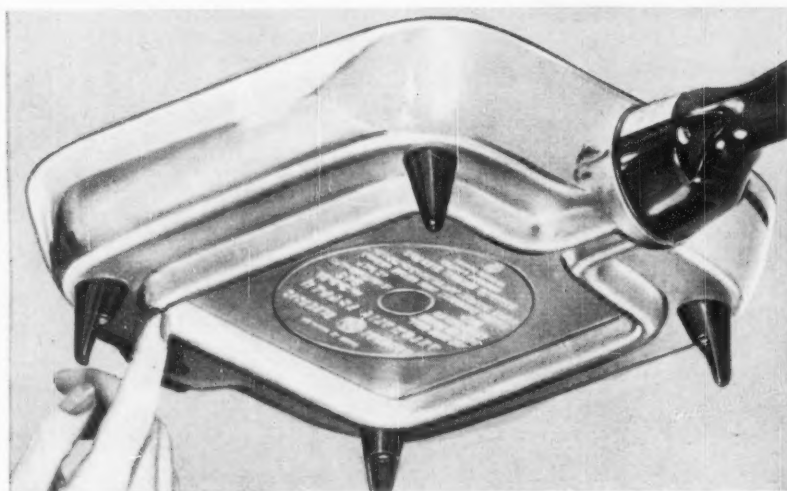
Sunshine fresh... that Aylmer Flavour



G-E APPLIANCES GIVE YOU E

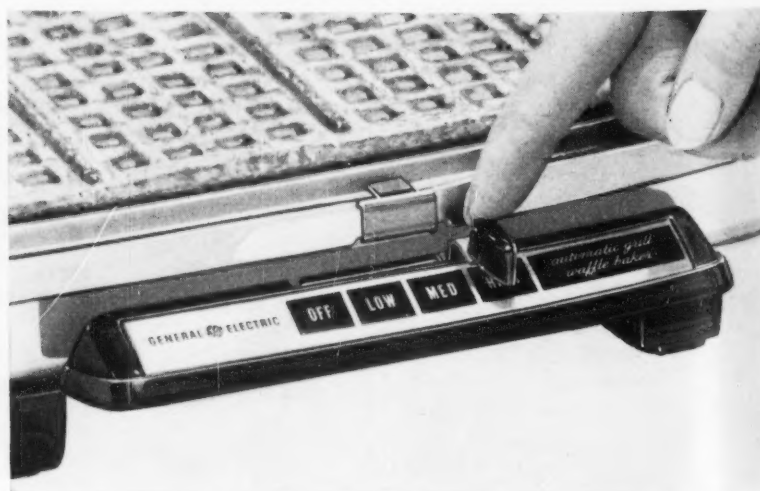


AND M



AUTOMATIC FRYPAN: Foods cook to perfection automatically with G-E *Controlled Heat*. Cooking guide and temperature dial on handle. Lid and cord set included at no extra cost.

AND MORE For even heat distribution the element matches the shape of every G-E frypan, round, square, large, small.



AUTOMATIC GRILL AND WAFFLE BAKER: Use right at table . . . for grilled sandwiches, as an open grill for eggs, bacon, chops. Thermostatic controlled temperature gives you just-right results.

AND MORE With grids reversed it's a waffle baker! No extra grids to store, one set does everything.

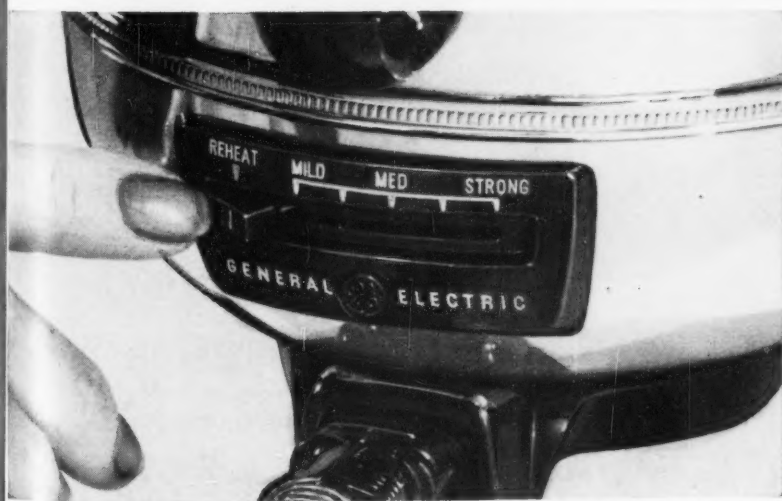
YOU GET MORE NEW CONVENIENCE FEATURES, MORE MODERN STYLING, MORE WORKING EFFICIENCY—GUARANTEED FOR YOU BY TODAY'S MOST DEPENDABLE ENGINEERING. LET YOUR DEALER SHOW YOU.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

EVERYTHING YOU WANT...

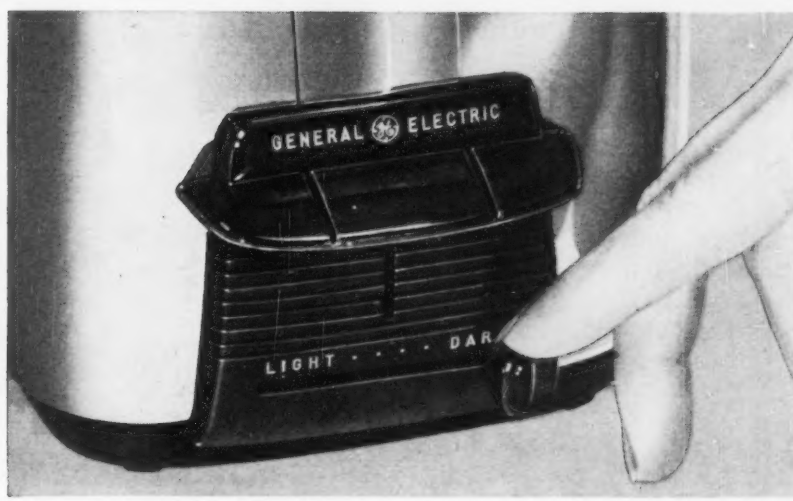


MORE!



AUTOMATIC COFFEE MAKER: With General Electric brew selector, you get coffee exactly as you like it—every time. Perks in seconds. Makes 2-9 cups of regular, or 14 cups of instant coffee.

AND MORE Stays hot automatically, re-heats without re-perking. Wide top opening for extra easy cleaning.



AUTOMATIC TOASTER: Superbly styled efficiency for your breakfast table. Makes toast to your taste—colour selector dial lets you choose your preference, dark, medium or light.

AND MORE No heat build up... every slice perfectly toasted, no matter how many you make.

ONCE YOU'VE CHECKED THE EXCLUSIVE G-E FEATURES YOU'LL KNOW WHY MORE CANADIANS CHOOSE GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES THAN ANY OTHER MAKE.

COMPANY LIMITED

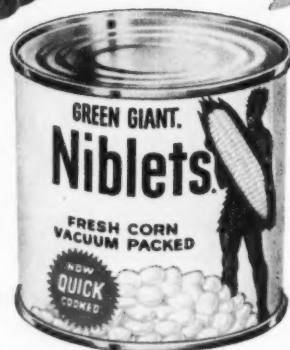


The big corn man



He's only a few inches tall on the label of his Niblets Brand corn, but he's a lot bigger than that in the minds and hearts of Canadians who know good food when they eat it.

He grows his corn from exclusive pedigreed seed. Picks it at the fleeting moment of perfect flavour. Quick-cooks it to save the natural colour, flavour and nutrition. Green Giant Niblets Brand corn. No wonder it's like fresh corn-on-the-cob without the cob!



GREEN GIANT

GOOD THINGS FROM THE GARDEN

Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" and "Niblets" T.M. Reg'd.

MEALS ON WHEELS Continued from page 47

SEVEN DINNER MENUS

Crunchy Fresh-Caught Fish
Roast Corn **Foil Baked Potato**
Fresh Strawberries **Picnic Jumbles**

Most ardent fishermen consider that the only way to cook fresh-caught fish is to fry gently in butter. However, for those with other ideas here is a simple dressed fish recipe:

Crunchy Fried Fish

Fresh fish, dressed or filleted	Flour
1 egg	Fine dry bread or cracker crumbs
1/2 cup milk	1/4 to 1/2 cup fat, dripping,
1/2 tsp salt	butter, shortening or oil
1/2 tsp Worcestershire sauce	
(optional)	

Shake the first 4 coating ingredients together in a covered carton. Pour onto a foil plate and dip the fish into the mixture. Sprinkle with flour and dip again. Roll in bread crumbs. Fry in hot shallow fat until brown on both sides. Allow 10 minutes' total cooking time for whole fish 1 to 1 1/2-inch thickness, 5 to 8 minutes for fillets. Serve with wedges of lemon or a shaker-top jar of vinegar.

Roast Corn

Pull back the husks and remove the tassels. Brush with butter or margarine and season with salt and pepper. Replace husks and twist the ends together. Dip corn in water. Wrap individually in heavy foil and place on the rack over glowing embers. Roast about 30 minutes, turning several times with tongs.

Baked Potatoes

Wash and prick potatoes in 4 or 5 places. Set each in a square of heavy foil and sprinkle with water. Wrap securely to exclude air and place on hot coals. Turn occasionally. Bake about 40 to 60 minutes, depending on size.

Picnic Jumbles

(Make these before you leave home.) Combine 1 package spice cake mix with 1 well-beaten egg and 1/4 cup milk. Stir in 1 cup rolled oats, 1/2 cup each chopped nuts, raisins and dates. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheets and bake at 375 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Makes 5 dozen. Cool and pack in a canister.

Cubed Steak Roll-Ups

Macaroni and Cheese OR Spanish Rice (canned)
Ice Cream **Packaged Chocolate Chip Cookies**
Vanilla Milk Shake **Coffee**

Cubed Steak Roll-Ups

Sprinkle both sides of 4 cubed steaks with meat tenderizer. Set aside while you make the dressing. Moisten about 3/4 cup dry flavored bread stuffing with milk, soup or tomato juice. Flavor with onion, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Spread the mixture on the steaks, roll up. Encircle with a slice of side bacon and fasten with skewers. Barbecue on a greased rack over hot coals. Turn and brush occasionally with garlic French dressing until bacon is crisp. Takes about 12 minutes for rare, 15 minutes for medium.

Note: Or fry the rolls in a greased iron pan if you wish, turning and brushing the rolls as for barbecuing.

Spiced Beef Dumplings

Pan Fried New Potatoes OR Kernel Corn
Fruit Cup **Vanilla Wafers**
Cheese
Milk **Iced Tea (if you have ice)**

Spiced Beef Dumplings

1 can vegetable soup	1 cup tea-biscuit mix
1 can water	1/3 cup milk or water
1/2 (12-oz) can spiced beef	2 tsp prepared mustard

Dice the meat in 1/4-inch cubes, then add to biscuit mix, milk and prepared mustard. Heat soup and water together until bubbly. Drop in large spoonfuls of meat mixture and cover. Steam for 12 minutes. Serves 4.

Continued on page 94

NEW!

...and you'd think they were made for each other!

Old-fashioned mashed potatoes ladled over with golden-chicken gravy. Real country-style eating, yet all so instant, so easy. Shirriff Instant Mashed Potatoes...the only Instant in Canada made with ready-cooked flavour flakes. Franco-American Chicken Gravy...with tender bits of chicken all through it. Both brand new. Cash these coupons when you buy 'em and save 16¢.



Your grocer will redeem this coupon for
8¢ OFF!

NEW Shirriff INSTANT MASHED POTATOES

Real old-fashioned mashed potatoes...without all that old-fashioned work

TO THE DEALER: Provided you have redeemed this coupon in accordance with the above terms, we will reimburse you the face value plus 2¢ for handling. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented to be shown on request. Coupons will be redeemed by our salesmen or you may mail them to SALADA-SHIRRIFF-HORSEY Ltd., 855 York Mills Rd., Don Mills, Ont. This coupon is subject to Provincial and local regulations. Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law. Offer expires July 31, 1960.

Your grocer will redeem this coupon for
8¢ OFF!

NEW FRANCO-AMERICAN CHICKEN GRAVY

Tastes like the best homemade...ready to serve whenever you are

TO THE DEALER: When the terms of this offer have been fulfilled by the consumer and by you, this coupon will be redeemed for 8¢ plus 2¢ handling by your Campbell salesman or when mailed to Campbell Soup Company Ltd., New Toronto, Ontario. Any other application constitutes fraud. Good only on the brand specified. Subject to Provincial and local regulations. Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law. Offer expires July 31, 1960.

Franco-American is a trademark.

THE PUDDING WITH THE EXTRA HELPING OF LIQUID-FRESH FLAVOUR



*There's exclusive
'Flavour Bud Magic' here!*

Other puddings give you just powder alone. But Shirriff gives you powder plus an extra helping of liquid-fresh flavour sealed inside a coating of fast-dissolving, pure sugar. It can't dry out, can't get stale, can't fade away.

You get *more* flavour to enjoy in Shirriff because only Shirriff "Bud" Pudding has that 'Flavour Bud Magic'.



Look for the box
with 'Flavour Bud Magic'

SHIRRIFF "BUD" PUDDING

chocolate • caramel • butterscotch • vanilla • orange • lemon

Enjoy Shirriff Lushes Jelly Desserts, too



Continued from page 92

PAN FRIED NEW POTATOES: Wash and slice little new potatoes into a large frying pan of hot butter or margarine. Spread slices to make one layer. Cook slowly on both sides until golden and tender. Season with salt and pepper.

Barbecued Chicken

Lima Bean Salad OR Fried Canned Potatoes
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Instant Pudding over Canned Peaches
Maple Graham Crackers
Milk Tea

Barbecued Chicken

Wipe the chicken pieces and sprinkle with canned lemon juice. Place cut side down on a greased rack over glowing coals. Turn after 15 minutes. Brush several times with commercial barbecue sauce or salad oil flavored with seasoning salt. Allow about 30 to 40 minutes total time, depending on size. To *bake* chicken pieces, place each on a square of heavy foil, dot with butter, sprinkle with seasoning salt and a tablespoon of water. Wrap to exclude air and set packages on the grid. Turn occasionally with tongs. Allow about 30 to 40 minutes.

Lima Bean Salad

Drain a large can of lima beans and stir in 2 tablespoons French dressing. Add 1 cup diced celery, 2 or 3 sliced green onions. Toss with mayonnaise and season with a dash or two of curry powder (optional). One tablespoon minced onion may be used in place of green onions, but needs to be moistened by steeping first in 2 tablespoons canned lemon juice or vinegar.

Maple Graham Wafers

(A quick way to satisfy a sweet tooth.) Sandwich maple butter between graham crackers.

Cheese Dip Potato Chips
Spaghetti with Meat Balls Salad
Hot Buttered Rolls
Oranges Butter Tarts

Cheese Dip

Moisten a 4-ounce jar of cream-cheese spread (any flavor) with canned milk, mayonnaise or sour cream. Add a few dashes of garlic or onion powder and any condiment you have along, Worcestershire, Tabasco or steak sauce.

Quick Spaghetti with Meat Balls No. 1

Heat a can of meat balls and 1 or 2 cans of spaghetti in tomato sauce together. **SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT BALLS NO. 2:** Use a package of spaghetti sauce mix and make according to directions. Add more water, about 1½ cups. Stir in 2 tablespoons instant minced onion and one 8-ounce package dry spaghetti, broken in pieces. Cover and stir occasionally. When "bite tender" add 1 can meat balls and gravy. Serve sprinkled with packaged grated Parmesan or Romano cheese.

HOT BUTTERED ROLLS: wrap split buttered rolls in foil and heat over the coals.

BUTTER TARTS: bought in that little bakery at the last town.

Green Pea Soup

Ham Medley

Instant Whipped Potatoes Green Salad
Raspberries Buttered Nut Bread

Ham Medley

1 (1½-lb) can ham 1 tsp cinnamon
1 (15-oz) can fruit 2 tbs honey or brown
cocktail sugar (optional)

Open the can of ham over the soup pot and let the juice mingle deliciously with the soup. Cut 6 half-inch slices from the ham. Simmer the fruit cocktail and cinnamon in a frying pan until the syrup is reduced by half. Add the ham slices and cover for 2 minutes. Uncover and turn the ham. Drizzle each slice with honey and heat thoroughly. Serve ham slices individually smothered with fruit.

Note: Remaining ham can be used for next day's sandwich or salad lunch.

Continued on page 96

*Carving's
easy...*

when the roast is right!

WHEN you shop for a roast look carefully for firm, fine-grained meat with the liberal marbling of fat that distinguishes good beef. That's the way we, at Canada Packers, choose meat for you—the meat *you* buy at your grocer's. Our experienced meat people select only the finest sides of beef to be stamped with the "CP" mark. Because this is what the "CP" mark stands for: our pledge of finest quality in every product we offer you.

It promises qualities you cannot always see—purity, freshness, flavour and healthfulness. These we guard by scrupulous handling and careful processing, by scientific packaging, and by fast and frequent deliveries to your neighbourhood store. So when you shop, look for the "CP" mark—it helps you serve "good things to eat" at your table!

Prepare yourself for easy carving!

1. You need a sharp knife, a carving fork with long tines and a steel to keep the knife's edge keen.
2. Let the roast stand at room temperature for 10 minutes—it will be easier to slice.
3. Stand relaxed—with rib side to your left, carve *across grain* towards rib; pile slices on a warm serving platter.



This roast is right! Standing rib, cut from choice quality Canada Packers' "red" brand beef.

Continued from page 94



Tomato Vegetable Soup (made from dry mix)
Pretzels
Salmon Banquetburgers Salad
Hot Cherry Cobbler OR Fresh Apple Pie
Milk Shakes Tea

Salmon or Tuna Banquetburgers

1 (16-oz) can salmon or	3 or 4 slices crumbled, day-old
2 (7-oz) cans tuna	bread
2 eggs	6 slices process cheese
1/2 tsp salt	6 slices broiled side bacon and
1 tbs lemon juice	tomatoes

Don't drain the salmon, just remove the bones and break it up with a fork. Stir in the eggs, salt, lemon juice and crumbled bread. Spoon into hot frying pan greased with salad oil or shortening. Flatten into cakes about 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Fry on both sides. Cover each with a slice of cheese and leave a moment to melt. Serve in toasted hamburg buns with bacon and relishes.

Hot Cherry Cobbler

Make this from a packaged mix, and steam in the skillet instead of baking as you do at home. Heat cherries, sugar and water in a 8- or 9-inch skillet. Beat the cake part, egg and water together with a fork or rotary beater. Pour batter over cherry mixture and cover the pan. Cook about 20 to 25 minutes. Other fruit cobblers are just as tasty. Serve plain or with pouring cream.

EASY-TO-MAKE EXTRAS

SNACK-STACKS: Make two pan-size pancakes and put together sandwich-fashion with cheese and tomato slices, crisp bacon or any favorite sandwich filling. Heat the stack in the frying pan until cheese melts, then cut in wedges.

CAMPFIRE SCONES: Combine 2 cups biscuit mix, 1 tablespoon sugar, milk to make a soft dough, and 1/2 cup raisins. Roll the dough in flour or corn meal sprinkled on a square of wax paper. Pat out into a 7-inch circle and cut like a pie with a wet knife. Lightly grease a cast-iron frying pan with unsalted fat. Heat the pan and sprinkle with a few drops of water, when the water bounces madly the pan is just right. Don't let the fat smoke or burn.

Lift the wax paper and invert the dough into the pan. Separate the wedges and cover. Cook slowly about 6 minutes or until scones are nicely brown on the bottom. Turn and continue cooking about 5 minutes. Break apart and butter generously. Pass strawberry preserves.

HOT DOGS WITHOUT COOKING: Drop skinless wieners into a Thermos bottle and cover with boiling water. Replace the cap and carry with you. For a quick lunch, drain wieners and serve in buttered finger rolls with mustard.

CRISPY SALADS: Include crisp raw vegetables or salads with each day's menus: Shredded cabbage, diced fresh orange and cucumber moistened with dressing; sliced beefsteak tomatoes on lettuce, dressed simply with tarragon vinegar and sugar; lettuce leaves rolled around carrot sticks and green onions to be dunked in a favorite dressing.

Campfire Corned Beef Hash

3 tbs bacon dripping	1 tsp Worcestershire or dark sauce
1 large onion, chopped	1 tbs prepared mustard
1 (20-oz) can potatoes, drained	Pinch of herbs
1/2 tsp salt or flavor salt	4 eggs
1 (12-oz) can corned beef, diced	

Melt the dripping in a cast-iron frying pan and add the onion. Cook until golden. Add diced potatoes and stir-fry until brown and crispy on the edges. Stir in remaining ingredients, except eggs. Lift mixture and turn occasionally to prevent sticking. If too dry, add 1 or 2 tablespoons milk. Smooth the hash and make four depressions in the top with the back of a spoon. Break an egg into each depression. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover (foil will do if you haven't a lid). Cook slowly for 5 or 6 minutes or until egg whites are firm. Serves 4 generously. Pass ketchup and toasted corn-meal muffins. (Or pack two 15-ounce tins of corned beef hash; heat and season.)

END

Quick Tricks (with)

For Extra Energy
... Flavor



Salads

• Waldorf salads, coleslaw, lots of your other favorites are doubly delicious enriched with the natural sweetness, the wholesome goodness of energy-packed Sun-Maid Raisins. You'll also love what they do for rolls, cakes and cookies made with the new ready mixes. (Sun-Maids are full of iron and calcium, too —great natural body-builders!)

For quick-energy between-meal snacks

• Buy the handy, thrifty Sun-Maid 6-Pack—ideal for outings, lunch boxes, sweet treats whenever you're hungry!



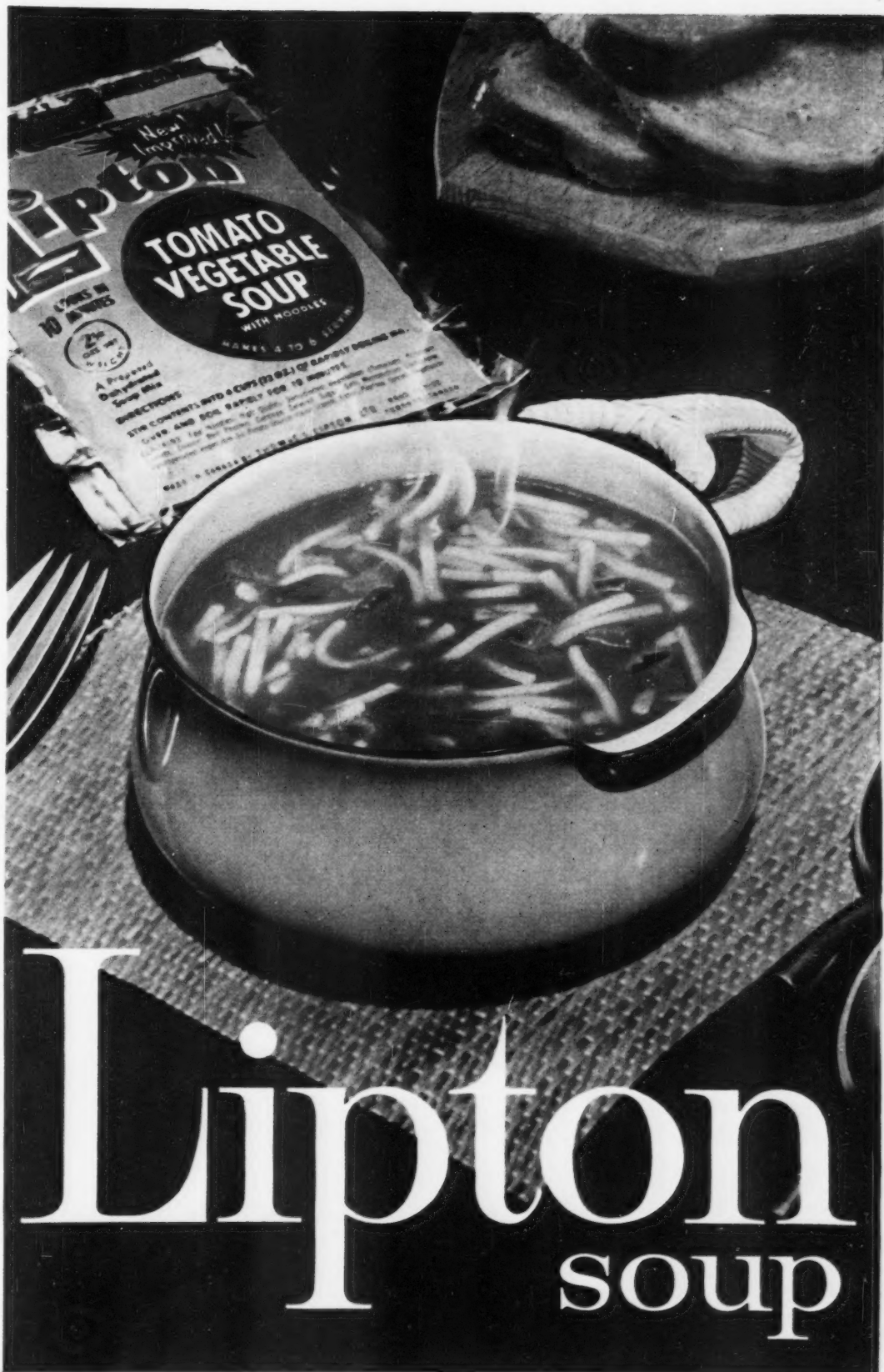
Send for FREE Recipe Book

• Write to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Dept. CHA-50, Fresno, Cal., for your copy of "More Downright Delicious Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes."

Only
home cooking
could
smell
this
good!



FRESH, wide-awake aroma... the fragrance of wholesome ingredients being cooked fresh on your own stove! It foretells a taste that's too good to miss... the *home-cooked* LIPTON flavour!



Lipton soup

Tomato Vegetable . . . naturally! Through fragrant steam your spoon sinks deep into this hearty, full-bodied soup. Plump, juicy, sun-ripened tomatoes make the taste-teasing base. Golden carrots, potatoes, peppers, onions, celery, cabbage . . . *all* your garden favourites add to this delicious medley of flavours. Only your very own slow-simmered, home-made soup can match it!

Beef Noodle Soup—another in the famous LIPTON line! Here's a delicious, pure beef broth extracted from nutritious, lean beef and fortified with seeds of nourishing egg noodles.



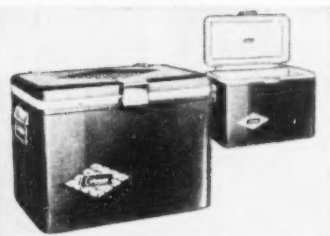
Forgive him... it's Lipton!



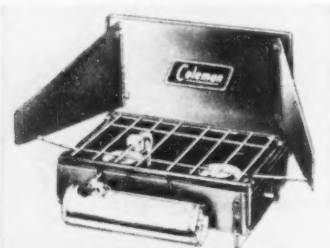


Coleman OUTING PRODUCTS

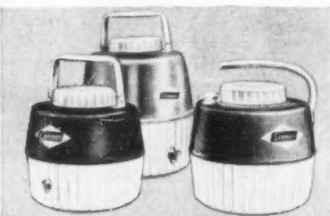
Now's the time to plan another wonderful season outdoors! And now's the time to see the complete range of Coleman Outing Products... on display everywhere*.



"SNOW-LITE" COOLERS—Canada's finest. Completely insulated. One piece "Cyclac" liner. Lighter than aluminum.



FOLDING CAMP STOVE. Cooks like a gas range. Lights instantly. Approved for use in National Parks.



NEW "SNOW-LITE" JUGS with many exclusive features like Thermo-Lock moistureproof insulation. Two sizes—nine models. Three beautiful colours.

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SHOPPING with CHATELAINE

BY JEAN BYERS

Here's your guide to buying easy-care clothes

Eliminate shopping errors — look for these details first:

Finishings: Many easy-care garments are labeled "hand washable" but for simplest care most of them can be automatic-machine-laundried. Nearly all "wash and wear" will need some touch-up ironing. Look at the way a garment is made to see how it will wash and how much ironing it will need. Check for flat, evenly finished seams. On synthetics, seams should be overcast. Garments should have a minimum of top stitching which might pucker with washing. Any unwanted creases or puckers already in the garment won't come out, so make sure the fabric itself is smooth and wrinkle-free. Look for even hems, smoothly stitched buttonholes. All "findings" such as thread, zipper tapes, pocket and jacket linings should be of the same fibre type as the garment (except for shoulder pads which should always be a quick-drying synthetic). Trimmings such as buttons, belts, belt backings, buckles, binding, should be washable, quick-drying and, if metal, rustproof.

Fibres: There are three main easy-care fibre groups.

(a) Man-made synthetics: fibres that can be treated under heat and pressure to take on a permanent shape — either smooth, pleated, or sharply creased. Some are better than others. To date, Terylene (Dacron, Kodol) is most satisfactory, with Acrilan, Zefran, Creslan, Verel, Dynel, nylon and Arnel also good easy-care fibres. Nylon and Arnel are usually better knitted than woven.

(b) Blends of synthetics and natural fibres. These have the easy-care, quick-dry features of the synthetics plus the comfort and pleasant feel of the natural fibres. Look for at least fifty-percent synthetic fibre. We know these blends (or ones close to them) are good:



Wise and careful shoppers check the labels on garments.

65% Terylene®—35% cotton 65% Dacron—35% linen
55% Terylene—45% viscose** 70% Orlon—30% viscose
55% Terylene—45% wool 80% Orlon—20% cotton
80% Acrilan—20% viscose 70% Orlon—30% wool
70% Acrilan—30% wool
50% Dacron®—50% Orlon

*Canadian-made Terylene and imported Dacron and Kodol are basically the same. **Viscose may be referred to as rayon.

(c) Treated natural fibres. At present mainly cottons are treated for easy care but we can expect to have woolens and rayons in the near future. Some finishes will last all or most of the life of the garment—others may disappear after several washings. Your best buy is a recognized brand name as there are few bargains in good easy-care cottons.

Next month — How to care for "wash and wear."



Holders of Chatelaine Seal of Approval

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Angel Wear Baby Garments | Flash Zippers | Melmac Trademark | Sanitized Process |
| Arborite #6 and #10 | Flo-plaze Colorizer Paints | Modernfold Doors— | Silknet Lingerie |
| Arborite Twin-Trim | Formfit Foundation Garments | Spacemaster and Custom-Line | Simoniz Paste, Non-Scuff |
| Barrymore Broadloom | Gerber Baby Foods | Modess Feminine Napkins | and Vinyl Waxes |
| Beacon Polythene Housewares | Gold, Red & Pink Seal | & Belts | Smith Cush-N-Tred |
| Blue Ribbon Spices, | Fancy Quality Salmon | Nobility Plate | S.O.S. Scouring Pads |
| Extracts and Baking Powder | Harding Carpets | Numilk Instant Skim Milk | Spam |
| Bonus Ravioli Dinner | Hi-Flo Syrup | Powder | Success Heavy Duty Paste Wax |
| Calgon | Hoover Steam or Dry Iron | Ocean Spray Cranberries | Success Paste Floor Wax |
| Catalina Swimwear | Hoover Floor Polisher | Peerless Rugs | Success Self-Polishing |
| Celwood Folding Doors | Hoover Vacuums—Constellation, | Pic Pork Loaf | Liquid Floor Wax |
| Co-Ets Quilted Cotton Beauty | Convertible, Pixie | Pioneer Sashless Windows | Success Trio Wax |
| Squares | Hoover Electric Floor Washer | Beauty Household and | Sunworthy Pre-Pasted Wallpaper |
| Corticelli Hosiery and Sweaters | Instant Chocolate Mil-ko | Gloves | Tex-made Combed |
| Culligan Automatic Water | Instant Vi-Tone | Prestige Furniture Wax | Percalac, Colonial and |
| Softener | Kirsch of Canada, | Princess China | Homestead Sheets |
| Dahlberg Miracle-Ear, | Draperies, Hardware, | Puritan Beef Stew | Topic Plasticware Cleaner |
| Optic-Ear & Magic-Ear II | Venetian and Vertical Blinds | Pure Barbados Fancy Bulk | Vilas Branded Furniture |
| Dominion Domolite | KnitKing Home Knitting | Molasses | with Vila-Seal Finish |
| Dominion Inlaid Linoleums | Machine | Red Rose Teas, Coffees, | Vi-Tone Hasty Fudge and |
| Dominion Vinyl Tile | Knox Gelatine | and Instant Coffee | Icing Mix |
| Duralay—Rug Underlay | Kool-Aid | Revere Ware | Wabasso Hostess Percalac, |
| Duval Distributors | KVP-Appleford Household | Royal Doulton Bone | Anniversary, Family |
| Ladies' Accessories | Waxed Papers | China and Earthenware | and Muslim Sheets |
| Elna Supermatic Sewing | Lightning Slide Fasteners | Samsonite Luggage— | Whisper Nylons |
| Machine | Lloyd Baby Carriages and | Streamlite, Silhouette and | Windsor Salt |
| | Strollers | Stratford | Zero Cold Water Soap |

NEW!

This is the
Instant that's
delicious
for drinking!



Carnation "Magic Crystals" burst into fresh flavor skim milk instantly—for as little as 9¢ a quart!



4 qt., 12 qt.,
and new 32 qt. sizes

Your whole family will enjoy drinking Carnation Instant. It's really *delicious!* And so good for them. Carnation Instant Powdered Skim Milk provides all the calcium, B-vitamins and protein of fresh whole milk with just the fat removed. And it is made from choicest milk from Canada's finest dairy herds.

You can use Carnation Instant for cooking, too. No special recipes needed. It even whips!

Gives you a wonderfully light and fluffy topping for desserts at only 1¢ a serving and with $\frac{2}{3}$ less calories than whipped cream!

Discover for yourself how convenient — how really easy to mix powdered skim milk can be. Takes all the work and trouble out of mixing. Just a light stir — and new Carnation "Magic Crystals" mix *instantly*, completely. No lumps. No sediment.

AN ALL-CANADIAN PRODUCT



Perhaps you tried powdered skim milk before and found it hard to mix, leaving lumps and sediment. That was an old-fashioned product. With new Carnation Instant your mixing troubles are over!

Now! Save more than ½ on milk bills with Carnation Instant "Magic Crystals"



MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN MAY

Minute tips for flavor and fun . . .

Blend mashed avocado pulp with lemon juice and a can of thick cream. Season with dash of Tabasco, salt, pepper and use for dressing cabbage-pineapple coleslaw.

Combine instant minced onion, nutmeg and celery salt with softened butter and spoon into split hot baked potatoes.

Blend finely chopped cucumber and ripe olives with mayonnaise. Add dashes of Tabasco, lemon juice and seasoning salt — a piquant sauce for baked fish.

Cook fresh asparagus in ginger ale in a tightly covered pan and save the cooking liquid to use in flavorful sauce for the asparagus.

Brush bread slices on both sides with maple syrup and sauté slowly in butter — a breakfast treat served with grilled ham.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Rich Southern Orange Biscuits

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/4 tsp salt
2 tbs sugar

1/4 cup hard butter
1/2 cup milk
1 egg, beaten
1/4 cup orange juice
1/2 tsp grated orange rind

Mix together dry ingredients into a bowl then cut in butter until in fine particles. Make a well in the centre and add combined milk, beaten egg, orange juice and rind. Stir with a fork until flour disappears. Drop by tablespoons on to a greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Makes 16 biscuits.

Dinners of the month . . .

				SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
				1	2	3
				Roast Loin of Pork Raisin Stuffing Roast Potatoes Asparagus Lemon Chiffon Pie	Meat Loaf Fried Onion Rings Lima Beans Creole Cottage Pudding Fresh Fruit Sauce	Cold Roast Pork Hot Potato Salad Green Beans Cherry Cobbler Whipped Cream
WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	8	9	10
4	5	6	7	Southern Fried Chicken Cream Gravy Parsley Potatoes Lime Sherbet Brownies	Baked Peameal Bacon Spanish Rice Broccoli Fruit Jelly Date Oatmeal Cookies	Beefsteak Pie Rich Pastry Crust Brussels Sprouts Pineapple Bavarian Cupcakes
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Breaded Veal Cutlet Currant Jelly Whipped Potatoes Cauliflower Date Cream Pudding	Sausage Rolls Scalloped Tomatoes Wax Beans Grape Mallow Custard Sauce	Tuna Tetrazzini with Cashews Chef's Salad Hot Rolls Apricot Upside-down Cake	Mixed Grill (kidney, bacon, meat patties) Potatoes Spinach Raspberry Pie	Rump Roast of Beef Gravy Horse-radish Rissolée Potatoes Squash Fresh Fruit Sundae	Baked Pork Chops Spiced Cherry Sauce Fluffy Rice Spinach Rhubarb Cobbler	Cold Roast Beef Hot Chili Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas Pecan Pie
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Stuffed Heart Pan Fried Potatoes Tossed Salad Gingerbread Hard Sauce	Chicken Wings Creole Buttered Noodles Green Beans Banana Cream Pie	Ocean Perch Lemon-Butter Sauce Parsley Potatoes Broccoli Date Square Ice Cream	Sirloin Steak Sautéed Mushrooms Potato Pancakes Green Salad Cheese and Crackers	Baked Ham Spiced Peaches Baked Stuffed Potato Buttered Lima Beans Almond Torte	Cold Ham Mustard Pickles Delmonico Potatoes Coleslaw Blueberry Pie	Veal Chops Cranberry Relish Whipped Potatoes Glazed Carrots Maple Charlotte
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Chili Meat Balls Hot Tomato Sauce Mushroom Fried Rice Spinach Chocolate Layer Cake	Salmon Steak Caper Sauce French Fried Potatoes Asparagus Strawberry Mousse	Corned Beef Hash Egg Sauce Buttered Cabbage Beets Butter Tarts	Chicken Pie Kernel Corn Chef's Salad Chocolate Peppermint Parfait	Roast Lamb Potatoes Gravy Minted Green Peas Assorted Relishes Banana Soufflé*	Lamb Croquettes Curry Sauce Cauliflower Green Salad Frosted Marble Cake	Beef Chow Mein Crispy Noodles Broiled Tomato Hot Tea Biscuits Rhubarb Sherbet*

Breakfasts and lunches for every day . . .

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Breakfast	Stewed Apricots Fluffy French Omelet Whole-wheat Toast Black Currant Jam Café au Lait	Sliced Orange Ready-to-eat Cereal Poached Egg Danish Pastry Tea Milk	Apple Juice Hot Cereal Toasted Scones Cheese Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Rhubarb Compote Corn Flakes Soft-cooked Egg Toast Milk Jam Tea	Prune Juice Buckwheat Pancakes Syrup Broiled Bacon Coffee Milk	Grapefruit Half Protein Cereal Cinnamon Toast Apple Jelly Chocolate Milk Tea	Tomato Juice Apple Waffles Sausages Maple Butter Eggnog
Lunch	Cream of Chicken Soup Stuffed Tomato Salad Plate Crispy Rolls Frosted Layer Cake	Pea Soup Broiled Wieners Sauerkraut Rye Bread Butterscotch Pudding	Spaghetti with Tomato and Cheese Sauce Lettuce Wedge Garlic Bread Custard Cookies	Blended Juice Hamburgers Chili Sauce Fresh Fruit Chelsea Bun	Tuna à la King Toast Points Vegetable Jelly Chocolate Sundae Oatmeal Wafers	Cheese Soufflé Hot Biscuits Tomato Aspic Preserved Peaches Cake	Pineapple Juice Hot Beef Sandwich Dill Pickles Potato Chips Apple Square

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook . . .

BANANA SOUFFLÉ: Mash 6 bananas and mix with 1/4 cup ground Brazil nuts, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon rind, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg and salt, 1/4 cup port. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered dish 1/2 hour at 350 degrees F. Top with whipped cream.

RHUBARB SHERBET: Cook 4 cups rhubarb in 1/2 cup water with 1 cup sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1/3 cup honey, 1/2 cup orange juice until tender. Cool then freeze until mushy. Whip mixture, then fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff with 1 tablespoon sugar. Freeze until firm. END

* Recipe below.

You're all set with molded SALADS!

Make them in advance, for the buffet supper, or dessert . . . these lovely molded salads, colorful and delicious! And you can count on Miracle Whip Salad Dressing to add lively yet delicate flavor, as no other dressing can. Easy to see why Miracle Whip is the dressing most people buy!



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is the finest of its kind! Spread it on bread for sandwiches, and see the difference it makes . . . because Kraft Mayonnaise is made with freshest eggs, extra egg yolks, and other very choice ingredients.



FRUIT SALAD PARFAIT

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 envelope gelatin | 1 cup drained, coarsely chopped canned pineapple |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 1 cup drained coarsely chopped canned apricots |
| 1 cup Miracle Whip | 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries |
| 1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Cream Cheese | 1 cup heavy cream, whipped |
| 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice | Lettuce |
| 2 tbsps. Confectioner's sugar | |

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve over hot water. Cool. Gradually add Miracle Whip to cream cheese, mixing until smooth and well blended. Add cherry juice, sugar and gelatin; mix well. Chill until slightly thickened. Add fruit. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into a 1 1/2 quart mold;

chill until firm. Unmold. Surround with lettuce. Don't run out of Miracle Whip—get the 32 oz. jar!

MOLDED PEACH SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin powder | 2 cups drained canned sliced peaches |
| 1 cup hot water | Lettuce |
| 1 cup canned peach juice | Miracle Whip |

Dissolve the gelatin powder in hot water; add the peach juice. (If necessary, add cold water to peach juice to make one cup). Chill until slightly thickened; fold in peach slices. Place in 4 individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Top each mold with Miracle Whip, the dressing that enhances other flavors so delightfully.

SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY

JULIE HARRIS

Continued from page 40

anxiously, "Please ask her to wait in the living room—I'll be down as soon as Peter's settled."

The room the maid showed me into was as clean and uncluttered as a monastery study hall and almost as unpretentious. There were no rugs on the polished floors, lots of books in shelves that line the walls and a big couch covered in a soft dark cloth. The whole place smelled of new wax mingled with an indefinable spicy odor that floated up from the kitchen downstairs. Within a few minutes, Julie Harris tiptoed in and shut the door carefully behind her.

"I'm so sorry," she began in a rush, "but my son was just getting into bed for his afternoon rest and Manning got back from Rome this morning so we're trying to be quiet to let him sleep. And then we had this terrible crisis with the oil tank bursting . . ." She explained briefly that her husband, a former stage manager turned impresario, had been in Italy for the opening performance of an all-Negro musical in which he had a big financial interest. Then she turned on lights, asked if I'd like coffee, whisked out and came back five minutes later carrying a small tray loaded with a squat antique pot and a plate of cake.

Finally, she perched in a chair, studied her fingernails and asked, "Where was I . . . oh, yes, the oil, it was dreadful, the basement is full of it." While she talked she moved her hands in descriptive circles, and looked up every so often with the intent gaze that makes her small grey eyes look huge. She was dressed in a bulky mohair cardigan, straight black skirt and flat shoes, and if you are prone to think of the theatrical star as a husky-voiced siren in sable, she was a disappointment.

More elusive than glamour

She's too small (five foot three, barely one hundred and five pounds) to be prepossessing and too self-effacing to surround herself with the mystical aura of success. But her presence radiates another quality, more elusive than glamour, that reporters and critics have been trying to define ever since she played twelve-year-old Frankie Addams in *The Member of the Wedding* a decade ago. Much of her magic is in her voice which is

low-pitched like an oboe and emotionally expressive, especially when she talks of her craft or her family. ("I've been called a one-man woman with a one-track mind," she said at one point, "and it's true—I just never have time for anything but the theatre and my home.")

That afternoon, with her orange hair pulled back in a small bun and her fine-boned face almost without make-up, she looked as fragile and unsophisticated as a pre-adolescent child. She picked nervously at her unpolished nails and when she moved, it was with the harum-scarum, quick grace of the very young.

But as soon as she began to discuss her role in this summer's production at Stratford of *Romeo and Juliet*, it wasn't hard to visualize her dominating the stage with all the gusty passion Shakespeare's heroine should possess.

She was alive with enthusiasm for the play and the planned interpretation of it.

Stratford's *Romeo* will be Bruno Gerussi, a young Italian-Canadian, who was once described as looking like a swaggering motorcyclist in a black leather jacket. How did she feel about this departure from the fair-young-dreamer type who is usually cast in the part?

"I think it's exciting—and a very good thing to see *Romeo* in this new way. He's not a pretty boy really—he's a lusty young brawler who loves fights and chasing girls. When you have a dreamy gentle *Romeo*, he's far too much like *Juliet*. I think people very often love each other because of their differences. I know when I first met Manning [her husband] it was his dark eyes that attracted me as soon as I saw him because he seemed so very different from me."

That week, Stratford's artistic director, Michael Langham was staying with the Gurians in New York, discussing Miss Harris' role as *Juliet* and making final arrangements for her summer in Stratford. "Michael [Langham] has found us a house and Manning and I will move up there in mid-May with Peter and Wilkie, his nurse, just before rehearsals begin," she explained.

Ever since the festival's first season in 1953, actors have been known to grumble about Stratford as being a deadly quiet, depressingly provincial small town. Did this worry her?

"Heavens no," she responded. "We like quiet—for the last few summers, we've rented an old house at Cape Cod

and done nothing but relax and read."

"Besides, when you're engrossed in a play, you don't really have time for anything else. And I'll be especially busy with playing two parts—the small role of *Blanch* in *King John*, as well as *Juliet*."

Just then the telephone rang in a study leading off the living room and she jumped up and scurried off to answer it. "Chris, dar-ling, how lovely to hear from you," she enthused into the receiver, and for some reason, it was obvious that this was no gushy theatrical ploy. Miss Harris actually seemed to think that *Chris* (who turned out to be Christopher Plummer, the Toronto-born actor) was a darling.

Lillian Hellman, the American dramatist who adapted Jean Anouilh's *The Lark* for the 1955 New York production which starred Julie Harris, was once trying to describe this quality in the actress. "The only thing wrong with *Julie*," she said, "is that she has a compulsion to wholeheartedly like and admire everybody. We invited her to listen to actors reading for *The Lark* but we had to stop soliciting her opinion because she thought everybody, but everybody, was great."

Now she was saying, "Chris, sweet, Michael's here and he wants to talk to you. Can you come for supper tomorrow?" (What Langham wanted to talk about was not disclosed, but a week later it was announced that Plummer would be playing two of the major supporting roles in this year's Stratford productions.) She went on to tell Plummer about her husband's trip to Rome and while she was talking, there was a small flurry of conversation downstairs. Werner Wolff, the photographer who took the pictures for this article, came in and within minutes, Miss Harris had hung up the receiver. She hurried back, apologized all 'round, helped Wolff off with his coat and went to get more coffee.

When she settled down in her chair once more, she began to talk again about Cape Cod. "We've had lovely times there—last year in six weeks we didn't see anybody or go anywhere except once or twice to a drive-in theatre. We took Peter to his first movie last summer. They were showing *Around the World in Eighty Days* and we were sure he'd go to sleep. But he was wide-awake and completely enthralled for three hours. It reminded me of how I felt about movies when I was a child."

The childhood years of most of the

prima donnas of the stage seem to fall into a readily recognizable pattern. Either they were the offspring of rundown vaudevillians who were tap-dancing through the spotlights at the age of six or they subsisted as unloved slum children who had to claw their way up the long neurotic ladder to success. Miss Harris' childhood, like her looks and current manner of living, does not fit the pattern.

She was the well-bred child of reasonably wealthy, cultivated parents and grew up, without noticeable difficulties, in a large house on the shore of Lake St. Clair, near Grosse Pointe, Michigan, where her father was an investment banker. Her family had no immediate connection with the theatre but now she can no longer remember a period when she didn't want to become an actress.

"Sexy, soignée or something"

"I was madly addicted to movies when I was eight and I sat through *Gone With The Wind* thirteen times," she says. She never met with any real opposition to her ambition. At six, she took dancing lessons, and at nine she was playing leads in school plays. In her teens, she was allowed to study acting in New York and later to go to the Yale University School of Drama for a year. (At fifteen, when asked why she was studying acting, she replied with forthright simplicity, "It's my life.")

Her only problem during these years was her lack of what she called sophisticated glamour. ("The only boys who liked me were characters—you know, intelligent. I wanted one like Robert Taylor," she explains.)

Julie was twenty when she had her first small Broadway role in 1945 and when she wasn't in the theatre she wore sunglasses, on dim and shining days and nights alike. ("I thought they might make me look sexy or *soignée* or something.") During the next four years, she had increasingly important parts in a series of Broadway plays, but it wasn't until 1950, when she played the role of twelve-year-old Frankie Addams in Carson McCullers' *The Member of the Wedding*, was she called a star.

She also played in the movie made from the same play, then had leading roles in *Mademoiselle Colombe*, *I Am A Camera* (both the Broadway play and the Hollywood film), and the movie, *East of Eden*. The greatest suc-

Continued on page 104



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blended in Nescafé. Blended carefully and lovingly, so that *all* the flavor in coffee comes to *life* in your cup. Serve Blend 19 Nescafé in *your* home, and enjoy this rich experience in coffee pleasure.

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ANOTHER QUALITY PRODUCT FROM NESTLÉ

Continued from page 102
cess of her career so far came in 1955, when she played the Maid of Orleans in *The Lark*, and the critics, as *Time* magazine reported, "put away their typewriters and brought out violins."

The *Lark* ran for more than a year and since then Julie Harris has done half a dozen TV plays. Last year she played the leading role in her husband's production of *The Warm Peninsula*, a gentle play about a gawky girl who goes to Miami to find a husband. They took the play on an eight-month cross-country tour and then brought it to Broadway in October. It closed three months later in January of this year.

"It wasn't much of a commercial success," she explained, "but we were able to use a play by a young author and give him a chance to rewrite on the road."

"We took Peter and his nurse along," she continued, "and tried to have as nearly as normal a life as you can manage in hotel rooms. It was Peter's second tour—he came with the road show of *The Lark*—and he loved it." All afternoon, whenever she talked of her child, she did so with a warm, musing affection. Later when we asked to photograph him, she refused with the explanation, "I never disturb him in any way because of my own doings. I hate it when people exploit their children."

From a door to a sofa

Peter was born in 1955, the year after Miss Harris married Manning Gurian, a stocky dark-haired native New Yorker who had been stage manager of the *I Am A Camera* road company. It was her second marriage—the first, to a young lawyer named Jay Julien, ended very quietly in divorce. Only Julie's close friends knew what went wrong and she declines to talk of it now.

The same year Peter was born, the Gurians moved from a one-room New York apartment into the brownstone house. "We didn't have enough furniture to fill one end of this room—there was a bed, a desk, one lamp and a chair. So we set about going to auctions and bought most of this furniture cheaply and we're very happy with it."

She stood up and began to walk about the room, pointing out her favorite belongings. Above the sofa (which had been made out of a slab door with a big cushion on top) there was a huge Chinese silk screen with

a flower cart woven into it in subtle colors. On one wall there were two crestlike dark wood plaques. "I hope you won't ask too many questions about these things. We bought them just because we like them—we're not experts in antiques. The lamps Manning made himself from Chinese paper screens and embroidery hoops and we're delighted with them."



In the living room of her brownstone house in downtown Manhattan, Julie Harris proudly displays a near-life-size portrait of her four-year-old son, Peter. She feels the 1959 painting by Anne Poor, captures "all of his shy gaiety."

She turned to a large portrait that covered part of one wall. "This is my son, Peter — and it's a very good likeness. It was done by a friend of ours, Anne Poor, who is the daughter of Henry Poor, America's greatest ceramic artist." The portrait, painted when Peter was three and a half, showed a dark-eyed, tow-haired small boy dressed in play clothes and wearing a shy expression.

She led the way into the study next door where three large photographs of Peter, taken by a friend at Christmas-time, were propped on a big flat-topped desk. The room was filled with book shelves, file trays and other office paraphernalia but its color scheme matched the grey-white-and-black décor of the living room next door.

The pictures of her son led to some earnest conversation about the problem of his education. In September last year he started to go half days to a nearby private school run according to the methods of the famous Austrian philosopher, Rudolf Steiner. "We hope it's the right thing for him—they combine progressive teaching methods with discipline. We didn't

absorbed, incredulous that this miracle could have happened."

The role she most covets is the part of Peter, in J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. "I've just been reading the novel to my own Peter and I'd love to be Pan. I'd play him fiercely the way he should be played and leave out all the cute sweetness that has been added to his character in most stage productions."

Within seconds, she unaccountably turned herself from the saintly Joan into the wistful, unmatched, impossible Pan; and it was obvious what the American playwright John van Druten meant when he said, "Julie Harris is like a crystal pitcher. You pour in red wine, and the pitcher looks red; you pour in crème de menthe and it is green."

What does "stardom" mean?

After a ten-minute one-woman production of *Peter Pan*, we began to talk in larger terms about stardom and I mentioned that a few years ago, at the time *The Lark* was being staged, it had been reported that she felt she had been called a "star" by critics before she deserved the title. Did she still feel this way?

"Well, it depends on how you define the word," she said tentatively. After I had somewhat lamely described a star as someone who has the magic and the genius to light the stage with his presence, she retorted, "I think you're wrong. Lots of actors have magic. But a star has something else and I think the word should only be used to describe certain special people. People, who just because of their names, can assure a play, however good or bad, of success. There are only a few—the Lunts are good examples, and so are Miss Bergman and Henry Fonda. I'm not like that and I'm not sure that I ever can be."

She talked for a while longer about such diverse subjects as Shakespearean comedy, her love for old ornate theatres and the difference between playing in legitimate theatre and on TV. ("It's not so different really—I forget about the camera and turn the technicians and cameramen into my audience.")

Then the telephone rang again, Peter woke up and began to call for her, and we rose to go. She came down to the door to say good-by, then whisked upstairs to return the phone call, help Peter find his shoes and generally get on with being Julie Gurian the person, without too much regard for Julie Harris, the star. END



EVERYONE'S HAVING FUN WITH CLOVER LEAF TUNA*



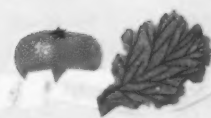
For an easy summer salad toss lettuce in french dressing. Add tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, onion and Clover Leaf Tuna. Garnish with a dollop of mayonnaise.



Sandwich? Chopped olives and walnuts make a toothsome trio with Clover Leaf Tuna. Moisten generously with mayonnaise. Spread thickly on white or brown bread. Delicious when toasted.



Add a little milk to cream of chicken soup, crushed, drained pineapple and Clover Leaf Tuna to make a delicious Hawaiian treat. Heat and serve over fluffy, hot rice.



For a Tropical Tuna Salad toss salad greens in french dressing. Add drained pineapple tid-bits, banana chunks, tangerine sections and peanuts. Toss fruits with greens. Garnish with sour cream.



Tuna mixes beautifully with canned mushroom soup. Add onion and green pepper to make a delicious tuna a la king. Serve on toast. Or top on hamburger buns and grill.



For a mouth-watering Clubhouse, mix Clover Leaf Tuna with mayonnaise. Use crisp bacon. Salt and pepper the tomato slices. Add a tender, green lettuce leaf.

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TRY THIS
NUMILK RECIPE

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS (serves 4-6)

2 cups fresh bread crumbs	2 tbsps minced onion
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 lb. hamburger	dash each of nutmeg and pepper
6 tbsps Instant NUMILK	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 egg, lightly beaten	4 tbsps drippings

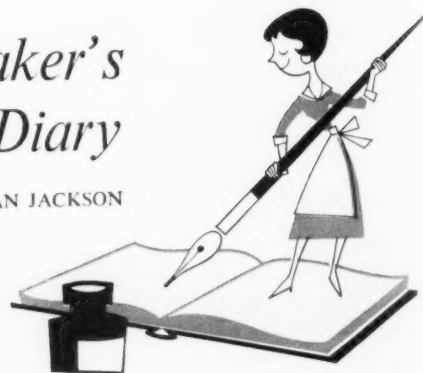
Place bread crumbs in large bowl. Add water, mix and soak. Sprinkle Instant NUMILK over bread, add hamburger, lightly beaten egg, onions and seasonings. Mix together lightly but thoroughly, form into balls the size of a small walnut. Roll in flour and brown in melted drippings. Cover; cook 5-8 minutes. Remove to hot platter and keep warm while preparing gravy.

LESS
THAN 2¢
A GLASS

LOOK FOR THE GOLD PACKAGE ON YOUR GROCER'S SHELF

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



Tar and grease stains

With the advent of spring comes the nuisance of grease or tar on the clothes of enthusiastic home mechanics and exploring children. To remove these stains, scrape off excess tar or grease, then sponge stain thoroughly with perchlorethylene. Allow to dry, then repeat sponging if necessary. Do not wash the garment in hot water until the stain has been removed with the solvent. As with all stains, apply the treatment as soon as possible for best results.

Warning! Poison ivy!

The season has again arrived for that scourge of the bush — poison ivy. It's



a good idea, especially if there are children around, to post a picture of the plant on the wall at the cottage as a reminder, so that they can become familiar with the appearance of poison ivy. If anyone does come in contact with the plant, wash the skin as soon as possible with strong household soap.

To wash foam-rubber pillows

Latex foam-rubber pillows may be washed as often as you consider necessary (at least once a year) as long as you take the following precautions.

1. Leave the pillow cover *on* to prevent the weight of water absorbed by the pillow from tearing the foam rubber when it is lifted from the water. Unzip the cover about four inches and secure the opening with a heavy safety pin. This will stop a cumbersome pocket of water from forming between pillow and cover.

2. Wash the pillow by hand, using mild soap and water conditioner in lukewarm water. You may be able to wash it in your automatic machine if it has a washing action safe for foam-

rubber pillows. Check in your user's manual.

3. Rinse thoroughly three times in lukewarm water, let the water out of the tub, and press out as much water as possible by hand. You may put the pillow through a wringer, if you have one, to extract more of the water.

4. Hang the pillow on the line or lay it out flat to dry. If hung outside be sure there is no tear in the cover because any part of the foam rubber exposed to direct sunlight will disintegrate.

Note: Do *not* dry any foam-rubber product over direct heat or in the dryer: this has been known to cause fires due to the oxidization of the foam rubber.

Whistle warning

On camping trips children will often wander away from the camp site, become lost or hurt. So play safe—give them each a whistle with which they can call for help.

Sparkling chandeliers

You don't have to remove each crystal drop on your chandelier to clean it. Instead, fill a small wide-mouthed container with a solution of ammonia and water and take it to the chandelier. Let each drop dip in the solution, then simply wipe it dry and polish with a soft cloth.



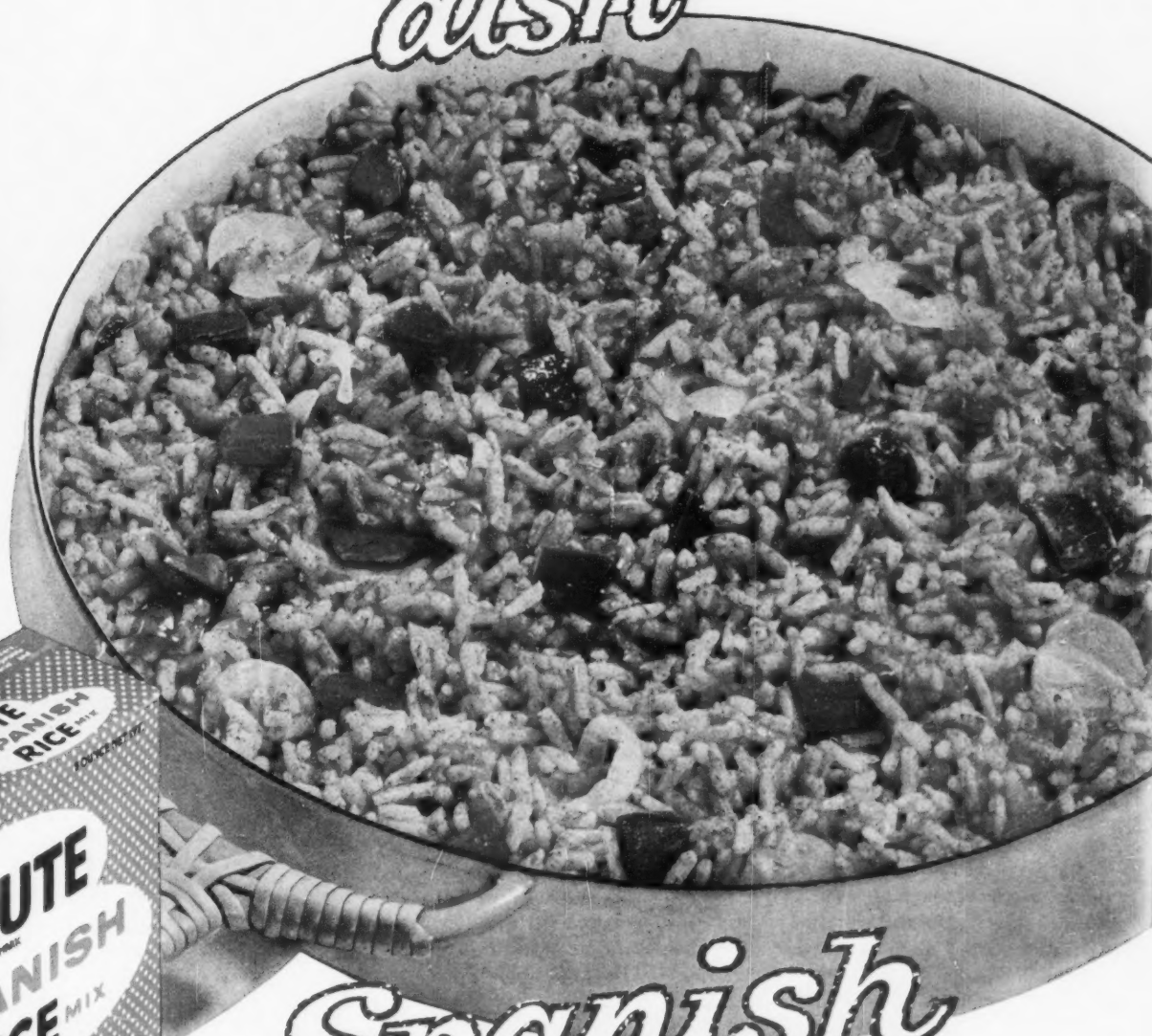
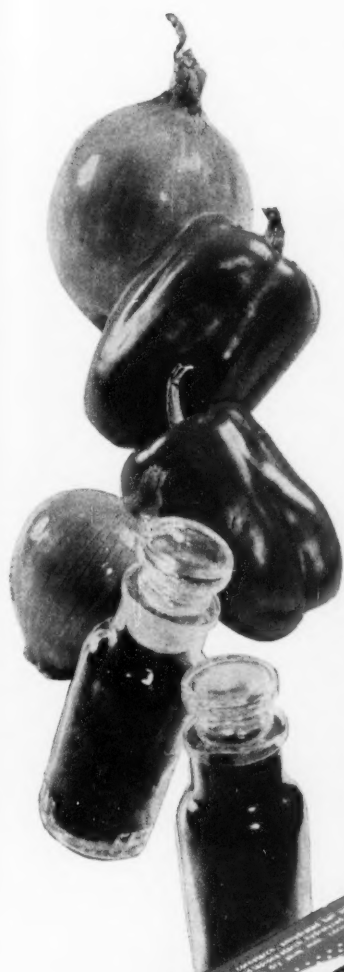
Polish pewter

Modern pewter can usually be cleaned by washing in warm suds using a soft flannel or soft bristle brush. For pewter with a high gloss, use a jewelers' rouge type of silver polish, but not a dip cleaner as this is not effective on pewter.

END

FOR THE FIRST TIME

this savoury dish



Spanish Rice

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Peppers, onions, seasonings—all in the mix
You simply add a can of tomatoes.

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No slicing, no dicing. 9 zesty seasonings, peppers, onions—all ready-cooked for you in the mix. Add a can of tomatoes, hot water. Let stand for 20 minutes. Serve.

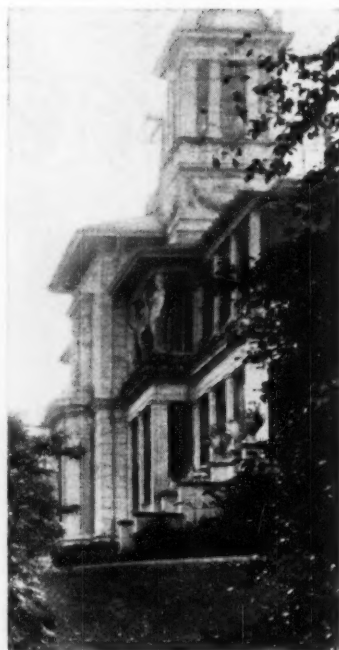


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GRAND DUCHESS OLGA: MY STORY

Continued from page 37



Hvidøre, Danish villa where Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, Grand Duchess Olga and family lived in exile.

Bedchamber at Hvidøre where the dowager empress died in 1928. She was sister of Britain's Alexandra.

and subdued. He was a complete fatalist, and he often compared himself to the Biblical Job."

As a matter of fact, the Grand Duchess admits, neither of her two other brothers — Grand Duke George, who died with tuberculosis at twenty-seven, and Grand Duke Michael, executed by the Communists at Perm, Siberia — would have been stronger than Nicholas as czar. Both, she feels, were too sensitive, and lacked the will power and determination required for the role of an autocratic czar.

A throne rejected

When Nicholas abdicated the throne on March 15, 1917 — and agreed to deny succession to his son Alexis — he chose Michael to succeed him. Michael refused the offer, and at the time was severely criticized for shunning his responsibilities and for failing to save the crown. Olga, who was closer to Michael than to any of her other brothers, knew he had made the only possible decision. "He knew he was not qualified for the job," she says, "and out of duty to his country and to himself, he refused it."

It was hardly surprising that on that November day in 1894 when her father, Alexander III, died in the arms of her mother, radiant, popular Em-

press Marie Feodorovna, Grand Duchess Olga could not escape a fear of impending disaster. It was not, of course, a new fear in the Romanov experience. During the last half of the nineteenth century in particular the family was haunted by national and personal dangers. Always, revolution and assassination might be expected; sometimes they became realities.

The grandfather of Grand Duchess Olga, Czar Alexander II, fell victim of a bomb attack in 1881 as he was returning by sleigh to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The first bomb thrown mortally wounded a Cossack of the escort. Alexander, against the frantic warnings of his guards, stepped out into the open to give assistance to the dying man. A second bomb was then thrown at the kneeling emperor. Horribly mangled, Alexander was rushed to the Winter Palace where he died a few hours later. It was partly because of this haunting memory that the parents of Grand Duchess Olga broke with the tradition of living in the immense Winter Palace and chose instead the smaller Anichkov Palace, which could be more easily guarded.

A similar, though in detail even more shocking, death awaited the uncle of Grand Duchess Olga, Grand Duke Serge. The grand duke, who had been

appointed Governor-General of Moscow by Alexander III, was literally torn to pieces by a bomb thrown at him on February 17, 1905, in front of the Kremlin. His wife, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth (Aunt Ella), upon hearing the explosion ran out into the street and with her bare hands collected the bloody remains of her husband, placed them on a sleigh and took them to a nearby church.

Grand Duchess Olga herself, when only six years old, narrowly escaped death in 1888, when the imperial train returning from the Caucasus, was mysteriously derailed near the village of Borki. The royal family was in the dining car when suddenly there was a screeching roar. The floor of the diner gave way and the roof would have collapsed on the imperial family had not Czar Alexander, a man of great physical strength, supported it with his shoulders long enough for the empress and the children to crawl from the wreckage. Olga attributes the kidney ailment from which her father later died, to the great strain he underwent that day. Olga and her English nanny, Mrs. Elizabeth Franklin, riding in the car behind, were thrown clear, and Olga was sent rolling down a steep embankment.

Sometimes, however, even the tensions and personal attacks had their lighter sides. When in 1890 Nicholas, then a grand duke, was on a world tour, a Japanese fanatic brandishing a sword attacked the royal visitor in the town of Otsu, cutting a deep gash on his forehead. Eventually the scar on Nicky's features came to be fondly known by all the members of the family as "Otsu." "Sometimes Otsu would turn red and then we knew that Nicky's temper was on the rise," Grand Duchess Olga recalls.

Then again, at Gatchina Palace, near St. Petersburg and the favorite home of Olga's parents, all precautions for the safety of the imperial family were strictly observed. In addition to high protective walls surrounding the palace and crack military detachments encamped within the grounds, detectives swarmed everywhere in the gardens whenever the imperial family stepped out for a walk.

"Father could not bear them," says Olga, "and whenever he caught sight of one hiding nearby he would wave his cane at him." The family dubbed all detectives "nature boys" because they seemed to spend most of their time hiding behind bushes and in flower beds.

Yet however lightly and with outward calm the imperial family faced the dangers surrounding them, subconsciously at least the strain left its mark upon them. Alexander III, for example, disliked living in rooms with large windows; Grand Duchess Olga to this very day occasionally looks under her bed and behind doors for would-be assassins whenever she stays in hotels or in homes other than her own.

Mass murder of a family

The repeated incidents of violence against the imperial family never prepared them for the full Communist terror of 1918, during which nearly all Romanovs, close and distant relatives included, were ruthlessly exterminated. Until the very end most of them refused to believe the situation was hopeless and counted on the army and the peasants to rally to their support. This is why so many were caught entirely unprepared in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where the revolution broke out.

At the height of the Bolshevik terror, in the summer of 1918, Grand Duke Michael was shot by rebels in a wood near Perm, Siberia. His execution followed by a day the ruthless murder of Czar Nicholas II and his entire family in a cellar room at Ekaterinburg, Siberia. Grand Dukes George and Nicholas Mikhailovitch, Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, Grand Duke Dmitri Constantinovitch — all cousins and uncles of Grand Duchess Olga — were shot in the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg. Six other Romanovs perished with Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna and an aunt of Grand Duchess Olga, when they were all hurled down a mineshaft at Alapaevevsk.

What saved Olga from capture and execution was the fact that on the outbreak of the revolution in 1917 she was serving as a Red Cross nurse in a military hospital in distant Kiev, then untouched by the spreading revolt.

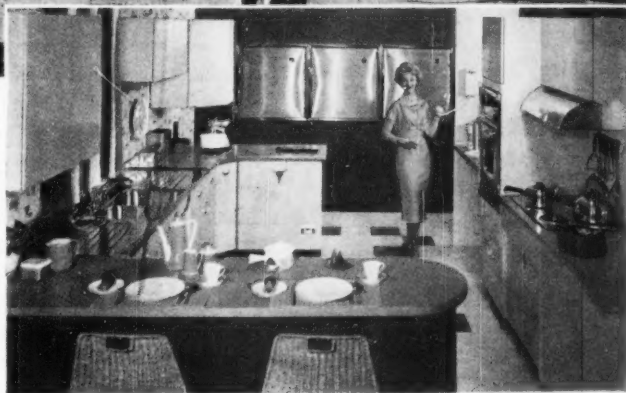
Also in Kiev at the time, occupying a palace by the Dnieper River, was the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna. The dowager empress had moved to Kiev to be closer to her daughter Olga, and to avoid the growing chaos in St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile, Empress Marie Feodorovna's relationship to her daughter-in-law Czarina Alexandra had cooled considerably after she had repeatedly

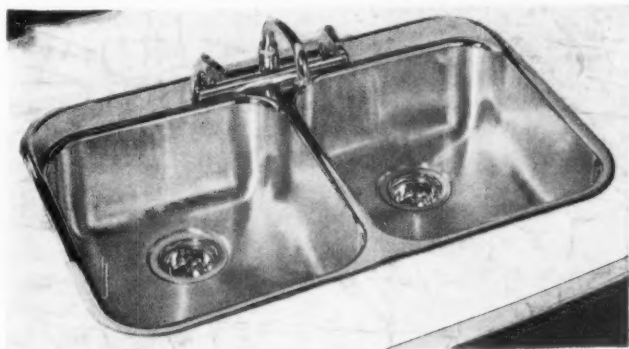
Continued on page 110

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Memo to... HOUSEHOLD EXECUTIVES

by
Bettie Bradley



BETTIE BRADLEY, syndicated newspaper columnist and authority on home furnishings.

Laboratory tests have proven what my logic always told me: the wrong floor or furniture wax will never do the right job—no matter how patiently or persistently it is applied. A wood floor, a tile floor, furniture with a high gloss, wood with a low lustre—each requires a product specifically designed for its proper care. The do-everything waxes just won't do.

Did you know that you should never use a wax polish on Scandinavian furniture? Furniture with a low lustre isn't supposed to shine. Instead, use O-CEDAR OIL POLISH (all-purpose). This rich oil will feed the tiny pores of the wood without creating a spotty, artificial shine.



However, furniture with a lustrous, glossy finish is still very much in demand. And this type of finish should be polished. "WINK" is made especially for high gloss furniture. In a "wink" it dries to a hard, shiny lustre—and coats on protection, too.



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You won't mope when you mop with ZOOM-A-LON. Matted dust mops only succeed in flicking the dust from place to place. Now! ZOOM-A-LON* a new wonder yarn—attracts the dust like magic, shakes the dirt free and then washes like new without matting even after repeated washings.



Get up off your knees—Let the sponge mop do it for you. I like the CHAN sponge mop with the wringer that swings from back to front. The reason? Because only this type of wringer efficiently flushes all the dirt from the sponge. (The ordinary type tends to collect the dirt in a ridge at the back of the sponge). Now, if anything can wash your floors clean, CHAN can!



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Family of Fine Products

Continued from page 108

warned Alexandra that the presence of Rasputin in the court was undermining the prestige of the crown. Her warnings, however, in this and other matters were never heeded.

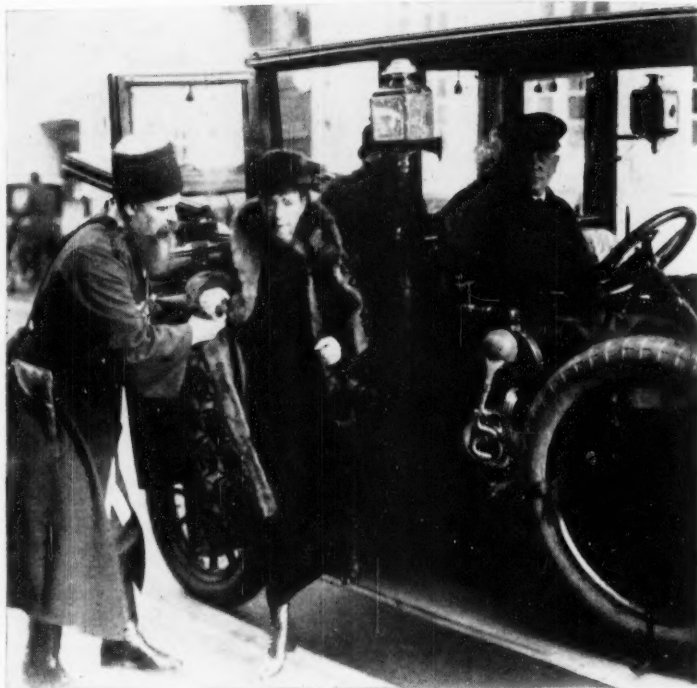
Grand Duchess Olga is inclined to the view that far too much was made of the rumored influence wielded in the court by the bearded Rasputin. He was, Olga insists, nothing more than a simple peasant, a vagrant preacher of sorts, but without position in the church—he was neither a monk nor priest, as many believed. He had been casually introduced in court circles by Bishop Theophan of St. Petersburg, and he was allowed to visit the court simply because his prayers for the ailing Alexis, son of Nicholas and Alexandra, had a soothing effect on the boy.

Never, says the Grand Duchess, did the royal family mistake Rasputin for more than he really was. "Come and see a simple Russian peasant," was the way the czar worded his invitation to Olga, when asking her to come to the palace to meet Rasputin. Never, Olga is certain, did the czarina come under Rasputin's "hypnotic influence," as so many outsiders seemed to believe. "Alicky," says the Grand Duchess, "was basically very sane and rational." She attributes the sinister rumors concerning Rasputin and the empress to the public desire to see as an intriguing mystery what was, in fact, nothing of the sort. Even more to blame, says Olga, are "irresponsible writers" who have perpetuated and sometimes embroidered the Rasputin legend in accounts of the imperial family. Grand Duchess Olga particularly resents the books on her family written by Catherine Kolb, who also wrote under the names of Princess Ekaterina Radziwill and Count Paul Vassilli.

The crown topples

Rasputin was only one cause of the coolness that developed between the dowager empress and her daughter-in-law. The empress in particular never forgave Alexandra for supporting Nicholas' decision to assume personally the supreme command of the Russian armies in the field in 1915. This fateful decision, taken against the advice of nearly all, automatically made the emperor personally responsible for the many disasters on the front.

By 1917, as many of those who had opposed the czar's decision had fore-



In Copenhagen, Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna alights from her limousine on her way to church. Assisting is her faithful Cossack Yashchek. This rare photograph was taken during one of the empress' last public appearances.

seen, the situation both at the front and in the interior had deteriorated to a point where the army now accepted the idea of the emperor's abdication, demanded by the rebel provisional government in St. Petersburg. Czar Nicholas promptly abdicated without offering the slightest opposition. The dowager empress had just time to rush to general headquarters at Mohileff on the front, and bid her deposed son farewell. Nicholas, now a prisoner of the provisional government, was taken to St. Petersburg. The empress never set eyes on the tragic figure of Nicky again.

Olga remembers how agitated and humiliated her mother was after she had returned to Kiev from her final meeting with her son at Mohileff. "I never saw Mother so upset," Olga says. "She was crying all the time and blaming Alicky as usual for everything."

With Nicholas under arrest, the net of danger closed even tighter on Olga and her mother. Fortunately for the two women, caught in the whirlpool of bloody revolution, two men of courage and resourcefulness were on the scene to guide them safely through the rising sea of chaos.

One was Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch (Sandro), brother-in-law of Grand Duchess Olga. He and Olga's sister, Grand Duchess Xenia, had been married at Peterhoff Palace in July 1894—an occasion that had

attracted the cream of Europe's royalty. The Grand Duke, Chief of Military Aviation, had moved his headquarters near Kiev to be near the empress in case of an emergency.

Also in Kiev at the time was Colonel Nikolai Koulikovsky, second husband of Grand Duchess Olga. They had been married in Kiev at a simple ceremony, after her brother Nicholas, then still czar, had annulled her first marriage to Prince Peter of Oldenburg. The colonel stood by the side of the Grand Duchess through her escape from Russia, her years of exile in Europe and her early years in Canada, where he died in the fall of 1958.

Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna at first would not hear of leaving Kiev. Like most Romanovs, she failed to grasp the full extent of the revolution. She felt her duty was to stay as near as possible to St. Petersburg and try to help her son and his family. Her other daughter, too, Grand Duchess Xenia, was still in the capital facing possible arrest and death. Only after repeated entreaties by Grand Duchess Olga and Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, did she finally consent to leave Kiev for the relative safety of the Crimea in the south.

Grand Duke Alexander, secretly ordered a train hastily assembled on a deserted siding in a forest near Kiev. A platoon of loyal bridge engineers was assigned to man the train on its perilous route to the south. Then on

a dark night in March 1917 a small convoy of cars carrying the royal party sped out of Kiev to a secret rendezvous with the waiting train. After last farewells, a few timid salutes, Grand Duchess Olga and her husband, Empress Marie Feodorovna and Grand Duke Alexander silently boarded the train.

Grand Duchess Olga left Kiev with hardly anything but the Red Cross uniform she was wearing. Her mother was luckier. Kiki, her personal maid, had as usual seen to it that her mistress had all the necessary things required for the trip. More important still was the empress' large jewel box, brimming with choice pieces of Romanov jewelry, which Kiki had thoughtfully packed before leaving St. Petersburg. These jewels were later to help Olga come to Canada.

"In a way it was a miracle," says Olga, "that the train ever reached the Crimea safely." Before arriving at a station the blinds were drawn and two armed guards posted at every entrance. All who tried to board the train were turned away at bayonet point. "This train is on a special operation," was the guards' curt explanation.

Two days after leaving Kiev the imperial party arrived in Ay-Todor, a large estate by the sea owned by the grand duke.

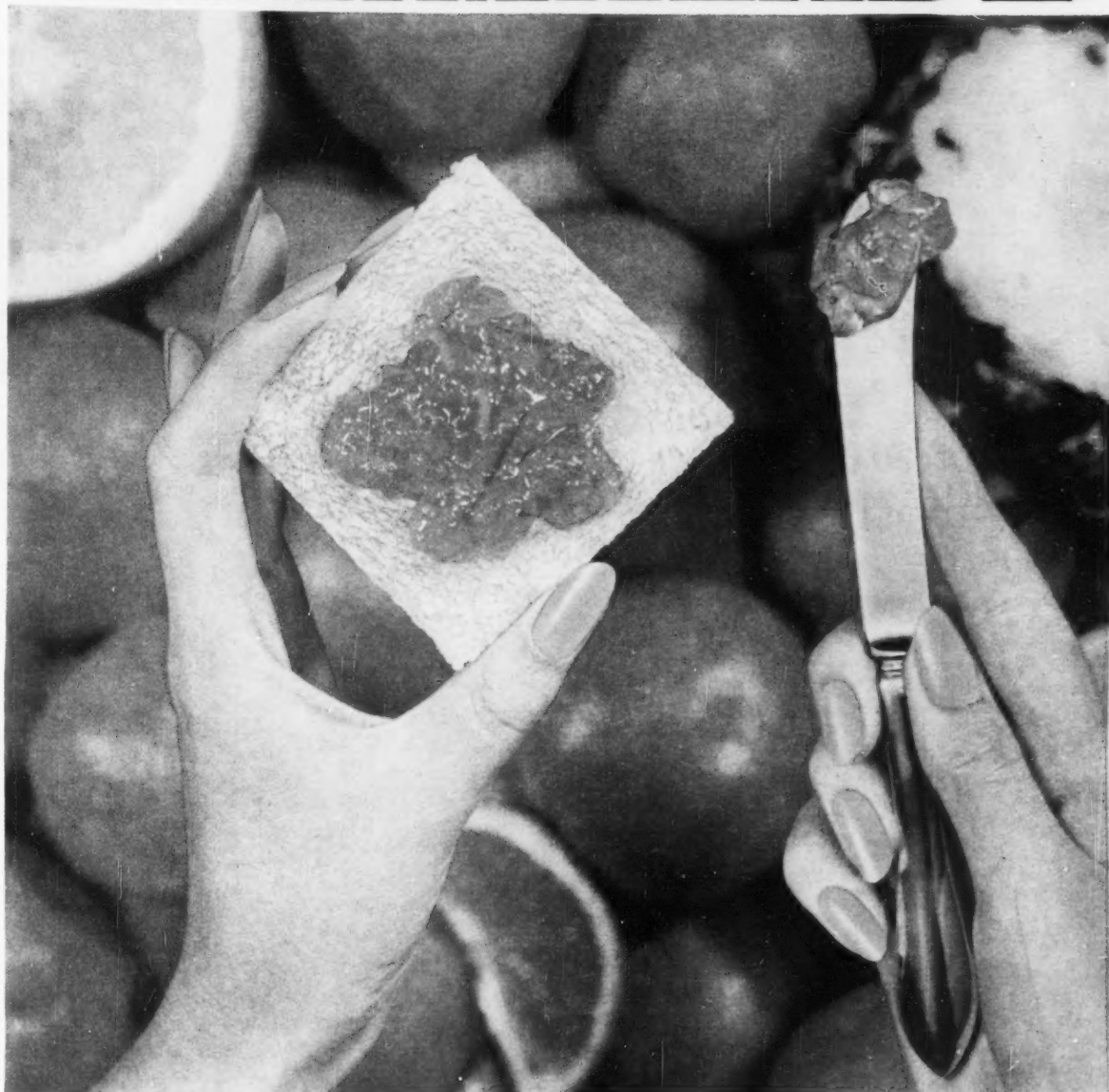
Rasputin's murderer

A few days later, to the relief of everyone, Grand Duchess Xenia and her children arrived at Ay-Todor from St. Petersburg. On August 25, 1917, Grand Duchess Olga gave birth to her first son, Tihon Koulikovsky.

Terror and chaos meanwhile grew by the day in St. Petersburg and Moscow. A growing number of the powerful families of Russia escaped south to their estates in the Crimea, which was still relatively quiet. Among the early arrivals were Prince and Princess Youssouпов, who settled in Koreiz, an estate close to Ay-Todor.

It was Prince Felix Youssouпов, their son, who a few months previously had murdered Rasputin in the basement of the Youssouпов palace in St. Petersburg. Felix was married to young Irina, only daughter of Grand Duchess Xenia, and he was, therefore, a regular visitor to Ay-Todor. Grand Duchess Olga was never much impressed with either the character or the deeds of this rather eccentric young man. "He was always full of his own importance and never stopped

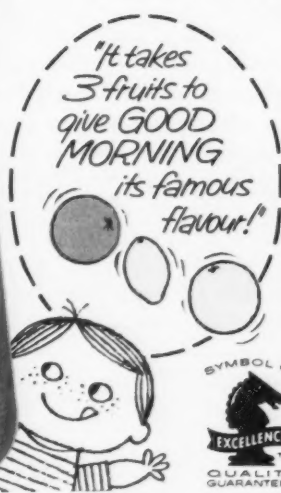
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talking about how he killed Rasputin, to the boredom of everybody," Olga recalls.

Life in Ay-Todor rolled pleasantly on during a glorious Crimean summer. And yet, although the full impact of the revolution in the north had not yet reached the "Riviera of Russia," a general uneasiness was in the air. "One had the feeling that all the surrounding beauty was only on the surface," says the Grand Duchess, "and that behind it lurked an evil force of cruelty and death." It was not long before the "lurking evil" enveloped peaceful Ay-Todor.

A loud knock, the tramp of heavy boots and sharp commands broke the dawn stillness. A detachment of rebel sailors from Sevastopol had arrived to search and occupy Ay-Todor. Every room was searched, including the empress' bedroom while the empress was still in bed. All her correspondence, her photographs and even her childhood Bible were taken. Yet the priceless jewel box, in full view on a table, was left untouched.

As the Grand Duchess explains it, the rebels were primarily looking for incriminating documents and other evidence which would link the imperial family with espionage. One sailor, assigned to guard the Grand Duchess, admitted to her that they were expecting to find a secret radio station. After this incident, however, Olga and her husband carefully hid the jewels in a crevasse by the sea whenever danger seemed near.

Who was to behead them?

Leader of the revolutionary detachment occupying Ay-Todor was a towering, rough-cut but gentle sailor named Zadarozny. From the first, he worked discreetly for the safety of his prisoners. To be able to protect them more easily, he ordered his royal prisoners to be moved from Ay-Todor to Dulber, a fortresslike villa nearby, halfway between Yalta and Sevastopol.

"We were actually saved by a technicality," says the Grand Duchess. "Communist headquarters in Sevastopol and Communist headquarters in Yalta could not decide whose responsibility it was to chop off our heads." Zadarozny shrewdly exploited this rivalry to forestall the order for execution.

It is doubtful, however, if Zadarozny could have played his dangerous double game for long. Ironically, it was the occupation of the Crimea by the Germans, officially still at war



Olga and sister Grand Duchess Xenia (right) at Hvidöre following mother's death. Xenia, now 85, lives in London.



Grand Duchess Olga with her children at Hvidöre — nine-year-old Tihon Koulikovsky (left), and Gury, seven.

with the old imperial government, that finally secured the life and freedom of the prisoners. Even so, the dowager empress refused an audience to a German general, an envoy of the Kaiser, who was offering the empress and her suite safe conduct out of Russia!

During the German occupation the imperial party moved to Harrax, an imperial villa by the sea belonging to a brother of Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch. Harrax was closer to Sevastopol, now in German hands, and was considered safer.

Safety, however, was only a temporary illusion. The tide was turning against the Germans in the west, and their troops began evacuating the Crimea. The Red forces were once more on the move. Repeatedly, Olga and others in the royal party pleaded with the empress to leave Russia and accept the asylum offered to her by nearly every government in Europe. (Queen Marie of Roumania sent a warship to evacuate the empress. The offer was refused.) But the empress was adamant. She felt her duty was to stay on Russian soil. News of the ruthless murder of Nicholas II and his entire family in Ekaterinburg had reached the Crimea, but the empress simply refused to believe it.

"Publicly at least," the Grand Duchess says, "she refused to believe it to the end of her life, though deep in her heart she knew it was true."

The rapidly deteriorating situation in the Crimea posed an agonizing problem for Olga: Her duty to her mother, the empress, demanded she stay at Harrax. Her duty to her own family (she was by then expecting her second child) demanded that she move immediately to a safer loca-

tion. In a rather strained meeting in March 1919, Grand Duchess Olga announced her decision to leave for the Caucasus. The empress held Olga's husband, Colonel Koulikovsky, responsible for that decision, and she never forgave him. Grand Duchess Xenia and others of the royal party remained with the empress.

Accompanied by a towering Cossack and her maid Mimka, the Grand Duchess, her husband, and their son Tihon, finally reached the remote Caucasian town of Novominskaia, after narrowly escaping death when a Communist switchman derailed the railroad car in which the Grand Duchess and her party were traveling.

Life in Novominskaia proved peaceful for a year and it was there that Olga's younger son, Gury, was born. Lasting peace and safety, however, again eluded the Grand Duchess with the approach of the Communist armies. Once more she had to flee for her life. Traveling by train and cart, often by night, the family reached Novorossiisk, by the sea. This last dash to safety proved particularly hard for her new baby. "When I looked at that pale bundle in my arms," the Grand Duchess recalls, "I never thought he would survive."

At Novorossiisk, with the help of the Danish consul, they boarded a refugee ship bound for Istanbul. It was the beginning of a two-year journey across Europe to Denmark, where they joined Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna.

The empress, who had remained at Harrax hoping against hope that the Romanov fortunes would change for the better, was finally persuaded on April 8, 1919, to board the British dreadnaught H.M.S. Marlborough.

which King George V had placed at her disposal. Standing on deck, ramrod straight, tears streaming down her cheeks, the tiny black-robed empress waved good-bye to everything she so dearly loved. She was never again to see Russia.

For a few years Empress Marie Feodorovna lived both at Sandringham and Marlborough House with her sister Queen Alexandra, widow of Edward VII. (The two queens were daughters of King Christian IX of Denmark.) But in 1923 the empress returned to her native Denmark, where she was joined by Olga, to spend her last years at the small seaside estate, Hvidøre, to which she and her sisters, Queen Alexandra and Princess Thyre, held title. During these years she was supported in part by an annual grant from King George V. Five years later, in 1928, Russia's last remaining empress died.

Grand Duchess Olga and her family remained on in Denmark; Grand Duchess Xenia settled eventually in Hampton Court, near London, where at eighty-five, she lives today.

Hvidøre was sold and with this money Olga and her family moved to a farm near Copenhagen. There the Grand Duchess dedicated herself exclusively to her family, gardening and painting. As soon as they were of age, Olga's sons, Tihon and Gury Koulikovsky, joined elite regiments of the Royal Danish Guards.

Were they friends or foes?

Peace in Denmark, however, proved as elusive as in Russia. World War II suddenly heaped upon her new and unexpected problems. Thousands of Russian refugees from Communist oppression joined the German armies driving eastward, with the hope of liberating their country from the Communist yoke. For them, the Grand Duchess was a living symbol of free, Christian Russia. Hundreds traveled to Denmark to pay their respects. For the Danes, on the other hand, who meanwhile had been subjugated by Hitler, these Russians in German uniforms calling on the Grand Duchess were indistinguishable from the hated conquerors. While Danish hatred did not extend to the Grand Duchess and her family, the situation grew increasingly tense.

Grand Duchess Olga — who had always hated political intrigue—found herself treading a delicate and difficult course. Her personal sympathies were



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with the Allied cause. Her sons were serving with the Danish Army. She didn't want to offend her Danish hosts, but she had to show sympathy for her loyal countrymen who, to liberate Russia from the Communists, wore the uniform of the German Army.

At war's end, the Communists made every effort to dislodge the Grand Duchess from her island of safety in Denmark. They accused her of helping Russian soldiers desert, and went even so far as to protest to Danish authorities. To avoid any further embarrassment to Denmark, Olga and her family decided to emigrate to Canada.

Canada was a spur-of-the-moment choice. Toronto had been suggested to Olga by a close friend, a former United States consul in the city, who described it as the "best place" in Canada.

In the haste of preparing to move, no one remembered to arrange for a passport for Olga's maid, Mimka, so the party stopped over in England for two weeks while the necessary papers were obtained. "I was actually very pleased with the delay," says the Grand Duchess, "for it gave me an opportunity to visit both my sister Xenia and Queen Mary, both of whom I had not seen for years."

Canada reminds her of home

It was Queen Mary, with a shrewd royal eye for jewels, who purchased most of the gems Olga and the dowager empress had brought from Russia. The money from the sale helped the Grand Duchess and her family start a new life in Canada in 1948.

"I immediately felt at home in Canada," says Olga. "The vast open spaces reminded me of Russia and gave me a feeling of comfort."

The family settled in a large house on a two-hundred-acre farm situated between Milton and Guelph in southern Ontario. Here Olga and her husband became simply Colonel and Mrs. Nikolai Koulikovsky, and with the expert advice of Colonel Bartley Bull, of Brampton, the well-known Canadian cattle breeder, they soon possessed a first-rate herd of Jersey cows. Dairy farming in Canada however proved much harder than in Denmark, and the lack of farmhands as well as the deteriorating health of the colonel forced the Koulikovskys to give up country life and move to the small brick house in Cooksville, near To-



Famous visitors in recent years to the Cooksville, Ont., home of Grand Duchess Olga have included (above) Earl and Countess Mountbatten, and (left) the Duchess of Kent, Olga's second cousin. Above, with Olga and Mountbattens are the Grand Duchess' son Tihon and his wife Livia. At left, posing with the Grand Duchess Olga and the Duchess of Kent, are Tihon (right) and his younger brother Gury.

ronto, where Olga lives today. Two years after this move, the Colonel died at seventy-six.

During the first years after her arrival in Canada, the Grand Duchess was eagerly sought by local hostesses for the usual rounds of receptions and cocktail parties. She came to dislike these affairs intensely and soon withdrew from the social limelight, and cultivated instead her own circle of intimate friends. (One of her closest friends in Canada was the late Major James Rattray, a colorful mining millionaire, who recently left her ten thousand dollars in his will.) Yet her ties with the thinning ranks of Europe's royal families remain strong. Seldom does a royal visitor to Canada fail to call on the Grand Duchess. In the last few years she has been sought out by the Duchess of Kent, who interrupted a busy schedule while in Toronto to drive the fifteen miles to Cooksville to call on her second cousin, Olga. During last summer's visit to the Ontario capital of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, among the first to be invited to dine aboard the royal yacht Britannia was the Grand Duchess. A few months later Earl and Countess Mountbatten were guests in Olga's home.

Today at seventy-seven, as through most of her life, the Grand Duchess devotes much of her free time to painting. Many of her religious can-

vases today hang in Russian Orthodox churches around the world.

Although the many tribulations of her life have claimed her wealth and most of the people closest to her, Grand Duchess Olga has not allowed her misfortunes to undermine her faith in the basic kindness of others. ("Kindness is the greatest value on earth," she says.) It is this trait in her nature that prevents her from criticizing others, no matter how justified she may be. Only the perennial controversy over the fate of her niece, Anastasia, forces her to express resentment. "I have been plagued all my life by this affair," she says. "And what is worse, the affair will continue despite what I say, for people like to believe in mystery."

The mystery of Anastasia

Olga has emphatically denied the claims of a woman living in Germany who for forty years has claimed that she is Anastasia. The Grand Duchess, who knew her young niece intimately, interviewed the pretender as far back as 1925—and came away convinced of the falsehood of the woman's claim. The real Anastasia, Olga firmly believes, perished at Ekaterinburg in July 1918, along with Anastasia's father (and Olga's brother) Czar Nicholas II, her mother, her three sisters and her brother. "Here is Anas-

tasia," she says fervently, pointing to a small photograph on her bedside table, showing a thin gentle girl with sensitive features and a straight classical nose. "The woman I saw in a nursing home in Germany was fat, with a broad face and a thick nose. She didn't even speak a word of Russian and failed to recognize me, or her beloved nurse Shura, or her grandmother—or anything else the real Anastasia would have remembered. You may believe me when I say this woman is not Anastasia—I knew her better than my own children."

To add to the Grand Duchess' annoyance, she is now being pestered by two others who claim to be Anastasia. One lives in Montreal, the other in Illinois. The latter writes voluminous letters to her "dear aunt Olga" and once even made the trip to Toronto in a vain effort to see the Grand Duchess.

At present in poor health, Olga has received several invitations from friends to move to a milder climate, either in the southern United States or Europe. She has steadfastly refused them all. "I am not moving again," she says firmly. "I have decided to die right here."

She also receives regularly by mail an offer from an East German Communist organization to resettle her in Russia. Each letter goes directly into the wastebasket.

Despite her present seclusion, the fragile old lady in Cooksville remains the spiritual rallying point for thousands of Russian exiles throughout the world. In her personal misfortunes they see their own tribulations; in her dignified stand they see a worthy symbol of old Russia. I came to grasp this fully when traveling in Europe last summer.

While climbing Mount Athos, the "holy mountain" in northern Greece, I arrived at an immense Russian monastery. When I revealed to the old monks that I came from Canada and knew the Grand Duchess, they were moved to tears. They were, they said, praying for her daily. The abbot of the monastery, an old officer of the imperial guard who remembered Grand Duchess Olga at social functions in St. Petersburg, asked me to deliver to her a beautiful icon especially blessed in the monastery.

Although Grand Duchess Olga herself is now seeking only the peace and serenity that comes with twilight, the world cannot forget that one of the last Romanovs is still among us. END

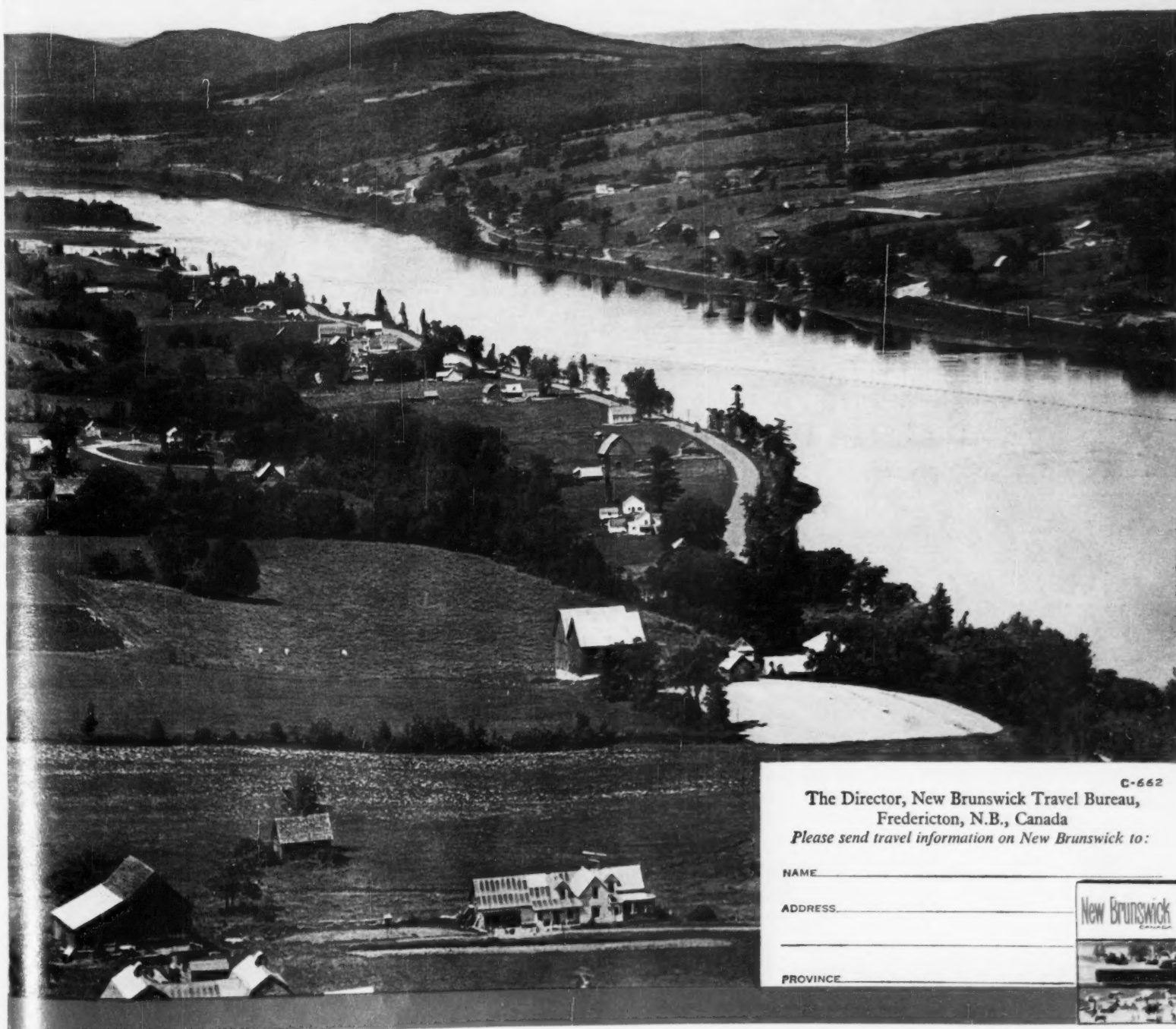


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Chatelaine Crafts Editor

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THE ACCIDENT

Continued from page 39

lene could dodge her besetting problem in substitute thought, but awakened to it in the night, her mind was helpless not to rehearse it right from the beginning. From the night three years ago when the drunk smashed his car into Tony's at the Five Corners intersection. Tony had died the next morning. Peter, in the seat beside him, had escaped without a scratch. It must have been Tony Peter was calling in his dream, she thought. He never mentioned his father, and as far as they could tell he'd quite forgotten him. But he never called Mark "Dad."

She felt like a traitor, to be lying so close to Mark and thinking so privately; but she couldn't keep her mind's eye off the two recurrent images that memory in the night always projected with the immediacy of present fact.

She was seeing Peter that day last year when she'd first spoken to him about marrying Mark.

MARK WAS a fellow engineer of Tony's at the hydro project, the one solid friend each thoughtless person like Tony seems to attach. She and Tony used to joke about sober old Mark. But it was Mark who stood by her, and helped her through those first terrible months after the accident. He was still there, long after the others had retreated into their own preoccupations.

She didn't love him, if the feeling she'd had for Tony was the measure. He just fell into place. That, and the need of a steady guidance like his for Peter. That rebelliousness, and these nightmares he was having lately. Sometimes even his daytime eyes were nightmare eyes. She had to face it: Tony hadn't been much good with Peter. He'd buy him a fire engine with his last five-dollar bill, but he wouldn't help him with his spelling if Wayne and Shuster were on TV. Mark would be just the anchor he needed.

She'd chosen the day very carefully to tell Peter about her and Mark. One of the good days, when his eyes could be brilliant with absolute collusion. "Peter," (she could hear their voices as plainly as if they were repeating the conversation now) "Mark is coming to live with us next month. He's going to be your new father."

His eyes clouded instantly. It sick-

ened her to see his whole extravagant-ly willing body retract.

"He kisses you, doesn't he," he said.

"Yes," she said. "He has. You kiss someone you love. I kiss you."

"He won't try to kiss me, will he?"

"Don't you like him?" she said.

"You like Mark, don't you?"

"He's all right," Peter said. "But you just tell him"—he made a little grimace of distaste—"I don't like to have people kiss me."

He moved toward the door. "Peter . . ." she said. But he didn't stop. He went into the yard. The Borden child was standing by the hammock there.

He snatched off the child's cap and sailed it up into the chestnut tree. Then he gave the hammock such a rude shove that it turned a complete somersault. "Peter!" she called again, from the door. But he strolled off insolently down the street without a sign of having heard her. A child of

ALL roads lead to a GOOD TIME in



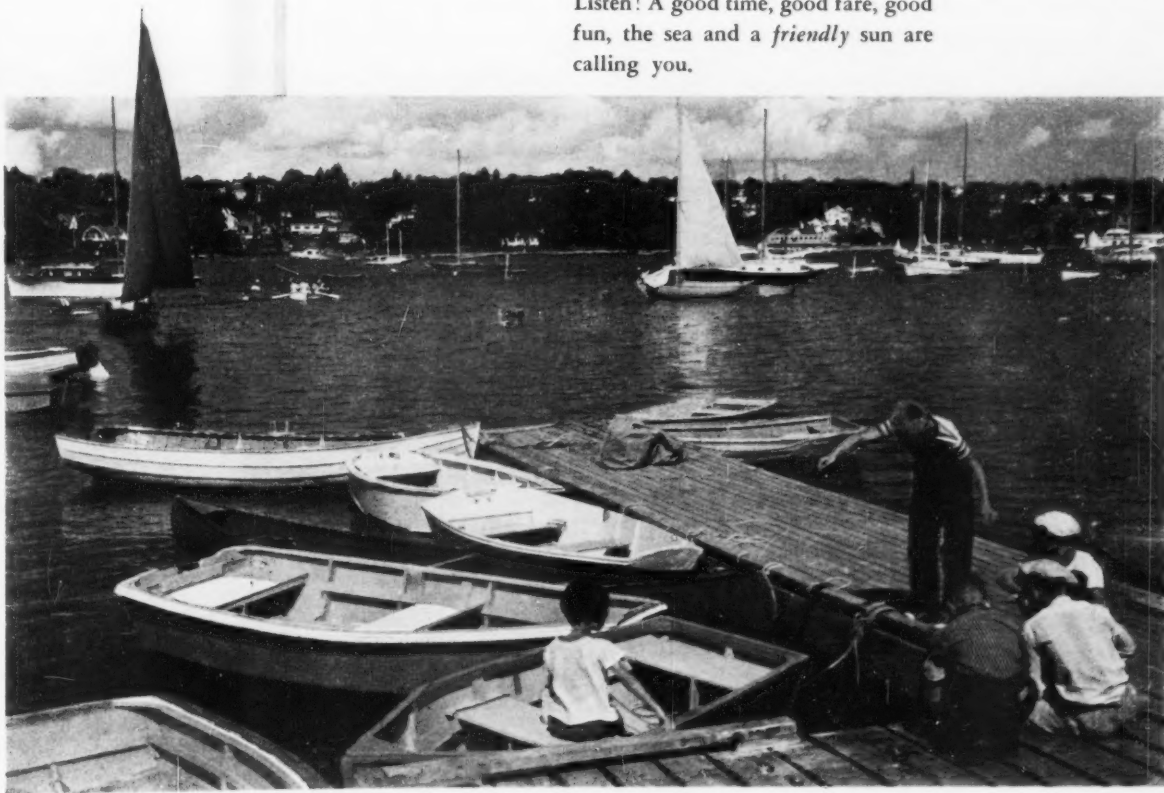
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twelve, already holding his body like a weapon . . .

And then the second image flashed onto the screen of her mind with the same immediacy as the first.

The school was right opposite their house.

She was seeing Peter coming, the last one, out of the schoolhouse door that morning three months ago looking, as it sometimes struck her, as if every bit of his body was face. She knew he hadn't passed. It bruised her almost physically to see him making his way alone past the groups of the victorious. She saw him glance toward the house as if miles and trenches separated him from it. These were the times she'd thought Mark would be such a bulwark. But it hadn't worked out that way. She was glad he wasn't home.

When Peter came into the kitchen he saw that his hand was trembling and he threw the report card in it down on the table. (Her hand moved involuntarily now, as if to touch him. Then she quickly arrested it, not to disturb Mark.)

"I made my average, I made my average . . ." Peter kept saying. His eyes kept picking up and laying down first one thing and then another. He couldn't understand why, if he made his average . . .

She had to locate for him the two marks short in English Composition. Probably for phrases anyone but that teacher of his . . . that Ferber . . . could see were omitted not in ignorance but in haste. "I think of so darn many things to put down, Mum, I . . ." She wished that Ferber's implacable hand could have withered when he inked in that tidy little "not" before the word "promoted."

"Is Father coming home for lunch?" Peter said.

"I think so."

She'd had it all planned. She'd be holding Peter's arm up in the victor's pose when Mark came through the door. Instead . . . The dread of facing him was quite transparent in Peter's eyes.

"It's terribly hot," he said, after a minute. "I guess I'll go swimming."

He made himself a couple of clumsy sandwiches and put them into a crumpled bag and went off swimming alone. He didn't come back until it was so dark that the only thing she could distinguish about him coming down the street was a worked-up nonchalance. With defiance on the bench, if that should fail. Nothing could persuade him this year that trying

hard in school got you anywhere. Oh, that Ferber! (Her lips formed the words again now.) That smug little mustache of his. Those stiff-necked little jokes he tried to crack at the closings. Oh how she hated that thing!

And then—the clock had struck three—there was this image she couldn't seem to identify. Except the reflection it cast was hauntingly familiar.

She was watching Peter in the post office with a Christmas package she'd had to argue him into mailing for her. His belligerence had deserted him completely, as it did sometimes. He looked lost with civility amid the rude pushing of the others toward the wicket. A woman behind him dropped her purse. He retrieved it for her with an almost avid helpfulness. He was always surprising you with things like that, too. She was seeing the special smile the woman gave him—and remembering her own words to him just before: "I might have known it wasn't any good to ask you to do anything." She suddenly loved that woman so she began to cry.

"Jane!" It was Mark's voice, calling her awake. "Jane," he said gently. "It doesn't do any good to cry." She knew he hadn't been asleep at all.

THREE WEEKS later she and Mark had the first overt quarrel of their marriage.

It was the first time they'd really come out into the open with each other about the problem Peter was, in a really direct discussion, as a topic.

Mark sat in the big chair by the living-room mantel where he always watched TV, but they hadn't turned on the TV tonight. He was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. Jane sat on the hassock next the farther andiron, looking as if she were trying to read messages in a fire that wasn't there. One would speak a sentence or so and then the other would think a paragraph or so before replying. Tony and Jane always looked like a blond couple at a dance. Mark and Jane looked almost like the chaperons, sitting out everything that wasn't obligatory.

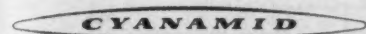
"He didn't mean it," Jane said.

"I know," Mark said. Not baiting her or argumentative. Patiently reasonable. "That's what you always say. He doesn't mean it when he deliberately bangs the refrigerator door shut and breaks the spring. He just forgets when he stays out till all

Continued on page 120

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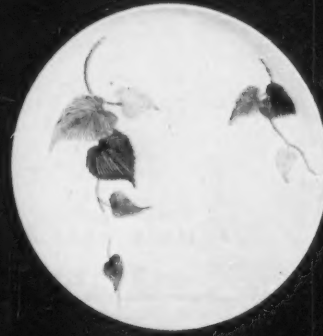
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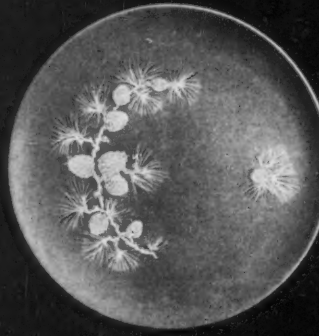
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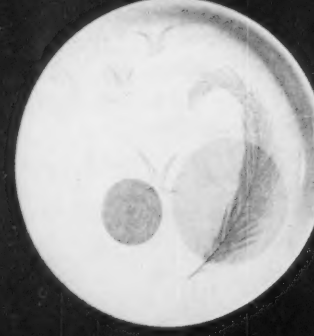
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Umbrellas

Continued from page 118
hours. He's always sorry afterward. He has too much imagination to get along in school . . . That's what you always say. But this time, Jane . . ."

"Well then, let's stick to this time," Jane said, suddenly touched. "Surely, Mark, you don't mean to take sides with that miserable Ferber!"

Mark was not deflected. "I'm not taking sides with anyone," he insisted quietly. "I know what Ferber's like." Jane's touchiness subsided. "But no one is going to make excuses for Peter when he grows up, Jane. Like you do."

"But that's the funny thing . . ." Jane protested. She shook her head. There was always the exception to baffle her. "With other people you couldn't ask for a better boy. Sometimes he's almost too docile."

"All right," Mark conceded. "If he's only like . . . he is . . . with us, then that leaves only us to blame."

"No!" Jane reversed herself with sudden force. That wasn't right either. "It's not us. I don't care. We do our level best. We never neglect him. We never lay a hand on him. I know I lose my temper sometimes and say things, but he knows . . . or, my soul, he ought to know . . . that we'd do anything in the world for him. And you certainly never abuse him."

She glanced up at Mark. He was staring at a design in the carpet like someone trying to resolve the first jostling visions of bifocals. She'd never surprised him before in a look of defeat. And all at once she came the closest she ever had to thinking against Peter. No matter what you did, no matter how hard you tried . . . you just simply couldn't negotiate.

SHE LEANED forward and broke a raveling off Mark's pants cuff. She sat with the thread in her hands, shortening it and shortening it by knots at the centre.

"What happened this afternoon, anyway?" she said at last. Their voices had both come to the flat, dogged stage. "He seemed to be so happy when you asked him to go shooting with you."

"I don't know," Mark said. "I tried my best not to crowd him in any way. You know what he told you."

She'd told Mark what Peter had said about the kissing. As a joke. But somehow the joke hadn't quite come off.

"Everything was just fine at first, it really was—you know what a marvelous kid he is to be with when he's

really with you. When we started to crawl along behind the river dike I said, 'Now if you spot a duck, duck.' For some reason he seemed to think that was very comical. He kept chuckling about it."

"I can just hear him."

"Anyway, I shot this duck and it came down on the other side of the river. He was bound he'd swim across and get it. I didn't like the idea much, but the tide was out so I said all right. I could have saved him, any-

She knew those symptomatic gestures too. Nothing chilled her more.

"All at once he leaned over and grabbed the ignition key. I was sure he had a blind impulse to turn off the motor. But he didn't actually. After a second he pulled the key out and I thought he was going to throw it out the window. He didn't seem to know what he wanted to do with it. I told him to put the key back, as casually as I could. He did put it back, but he took his time about it so it wouldn't seem like obeying."

Oh Peter, if you'd only just . . .

"I wanted him to carry the duck into the house. You know, kind of a trophy. He just shrugged. And you know what happened when he came into the kitchen."

She knew. When she'd seen the duck she'd let her eyes and her mouth fly wide open in that collapsing-with-amazement business that ordinarily amused him so when he had a surprise for her. "Well!" she'd exclaimed. "Some lucky guys, eh? I guess you had fun." "You shut your mouth!" he'd yelled.

"I thought he was going to strike you," Mark said.

The thread was so short now she couldn't make any more knots in it.

"Jane," Mark said, "he's not going to talk to you like that. That's one thing I am going to take a stand on."

It was so quiet upstairs. Jane could never stay angry with Peter after he'd gone to bed. She felt as if she were taking a traitorous advantage of him to be discussing him when he was asleep.

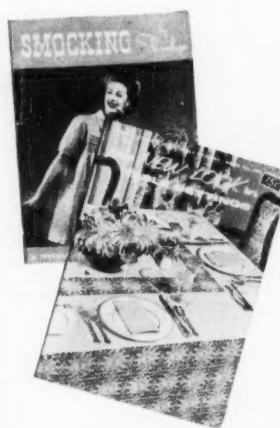
"Well, that's one thing," she said. "He comes right out with everything. He's never sly. He never lies. He never does anything mean behind our backs." The psychology texts would say his intractable behavior stemmed from some secret sense of guilt, but that was ridiculous.

"He didn't really mean it, Mark," she pleaded. "Maybe in a year or two. When he gets older . . ."

"But that's just it, Jane," Mark said. "He's not getting better, you know that. I can remember when he was little. He wasn't a bit like this. He's getting worse, if anything. Look at the other kids of his age. Do they act that way? I know that my father would have done if I'd ever . . ."

"Oh, I don't doubt you were perfect!" Jane's voice suddenly sprang at him, with such heat it amazed herself to hear what she was saying. For a second she almost hated him. "Don't you feel anything about Peter? Do

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way." Mark shook his head. "And then . . . I don't know. Coming home in the car, he slouched way over on his side of the seat and I could see him screwing up his face into—you know that expression? Sort of on the edge between clowning and . . . boldness?"

She knew it all right. As if he were brazening things out in some silent dialogue.

"And then you know how he always makes some physical gesture when . . .?"

you have to sit there and lecture me like a Ferber or something? If he was your child . . ."

"No," Mark said slowly, "he's not my child. All right. I promise you. In the future I . . . just . . . won't . . . interfere."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Jane sprang to her feet.

There was nothing more to their quarrel than that. But it was the first time they'd ever felt their individual armaments swing around to face each other. And it set a pattern for all their quarrels in the next weeks. Those half-storms that do nothing to clear the air for tomorrow.

MARK KEPT his promise not to interfere. And each time he kept it they were both reminded of its origin. Those were the days when Jane stared at her own hands sometimes as if they were the indecipherable parts of someone else. Mark kept his promise until very late on the night that Peter didn't come home at all.

They'd given him fourteen dollars that day. For his fourteenth birthday. Mark had got brand-new bills from the bank.

There was no mistaking that eloquent surrender of receiver to giver in Peter's eyes as he counted the bills.

"...Ten. Eleven? Twelve?..." he ticked them off. His face was a mime of growing consternation. And then, grinning: "Oh, fourteen. I get it. My gosh. Thanks. I..." He grinned wider. "My gosh, and I only had a five-dollar thank you ready!" He always knew when a joke was the warmest medium of gratitude. It was one of the days when he could be the most tractable and engaging child either of them had ever known.

"We thought we'd just give you the money," Mark said. "You're old enough now to know what you want better than we do."

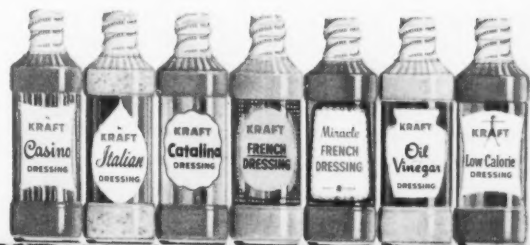
"Going on fifteen," Jane exclaimed. "My goodness, kid, you're a man!"

His fifteenth year seemed to be getting off to such a good start. He ate as if the food had the gift magic about it, too. Jane didn't know why it always moved her so curiously to think of food (or heat or cold or pain or any other natural thing) affecting the chemistry of his body the same as anyone else's. His body seemed so seldom to be at one with him. But it was, now.

When the meal was over, he followed Mark into the living room. He moved about the room, restless for owning them his undivided company

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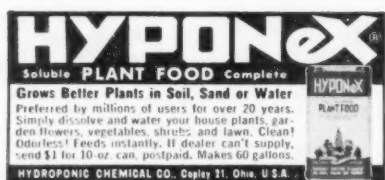
nate a ready-to-cook broiling chicken in any Kraft Dressing for an hour. Remove from dressing and place in a rotisserie, brushing frequently with the dressing until well done.

TOSSED SALAD: Tear leaf lettuce, romaine, and endive into bite-size pieces into a salad bowl. Add onion rings, tomato wedges and croutons. Toss lightly with Kraft Roka Dressing, or serve with a choice of Kraft Dressings. Great with meat!



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for the party and unable to hit on any physical sign to translate this into.

"Peter," Mark said, "you needn't feel you have to stick around here with us if you want to go out with your friends." (What friends? was Jane's glancing thought.) "Just be in by ten, eh? We'll excuse you, won't we, Jane."

"Certainly," Jane said. "But you'd better come put your money away, hadn't you, dear?" It was still propped up against the sugar bowl.

"Oh, gosh, yes," he said. "I almost forgot. Mom, what makes me such an addlebrain?"

I called him that once, she thought. She'd never known a child that remembered things for so long. The oddest things.

Jane sneaked up behind him when he went toward the dining alcove. "I almost forgot something, too," she said. The birthday trouncing. She tackled him and they mock wrestled in the best of humor.

Peter began to get the upper hand. "Mark," Jane called, giggling, "come help me."

Mark came out, grinning, and grasped Peter's waist with one arm. He began to paddle his behind with the other hand. The blows were only token blows. But all at once Jane felt Peter stiffen. He was fighting.

In a sudden access of strength he thrust them both away from him. He lurched backward and struck the table. He went down in a half-fall and either his foot or the arm he thrust out to save himself caught a corner of the tablecloth. The tablecloth, dishes and everything went on the floor.

"You keep your hands off me!" Peter shouted. "Now look what you've done!"

He dashed past Jane and she aimed an impulsive clout at him and she thought, I struck at him on his birthday, and he stormed upstairs. Mark went back into the living room without a word.

JANE STOOD there for a few minutes looking at the disaster-struck face of the kitchen. And then she got down on to her knees to clean things up.

She wiped the icing smears off the money where the bills and the birthday cake had fallen in a heap together and put the money in the cigar box on the ledge over the sink. That's where he kept the change he earned at odd jobs. He'd never work at home, even for pay. Then she took a knife and trimmed off the broken edges of the

cake and put what could be saved of it into the fridge.

Everything was in order again when Peter came downstairs. But the TV comedian was almost macabre against the living-room quiet.

"Is the Chevy show over?" he said. His voice had its head down.

"Yes," Jane said, very even. Nothing more.

In a moment he went back to his room. Jane heard him moving about up there for perhaps half an hour. Then he came down the back stairs. He went into the bathroom. Then



WASHING-DAY RHAPSODY

*Even the washing on the line
will do:*

*Elation leaps in color, sails in
white*

*Upon an open sky of flowing
blue,*

*Swung by the answer of its own
delight.*

*Happiness swells till every seam
is strained*

*Taut with the concept of a
living form,*

*One of the gods' white mounts,
its billows reined*

*Back by the pegs from bolting
down the storm*

*Wild rapture cracks a sheet
upon the air;*

*The prospect joy uncoils its
vivid curve;*

*As wings lift up and up, too
bright to snare,*

*Even the washing on the line
will serve.*

BY J. PHOENICE



the kitchen. She heard the fridge door open and shut. Then the change rattle in his cigar box. And then for a couple of minutes she heard nothing at all. Was he just standing there?

Then she heard the back door open and — at the end of another punishing stretch of silence when she was just on the point of having to call something to him, if only a rebuke—close again.

She heard his feet go down the porch steps. A boy passing along the

street called lightheartedly, "Hi, Pete." He didn't answer.

She got up and turned off the TV and began to cry. Mark was reading, or pretending to. He didn't say anything at all.

By eleven o'clock Jane had phoned all the places she could think of where Peter might possibly be. He was at none of them.

A little later she went up to his room. And the moment she opened the door she recognized the face of a room that someone has flung away from himself.

On his desk his books lay with their faces like shocked schoolmates. The duffel bag he'd had for his camp gear last summer was gone. (They'd driven up the first weekend he was there to see how he was making out and he'd been the first boy they'd come across — standing all by himself, throwing rocks against a tree.) She checked his clothing. He'd taken the shirt she'd forgotten to mend after she'd ironed it, one blanket, and a pair of mismatched socks.

He'd taken the little plaque with his name on it for winning the two-hundred-yard dash. The wallpaper showed lighter where it had hung. And there were gaps in the border of snapshots that lined his bureau mirror. Which ones were missing? Were any of them the ones with her and Mark in them? She couldn't remember.

Downstairs she found that he'd taken his toothbrush, but the lotion for making his unruly hair lie down was still on the bathroom shelf. And in the kitchen all the change in his cigar box was gone, but the new birthday bills were still there.

AT ONE O'CLOCK Mark phoned the police. While she thought: maybe even tonight the cruelly natural chemistry of sleep is affecting his rebellious body somewhere. Or right this minute was he crying out in nightmare?

The police didn't find him. It was the recruiting sergeant at army headquarters who phoned Mark, about ten the next morning.

The following night Jane and Mark sat again in their accustomed places beside the dead fireplace. Mark had been home from work all day. He was snapping a thumbnail under the nail of an index finger with occasionally almost bruising force.

"Jane," he said, "there's only one thing to do. We've got to take Peter to a psychiatrist."

She was seeing Peter in the bleak-

Continued on page 124



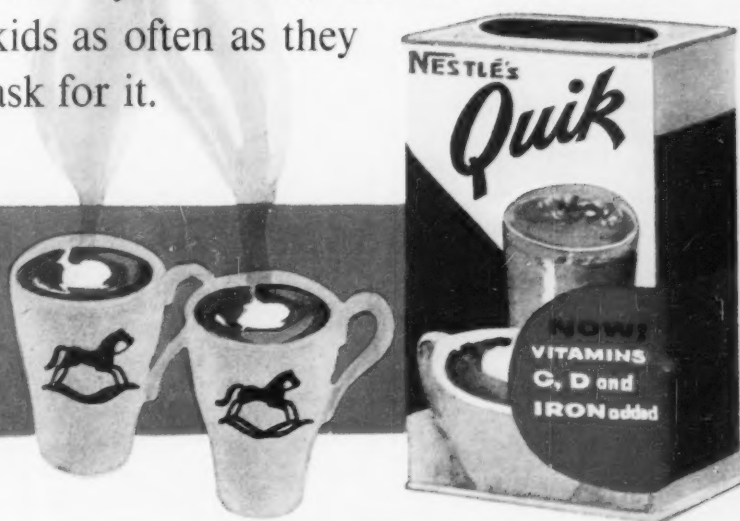
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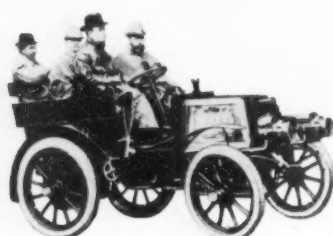
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Continued from page 122

benched, waiting-stained army headquarters that morning. His eyes were of two minds — whether to look her and Mark defiantly in the face, or down at his uncertain feet and hands. She was seeing the back of his leather windbreaker, as it must have looked when he'd stood on the street outside, working himself up to go in there. Other children his age would be passing him without a care in the world.

Had he really believed that he was so big for his age (she'd told him he was a man) that they'd enlist him without suspicion? Or had he known that the sergeant would phone them to come get him? (The snapshots. One of her and Tony, and one of her and Mark.) He had slept under the big willow in the park. There was no light there. She didn't like to think about it.

She nodded her agreement to Mark. She couldn't speak it.

The police. A psychiatrist. Peter. She felt as if they were holding him by force, as Tony had had to hold him once to have an infection lanced on his arm — his betrayed eyes without understanding that it was for his own good they had to expose him this way to a stranger. Peter. Strangers.

"But do you honestly think, Mark...?" She still temporized. "Do you think psychiatrists really know any more than...?"

"I think they do, yes," he said. "The thing is, they know from experience what cause pairs up with what symptom. We don't. We look for cause and symptom to correspond somehow. And I guess it doesn't work out that way. You can't trace it that way."

Jane nodded again, but giving his reason all the less affection for its conclusions being so inescapable.

She was seeing Peter every time he'd had to go to the family doctor. His best tie ("Does that look good, Mom?") and his face suddenly handsome with brightness at the event of his courage and the doctor's invariable commendation of it.

But a psychiatrist. He was so keen. No one would ever believe it, but "How come your conscience can tell your mind to tell your tongue not to say 'Dammit'?" he'd said when he was only eight. You couldn't fool him about a psychiatrist. He'd know exactly what a psychiatrist was for.

"BUT WOULD he go?" she said to Mark.

Peter answered her himself.

"No," he shouted from the top of the stairs. "I won't go. I'm not crazy."

He was midway between hurling something and abject tears. "I don't care what you think. I'm not crazy."

Jane let out her breath as if from a blow. Oh no. Not again... so soon. She didn't think she could face it. But she drew her breath in deep again, knowing that she'd have to, that this would probably be the worst session yet.

"Peter," she answered him almost mechanically, "now have we got to start another...? We were only... trying to..."

"For heaven's sake, Jane," Mark whispered intensely. "If just once he'll talk..." He'd never spoken to her like that before. "Come down, Peter," he called.

Peter came down. "I wasn't snooping," he said defiantly. "I don't care what you say. I was going to the bathroom."

"A likely story," Jane said. She was so very, very tired.

Mark shot her a chastening glance that really startled her.

Peter went to the bathroom. He

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For picnics in the woods, frozen cans of tomato or fruit juice can serve a dual purpose. Wrap unopened cans from your freezing compartment in foil and arrange around perishable foods in your picnic basket. When "let's eat" time rolls around, use the chilled juice (it takes three to four hours to thaw) as a refreshing beverage.

came back and flung himself down into a corner of the chesterfield. He looked as if he had looked in the bathroom mirror and his face and its image had struck blows back and forth at each other.

"I'm not crazy." His voice was still high and trembly. "You're the ones that are crazy. You can always see so darn plain what I do wrong. Why can't you see what's so darn plain about what you do wrong?"

"Peter," Jane said, "will you please listen. No one said you were crazy. A psychiatrist is just... like for those nightmares you have."

Peter's eyes were darting out of one lane into another, like something pur-

sued, and Jane was doing things with her teeth on her lips. But Mark gave no sign of disturbance whatever, except to rotate his cigarette lighter between thumb and forefinger.

"What do we do wrong?" he said to Peter.

"You're always blaming me for everything, that's what you... Mom's always saying, 'Do you want to drive me out of my mind?' Or, 'Well, I hope you're satisfied... or something like that.'"

"But, Peter dear," Jane tried to reason. "You do do things sometimes that... all children do."

"I know. I know they do. But you don't say what I do's bad. You always put it like I'm bad. Myself."

Jane's face took on that grimace of humoring and pleading at the same time. "But that's just a way of speaking, dear. I don't mean it that way, for heaven's sake."

"But how can Peter tell?" Mark said quietly. "I can see the difference he's talking about. And you yourself, Peter. Did you ever stop to think that maybe sometimes you do things, too, or say things that... well, maybe you don't mean them... but how can other people tell?"

"I don't care what you say," Peter made a move to spring up.

"Peter," Mark said. "Please." Peter subsided at the extraordinary intensity in Mark's voice, quicker than from a slap.

And then everything seemed to come up in his throat at once.

"You think you have a right to blame me for everything," he burst out, "because..." He tried to swallow this back as he'd always done before. But it was too late.

"... because I killed Dad."

There, he had said it. He was trembling like an animal that doesn't really lash out until its captors have herded it into the last inescapable corner.

"Peter!" Jane gave him an incredulous "what next?" look. Mark didn't say a word.

"I don't mean I killed him. But you think, if it hadn't been for me... Dad told you what I did that night, and... you wouldn't take me to see him at the hospital. You packed me right off to Gram's. You wouldn't even let me tell him I was sorry. He loved me, anyway, no matter what I did. Maybe you think it's been fun for me to have that on my mind all this..."

"Peter, Peter," Jane intoned his name. "Now that really is crazy. You know you don't believe a word of

that nonsense. It's so impossible."

"I do so. You never believe anything I say . . ."

"Of course he believes it," Mark said. "It's wrong as can be, Peter, but I can see that something's made you believe it."

He didn't press Peter an inch further. For explanations, or with denials, or anything.

SUDDENLY Peter's head went down. His cheek muscles began to contort. The tighter he pressed his lips together the more uncontrollably the strings danced that held them to the corners of his mouth. He gave his eyes a punishing scrape across with one knuckle. And then he was crying like a child, no more, no less.

"And I did kill him," he sobbed. "I know I . . . I oughta be punished. I was . . . fooling with the gadgets on the dash . . . asking what they were . . . and I put my hand on the ignition and I asked Dad what would happen if I turned that off . . . and Dad said, 'Do you want to wreck us, fooling with that stuff?' I remember . . . just what he said. But I didn't take my hand away right quick . . . and he took his hand off the wheel to push my hand away and . . . I guess he lost control of the car. And . . . that's why it happened. That's just what he told you, now isn't it!"

Jane gave Mark a look of abdication, for him to take over.

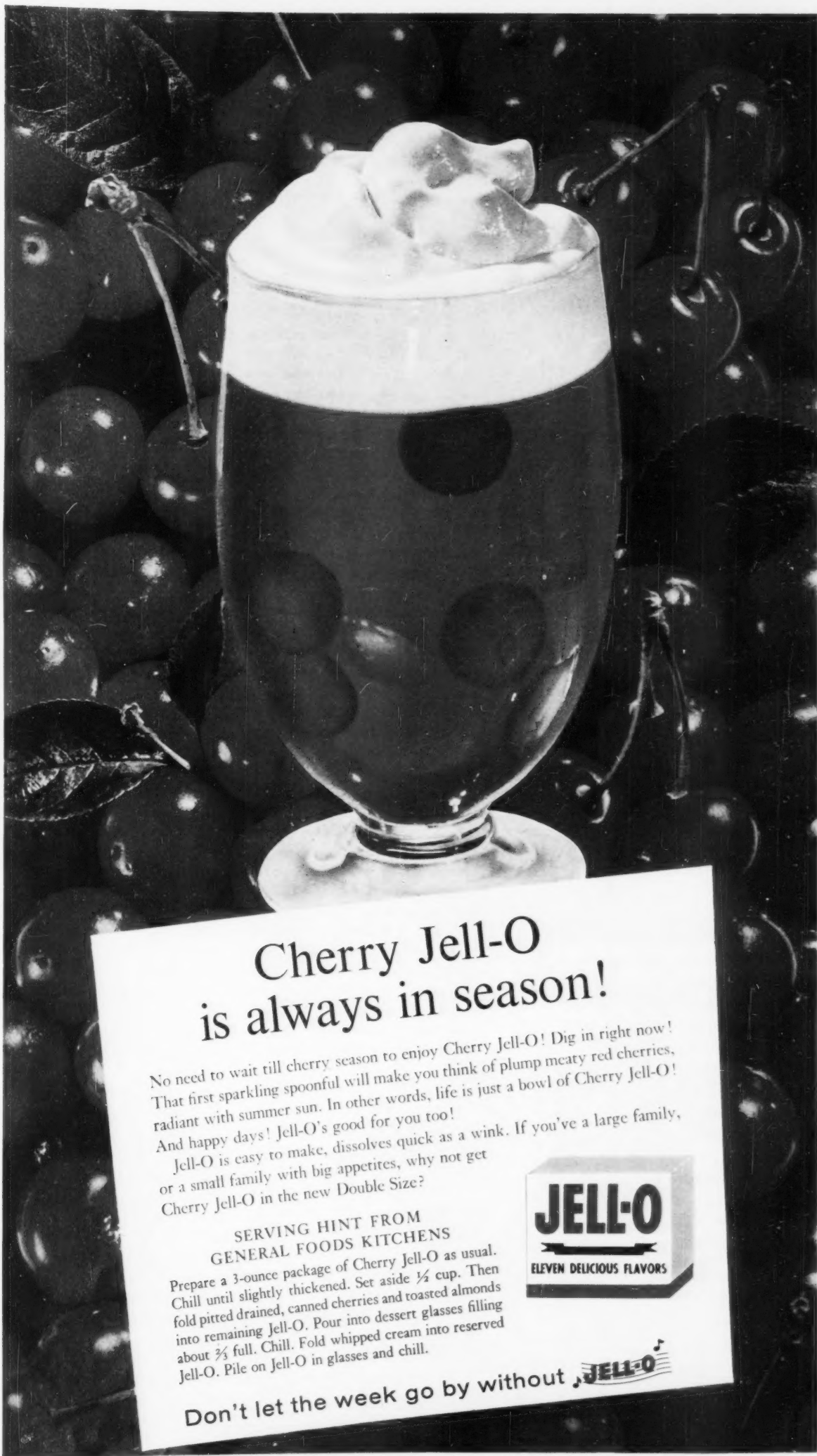
"No, Peter," Mark said. "Your father didn't tell anyone anything. He never came to." Peter flinched. "But will you listen, Peter? Will you just listen? The other driver told. He was blind drunk, Peter. Your father didn't lose control of anything. The other driver said he didn't see the stop light. He never even saw Tony's car until he struck it. You're absolutely innocent."

There was a second almost of stupefaction in Peter's face. He was shivering after his tears. Jane started to tuck the chesterfield blanket around his pyjamas. He struck it back.

"Then why didn't you tell me that?" His eyes stung at them fiercer than ever. "All this time . . ."

"Don't you remember?" Mark said patiently. "The minute the accident was mentioned you'd leave the room. Your mother thought she knew how you felt. She thought the less we discussed it with you the sooner you'd forget. We thought you had forgotten."

And how could we know about



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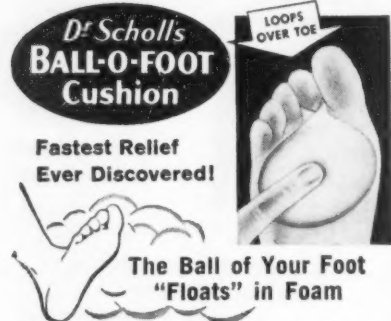
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this crazy idea you had in your head, dear?" Jane said then. "Why didn't you tell us what you were thinking?"

"I thought you'd . . . hate me," Peter was all but shouting. He turned to Mark. "And how can I tell him anything?"

Jane's hands made a movement of flight. For the first time Mark's calm faltered. Then righted itself.

"It's all right, Jane," he said. "Let him go. I know exactly what he means, I'm not like his father. I know the men at work, they'd tell Tony things they'd never dream of telling me. If I'd said the same outlandish things Tony'd say back to them, even in a joke, they'd have been sore at me for a week." He looked at Peter. "You, Peter. You know how he used to shout at you and say far worse things than your mother ever does, now don't you. But it didn't matter, did it? He was just that kind of guy . . . and, no matter how hard I try, I'm not."

"He loved me, that's why," Peter said. "And you don't like me." His eyes were suddenly at bay again. "You didn't care whether I drowned or not. As long as you got your old duck. You'd have stopped me from swimming the river, if it had made any difference to you." So that was it, Jane thought. That's the way it had struck him when he worked it over in his mind. "You didn't even want me around on my birthday. You told me to go out with my friends."

Mark stopped rotating the cigarette lighter. And Peter's mouth was set in challenge. Yet somehow Jane had a feeling that this time he wanted Mark to contradict him.

"Maybe if I told you something, Peter . . ." Mark said slowly. There was another moment of complete suspension. "I ran away once myself."

Jane noticed a kind of stillness seize Peter through and through. This was something he was totally unprepared for.

"I thought my father didn't love me," Mark said. Each word was a visible effort. "He was fair enough but, I don't know, I couldn't tell him anything. He'd never let me state my case. And that's a terrible feeling for a kid to . . ."

"Yes!" Peter spoke involuntarily. "I know."

Jane was listening as intently as Peter. Mark had never talked about himself like this before. Not even to her.

"I always thought that when I grew up the one thing I'd do was to make

people feel they could tell me anything whatsoever."

He smiled wryly. "The ways you think you can be! I guess I'm exactly like my father after all. Can we just talk, Peter?" Mark interrupted him.

You were asking

CHATELAINE

QUESTION

My living room has pale-green walls and an ivory-white ceiling. Please advise me on colors for the sofa, chairs, rug and draperies.

—Mrs. K. T. N., Vancouver.

ANSWER

A serviceable and attractive color for the sofa would be a deep cinnamon brown, with teal blue for the chairs. The accent color, a bright flamingo, could be used in toss cushions and ash trays. The rug should be a pleasant pale neutral color; while the draperies should have a pale-green background and a design which picks up the other colors of the room.

self. "Can anyone just say anything they feel like?"

Peter nodded.

"All right." Mark's voice became easier. "Anyway, one night he gave me a strapping. It wasn't anything severe, but I don't know, I thought I was too big to have anyone's hands on me."

PETER'S EYES, touching Mark's face, were absolutely forgetful of themselves. And Mark's voice became forgetful of itself in the same way.

"I was older than Peter when I left home. And I didn't go back. Mother told me something years later. She told me Father burned the strap that night and he said, 'I'll hate that right hand of mine till I die.' You couldn't imagine anything could make him say a thing like that. I never believed he really loved me. I don't think I ever really knew how much he loved me until . . . I had the same medicine last night." He looked anywhere but in Peter's direction. "Maybe someday,

Peter, when you have a son of your own . . . and if he warns you never to kiss him, even when he's small . . . Peter, if you think I don't know what it's like not to be able to talk . . ."

Mark broke off, infinitely embarrassed. He nervously fished out a cigarette but the lighter failed and he sat there with the cigarette unattended in his hand.

Jane never knew what Peter was going to do or say. But sometimes he came up with the absolutely miraculously best thing.

He sprang up and reached down a match from the mantelpiece and lit it and held it for Mark's cigarette.

"All right, Father . . . Dad," he said eagerly. His eyes were suddenly totally free. "I'll go to the psychiatrist. I want to. Honest, Dad." He squatted on the floor beside Mark's chair.

Mark rested his hand on Peter's hair for just a second. "Or how would it be if we both went, Peter?" he said. "Together."

Jane didn't cry. She felt the gorgeous tears of deliverance, but she curbed them. What was needed now, to clinch everything, was a laugh. If she could just engage that wonderfully individual streak of humor Peter had, without him thinking it was a trick.

"What about me?" she said. She made her voice plaintive and puckered. "Do I always have to stay home? Why can't we all go?" She saw it was clicking. "We could take sandwiches and make a picnic out of it." She pointed at Mark. "Egg sandwich for you?" Mark nodded. "I want ham," she said. She pointed at Peter. "What's yours?"

He grinned that particular grin after tears. She didn't think anyone would have to go to any psychiatrist now. "Egg, I guess," he said. "You might get your water hot if you had to make up three different batches."

She had a struggle not to hug him.

She looked at Mark. He was not quite trusting himself to look at Peter, the way Peter was not quite trusting himself to look back. And she thought for the very first time, explicitly: I love that man.

All at once Peter stood up and stretched. "Isn't it nearly time for Perry Como?" he said. He'd always had that peculiar talent most adults lack of knowing exactly when to let go of a good thing.

The Perry Como program was a quite unexceptional one. But Jane had never in her life before had the urge to sit down and write to a performer and tell him how splendid he was. END

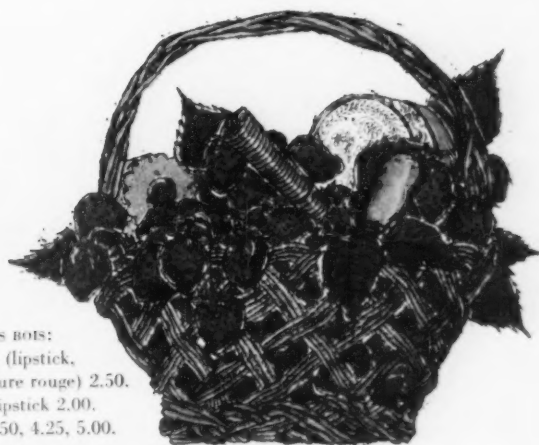
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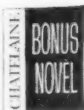


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SPEAK OF LOVE ... AND MURDER

Continued from page 44



room; she gave Maggy the steaming glass. But then she sat on the foot of the bed, shoved back the masses of her black hair and said, "Alroy said that there was some talk of just how Lydia died. He was in the hall and overheard a little of it. What was it?"

Maggy leaned back wearily against the pillows and sipped the milk. "There was an idea that Lydia might have got a pillow over her face and suffocated. Doctor Mason said that wasn't so, it was heart strain and shock."

Clare, though, was like Kirk; she picked things out of the air. "Who was supposed to put the pillow over her face?"

"Nobody did. I told you. It was heart strain."

"Well, whose idea was it that it might have been murder?" Trust Clare not to mince matters either. She said the word murder without flinching.

Maggy replied, "Her death was unexpected. It was best to make sure that the cause of it was clearly established. Just so there wouldn't be any question later."

Clare reached for a cigarette. "I was wondering about George. I mean—well, where he's been all night?"

This time it was Maggy who picked up the implication. "George wouldn't have murdered her! He's still in love with her!"

Clare went over to the window. "I didn't say he murdered her."

"Clare, why were they divorced?" Maggy didn't know exactly why she asked it, but it seemed important.

Clare's thin shoulders shrugged. "Another man."

"Who?"

"Oh, that's always the reason for a divorce, isn't it?" Clare said definitely. "A woman isn't likely to give up a home and support unless she believes in her heart that she can walk into another marriage. Lydia had a well-developed sense of preservation."

"But all of Milrock would have known it if there had been another man."

"No, I don't think so," Clare said slowly. "Not with Lydia. She was proprietary itself. At least outwardly. If Lydia had another man in view, she'd have managed it so discreetly, that nobody, even in Milrock, would have known it." She didn't look at Maggy, but she said, "You're shocked. I didn't like Lydia. No use pretending I did."

But Alroy liked her, Maggy thought. A new and frightening thought leaped on; Clare had instantly thought of George. So then had it occurred to Clare, because of the talk of murder, that George had been jealous of Alroy and had actually come back and, from jealousy, murdered Lydia?

Clare had followed the course of reasoning which had leaped into Maggy's mind, for she said slowly, "But I don't think Lydia would have told George—about any other man, I mean. She'd have put it on a very high plane. 'Darling George, our marriage was a mistake. But let's remain friends. Meantime, be sure to send the alimony cheques.'"

"You don't know that!"

"I knew her," Clare said, and turned from the black-screened window. She went over to Maggy's wedding dress and looked at it. "I didn't wear a wedding dress. I told you. I eloped."

"Why?" Maggy asked irresistibly.

"Because I was in love with Alroy

and I snatched him before he could change his mind," Clare said, with an astounding effect of simple truth. "Maggy, you are in love with Kirk, aren't you?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so. I'm going to tell you the truth. I like you and I want you to marry Kirk. But one reason I'm so keen on this wedding is because I want to get out of this house."

"You want your own home, of course."

Clare laughed shortly. "I don't give a hoot for my little love nest with Alroy. The point is, things haven't been—it just hasn't worked, that's all," Clare said a little desperately. "Once you are married to Kirk, and Alroy and I get away from here... oh, I think things may be better. And I'll have my piano."

Maggy fumbled for something to say that would steer the talk from Alroy, and caught the word piano as if it might be a cue. "Your music—"

Clare gave her shoulders a nervous movement of disdain. "Oh yes, my mu-

ASSEMBLY LINE

A gathering of friends, I've found

Has extra zip when you're around,

For you're the only one who sees

My more endearing qualities.

You're quick to say that you approve

The ease and grace with which I move;

You like my smile, my hair, my eyes;

You think I'm witty, winsome, wise.

At sight of me you're so elated.

My droopy ego gets inflated.

I have but one complaint, my dear:

I wish I didn't have to hear

Your ardor, similarly pleasant,

Poured out to every woman present.

BY IRENE WARSAW

sic. I was going to be a pianist, you know."

"But you are!"

"Parlor music! I was going to be a great pianist. Look here." With a sweep, Clare thrust out her arm. "See that."

There was, Maggy saw only then, the slightest kind of curve which was a little wrong, a little out of kilter. "I never noticed that!"

"Nobody would. But it finished me as a pianist." She said in a faraway voice. "It was an accident."

The word was beginning to take on a certain disagreeable connotation. There had been an accident on the river. An accident, but two people had died. Clare was aware of that slight significance too, and gave Maggy a quick glance. "I mean, just an accident. Happened a long time ago. Kirk and I never got along—furious tempers, both of us." She shot a glance at Maggy. "You know that, of course."

"No! That is, of course Kirk has a temper." Maggy thought for a moment.

"But he never lets his temper get the best of him."

"Well," Clare said, "one time in the middle of one of our rows—it wasn't a scuffle, that's what Cousin Emily called it—it was a knockdown, drag-out fight. I fell on the stairs. Cousin Emily shot me straight to the best orthopedist she should find, but the bone never mended perfectly. So that was that."

It explained a little shadow of something which was not a frown between Kirk's eyebrows, when, as Maggy sat with him on the terrace, Clare's music had rippled out from the house and then stopped with an abrupt crash.

Maggy said slowly, "That's dreadful. Clare. Kirk would never stop blaming himself."

"I suppose so. And I never let him forget it either." Clare said. "Well, I'd advise you to get some sleep. Good night, Maggy."

IT WAS HARD to capture sleep. Small pictures, tiny segments of bigger pictures, presented themselves flashingly in her restless mind. The faint pink smear of lipstick on a wrinkled white pillowcase; had the shadow on Lydia's face pressed down into the other pillow been in fact a lingering, heavy, purplish flush? Maggy turned on her own pillow, which seemed hot and uncomfortable, and immediately saw the canoe gliding out from the fringe of willows with Lydia sitting so erect and firm, facing the house, with a nimbus of light from the sun around her hair.

Something thumped hard against the screen. She sat up, startled. It was a moth, of course. She settled back again, but it wasn't a moth, for it thumped again softly, yet hard and purposefully too, like a messenger. Someone was standing down there on the terrace flinging something at the screen. She knew instantly that it was Josh.

She felt her way across the room, pressed her face against the screen and Josh whispered from below, "Maggy... Maggy. Come down here."

"No! No, I won't!"

"If you don't," Josh whispered promptly, "I'll come up and get you."

He would too. And Kirk would hear him and this time—this time, she thought with utter conviction, Kirk would make no excuses, no allowances.

"There's something I want you to see," Josh whispered. "Hurry up."

"Oh, all right," she snapped, forgetting to whisper but keeping her voice low, just the same. She groped in the darkness for her white robe; she felt her way out and into the hall. It was perfectly still; all the doors were closed. She went down the stairs, as she had gone once before that night, again at Josh's imperative summons, to meet him at the front door.

She went through the living room and opened the French door. It was so dark on the terrace that she could barely see Josh sitting on the balustrade, but he saw her and came to her. "Thorniest damn roses I ever threw at a window. I really bled for your sake, Maggy. I thought you'd never wake up."

For a second, her dream of threatening roses growing too lush, rampant and strong, flashed back to her.

He took her hand and led her toward the steps that went down to the lawn.

"Josh, no..."

"Go ahead and scream if you want to," he said, and drew her down onto the lawn, toward the path to the arbor.

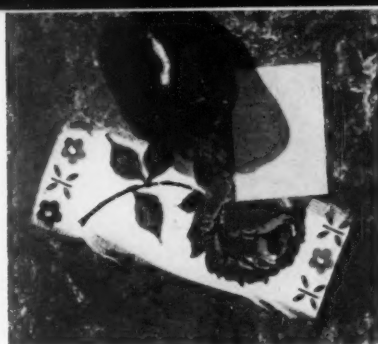
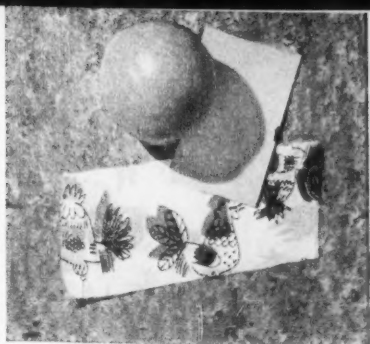
A night fog had come down following the rain. It was very still and very dark, yet the woods and the clumps of laurels and roses, invisible in the darkness, made their presence felt. It was as if something listened to their footsteps.

Gradually a dull murmur began to

Continued on page 130

SPICILY LATIN

As sharp as paprika without the fire. Doesn't it make a lovely kitchen scheme? A "mustard" on the walls, a complementary fabric at the windows, and *soft-sheen* "Marboleum" (M-17) on the floor. All three décor features following the fashionable muted look.



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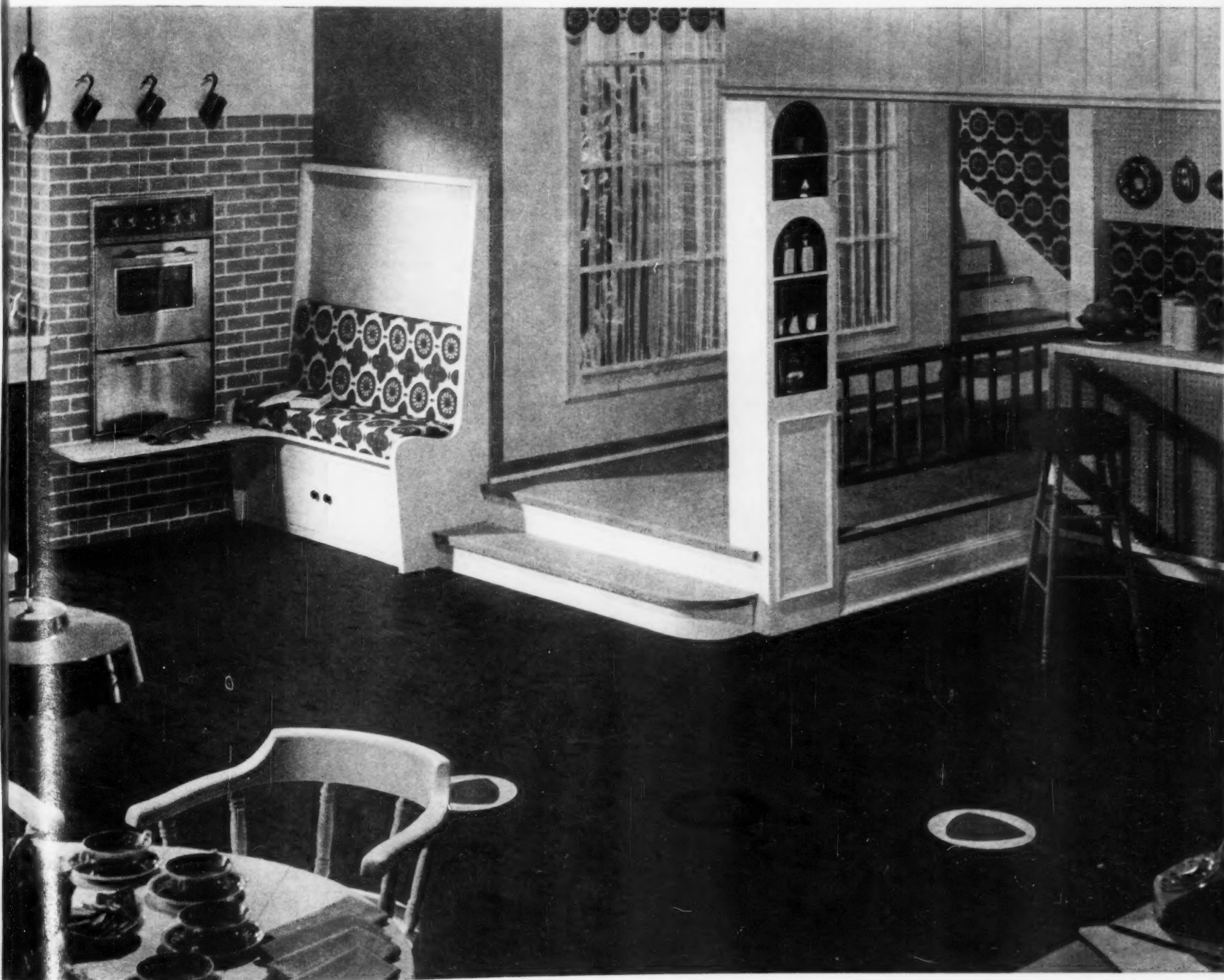
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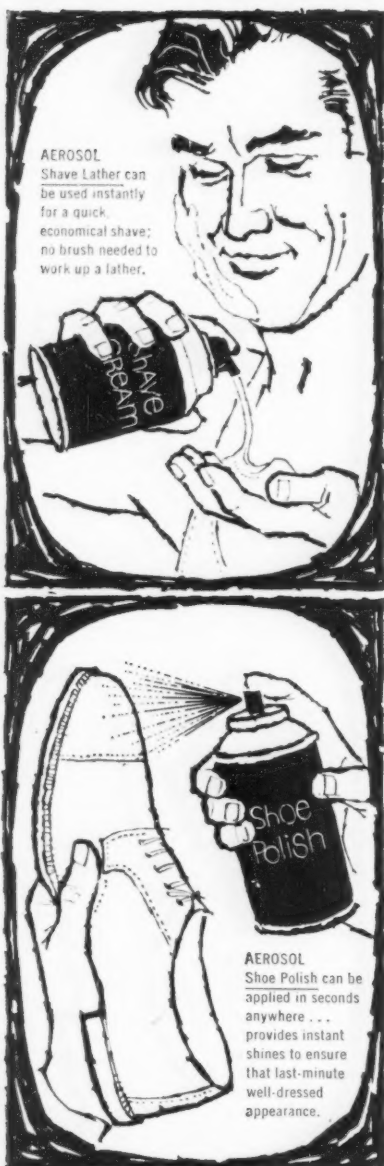
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the insets add imaginative interest. Circles and free shapes...cut out of contrasting linoleum tiles. Background foyer, beige "Marboleum" (M-28).



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Better Things for Better Living... through Chemistry

Continued from page 128
emerge from the silence; it was the river of course, they were getting near the lookout point. Josh said, "Here we are."

IT WAS STILL dark; the fog must be very thick, but Maggy had a sense of being in the open again. Josh said, "Don't move. We're near the edge of the rocks." There was a flick and the flame of his cigarette lighter shot up. He led the way to the arbor, and she followed him. "Look," he said, and held the lighter higher.

It lit up the interior of the arbor waveringly, but clearly enough. Two rustic chairs had been pushed together. A crumpled blue and white blanket lay across one of them. A bottle of whisky stood beside the chairs.

Josh said, "It must have been George sleeping off his tippling or —" he touched the whisky bottle with the toe of one moccasin — going in for tippling on a large scale. The point is, why did he leave, and when? Before Lydia died or afterward?"

"I knew you weren't going to stop! Now you're going to say George murdered Lydia!"

Josh's chin caught a point of light, above it his eyes were in the shadow. "Well," he said reasonably, "somebody killed her. Maybe it was George. I'd like to know whether or not he was in the house tonight."

"If he was I didn't see him. But..." Maggy hesitated and said unwillingly, "someone could have come into the house. The French door in the living room was open. I mean, when you left me there and went up to see Lydia."

Josh considered. "I suppose George could have brought a blanket down from the house early in the evening. Then... oh, perhaps he woke up, decided he wanted another drink and went down to the house, found the door still open, helped himself to whisky. Yes, he could have done all that." The small light wavered as he looked down at her. "But did he go to Lydia's room?"

"I don't know! I'm going back to the house—"

"You're going to stay right here. I've got something I want to say to you."

"I'm not going to listen to anything you want to say. There isn't any question of murder—"

"There are so many questions, my little friend, that they would make your head spin." He pulled her down into one of the rustic chairs and sat in the other, so close to her that she could feel the pressure of his arm. "I was sent here to investigate Kirk and the Beall Works."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's simple. Kirk is getting out a new and big stock issue. There is some question as to whether or not the Beall Works is up to its claims. That is, whether or not there is fraud or attempted fraud."

"Kirk!" She laughed. "That's absurd. Why—besides everything else, he's too intelligent."

"You'd be surprised how many smart people have tried it and proved themselves not so smart. I came back last week, went to get my old job back. My boss knows that I live in Milrock. So I was asked to come up and see what I could find out."

"You mean to spy on Kirk?"

"That's what it amounts to," Josh said coolly. "But if the Beall Works is trying to pull a fast one, it's better for everybody to stop it now, isn't it? Better for Kirk. Certainly better for Miss Emily and all of them. I did take some time to think before I said I would," Josh said soberly.

"You'll not find anything wrong."

"I don't expect to find anything—specific. Anything that's in black and

white. It's only straws I'm looking for."

"Straws!" she said derisively.

Josh ignored it. "If there is any funny business going on, Kirk's not the only one in on it. George Clowe seems to be his right hand. Alroy might be in on it—or he might have sufficient cause for suspicion to be a danger to Kirk. Kirk is buying him and Clare a new house."

"Do you mean you think that's... that's like blackmail! It isn't. It's just Kirk. He's kind and generous. He's buying Miss Emily a house, too, if she wants one—"

"I know," Josh said. "In Switzerland."

"This is why you are so opposed to my marriage," she said slowly.

"Part of the reason. I don't want your husband hauled off to jail."

"That's not going to happen."

"You're an ostrich, Maggy. Sticking your head in the sand. Determined on this fine wedding—"

"I believe in Kirk. And I'm in love with him."

"Are you?" Josh said and turned her toward him. He drew her nearer, she could feel the warmth of his cheek upon her own. Something like a swift kind of spark seemed to light between them and she had to put it out, now and forever. She pulled herself up from the chair. "No," she said, "that's not fair."

Josh had not moved. He said soberly from the close darkness, "Perhaps it isn't fair. But that's the way it is between us."

"No." She had moved without knowing it to the open side of the arbor. The sound of the river was clear. She said, "I'm as good as married to Kirk. I'm not going to change because of a... an attraction that doesn't mean anything."

"It does to me. I got my eyes opened tonight."

"You don't mean that. You let Kirk think that but—"

"It's the truth," Josh said slowly. "I had to weigh my future against yours."

"Your future—"

"Oh Maggy, get your head out of the sand. If Kirk finds out, or if you tell him why I'm here, I'm useless. If I want to keep my job, then I've got to shut up and let you go ahead and marry a man who... may be a crook and a killer. I can't. I discovered it then. I'm in love with you. I don't know when it happened or how but now I know what I'm going to do."

SHE HEARD the chair move as he rose and came to her. She moved back against the arbor. "No," she said. "No! I'm not going to listen to you. I beg you to give up this dreadful idea of yours—"

"Hasn't it occurred to you that you are in danger?"

"Danger?"

"You found Lydia and you can't say definitely that there was no cyanosis. You heard Lydia say 'He tried to kill me.' You're a witness—"

"You heard that too!"

"My testimony, that of one person, could be put aside. Your testimony, backing me up, corroborative evidence, couldn't be put aside. I didn't want you to tell anybody that you heard her say that, Maggy."

"But... why?"

"I tried to will you not to tell, but you would do it. You've got to understand. There is no murder case without you. If I were the murderer," Josh said soberly, "I'd be scared. And I'd know that I'd never be safe until I'd got rid of you. Never. Weeks, months—years from now. Except it would be dangerous to wait too long."

"I don't believe..." Something though, did believe, and touched her like a chill little wind, coming out of the darkness.

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There was a kind of rustle, somewhere near the arbor, as if a wind, like fear, had touched the roses, too.

"You don't want to believe," Josh said. "I'm going to see if that's George prowling around behind the arbor."

He vanished into the fog. She heard him call "George . . . George . . ." Apparently he went up through the woods. Gradually the little crackle of twigs and rustle of undergrowth diminished.

SHE WOULDN'T wait for Josh. She would have to see him again, but not alone. She wouldn't listen to him again. Even in listening there was a disloyalty to Kirk.

The fog was so heavy that it blotted out the rim of the lookout point and the entrance of the path to the house, it was as if the path itself had disappeared. She moved back, she moved forward, and suddenly she was lost.

Abruptly, the ripple of the river was very clear—too clear. She must be near the edge of the lookout point.

That was dangerous.

Josh had talked of danger.

Josh was wrong. But there was a danger in the blackness and the rim of the rocks which must be altogether too near her. She waited, trying to orient herself in a place she had known all her life and yet was suddenly strange and frightening.

Her hands groped out into a black void. And just then a shadow did seem to detach itself from the blackness and take on a kind of vague and wavering outline.

Josh?

Nobody. She was mistaken. There was no one there, no sound, nothing but fog shapes. Something brushed her hand and she nearly screamed and it was only a bramble.

She caught the scream back in her throat, with a gasp of relief, and something clattered lightly and sharply, somewhere in the blackness near her.

It was only a rock, a small rock, clattering down over the edge of the lookout point toward the river.

But rocks don't dislodge themselves and go bouncing down, striking other rocks, dropping at last into the river!

There was someone at the lookout.

All her senses clamored a discovery: Josh was right. Murder, evidence of murder—danger. In that moment she believed him.

She crouched back into the thick laurels and tried not to breathe. There was no sound at all except the murmur of the river.

After a long time she thought, clearly, but rocks do fall of themselves. It had sounded like a small rock, scarcely more than a pebble. Probably she had dislodged it herself, as she turned away from the edge of the rocks.

Panic, that was all. Panic and the fog and darkness.

She moved, but nothing came from the black sea around her, no hands came groping through the laurels. Suddenly she found the path, but no ghostly steps raced along behind her. No stealthy presence kept pace with her through the woods.

She ran across the wet lawn and up on the terrace.

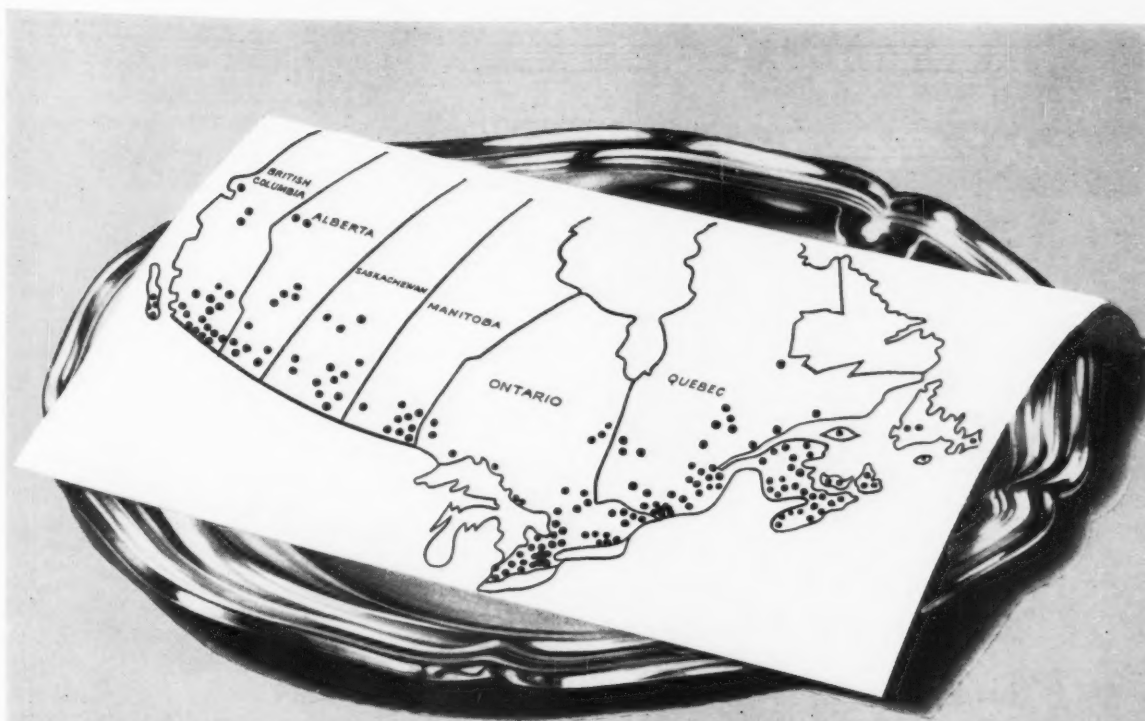
MEN'S VOICES, low, were coming from the dining room. She didn't want to see anyone; she didn't want anyone, especially Kirk, to see her.

Alroy's voice came from the dining room. ". . . so we tried to find you. Where have you been?"

Kirk said, "Take it easy, George."

And then George said, in a muffled uneven voice, "I can't understand it . . . I can't understand it . . ."

The stairway itself protected her; she



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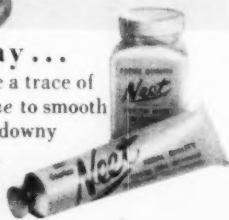
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couldn't see into the dining room from
there and no one could see her.

Kirk, though, heard her. He came
along the hall quickly and saw her half-
way up the stairs, clinging to the railing.
"Maggy! What are you—" His glance
took in her wet and disheveled hair, her
draggled, white silk dressing gown.
"What have you been doing? What's
happened? You're frightened..."

She clung to him thankfully. This was
the haven she wanted. This was the
warmth and safety.

But she had to answer. She mumbled
against his shoulder, "I went up to the
lookout point."

His arm stiffened with surprise. "At
this time of night!"

She had to say something. "Josh
thought that he had found George. At
least, he thought George had been there.
There was a blanket and—"

"Of course, George was there." Kirk
drew her down the steps and held her
a little away from him so the light fell
full on her face. "That's why we couldn't
find him. We never thought of looking
there."

"He's here now—"

"Yes, of course. We've told him about
Lydia... Why did Josh take you to
the arbor? Why didn't he come for me?
For that matter, what business of
Josh's—"

"George wasn't there, you see, so we
waited..." It was not an answer to
anything.

The little line between Kirk's eye-
brows showed that it was no answer. He
drew her back into the living room. "I
don't understand this. Do you mean to
say that simply because Josh told you
to you went up to the arbor—"

"George. He wanted to find George."

Kirk brushed it away. "He wanted to
talk to you. Maggy, we've got to have
an understanding about this. I love you.
I've never wanted a woman before in
my life. Perhaps I'm possessive, too pos-
sessive. But I want you. I'll never let
you go. Josh, perhaps because you've
known him so long, seems to have a
very strong influence over you."

I don't say that it's a bad influence.
But I don't think it's, well—call it a
sensible influence. I'm going to stop it."

She was in the wrong, entirely in the
wrong, yet contrarily she had an im-
pulse to defend Josh, as when Josh at-
tacked Kirk she must defend Kirk. "Josh
is an old friend, he wouldn't, he
hasn't—"

"I'll deal with Josh. You are my wife
—the same as my wife even now—and
I'm going to take care of you. And I'll
also, Maggy, keep my own—" He stop-
ped as the terrace door rattled.

Josh opened it, came in, seemed to
pause and observe them standing to-
gether in the path of light from the hall.
He said, after a second or two, "Oh, I
just wanted to make sure you got back
to the house, Maggy. I didn't mean to
leave you there so long. I'm sorry." He
turned back to the door and left.

Kirk turned to Maggy and kissed her,
and gave her a little push toward the
stairs. At the top she turned and he was
still watching, the light full on his face.
It was as if he said again, "You're my
wife—the same as my wife—and I'm
going to take care of you. And I'll keep
what is mine."

Kirk was the haven and Kirk was the
refuge. Something cold and frightened,
a memory of fog and darkness, a mem-
ory of a moment when she had believed
Josh—actually in her heart believed
him, and believed that murder was
abroad in the night—that moment dis-
appeared, vanished, floated away as if
it had never been.

EMILY awakened her. "Maggy! I don't
like to call you, but it's nearly eleven-
thirty and the rehearsal is at twelve."

Maggy opened her eyes. Emily was
standing beside the bed, neat to the last
grey curl, crisp in a pink linen dress.
She had a cup of coffee in her hand. "I
really didn't like to call you, but re-
hearsal... Drink this, Maggy."

Maggy thrust herself up against the
pillows and took the cup of coffee.

"I'll go on ahead to the church and
talk to the organist. Clare will bring
you." She went out. There was no dif-
ference in her at all unless she was that
morning a little firmer, a little more de-
cisive.

However, it set the pattern. They
were going to go on as if nothing had
happened, as if the police were not
searching the river for the body of
Ralph Hewitt, and as if there had been
no tragic, unexpected death in the
night.

Maggy ate hurriedly and dashed to
dress. She paused once to glance from
the window. The fog still hung on,
pearly grey and opaque. She paused
again for a moment and adjusted a
shimmering silk fold of her wedding
dress. It's beautiful, she thought un-
expectedly, as if she had never seen it
before, as if it had nothing to do with
her.

Then she hurried for the stairs and
absurdly, all at once, she seemed to be
two people.

One was Maggy, going down the
stairs to meet Clare and clamber into
Clare's little car. Clare said, "Filthy
day," Maggy said, "Yes." This was



Maggy the bride, going to her wedding
rehearsal.

Another Maggy, though, seemed to
accompany her, eyeing the first Maggy
as she had eyed the wedding dress, re-
motely as if she were an observer. She
seemed to listen, too sharply, when
Maggy said, "Have they found Ralph?"

"No," Clare said, and after a pause,
"I'm glad we're getting this foggy weath-
er over with. It will clear up and be
sunny tomorrow."

Tomorrow, Maggy thought, my wed-
ding day.

The church stood in the middle of a
little green. Its white steeple went up
into the fog and shining green ivy drap-
ed its grey stone walls. Kirk's car was
already parked in the street before it.

Inside the church, Emily, Kirk and
Alroy stood down at the altar railing
talking to a young man who must be
Dr. Norris. Kirk saw them and came to
meet them. His black head was lifted,
his eyes lighted and smiling. He took
her hand and kissed her lightly. "Dar-
ling," he whispered.

She knew that the others were watch-
ing and thinking, the bride and groom,
an ideal couple, a perfect wedding.

The organ boomed suddenly through
the little church, and after a kind of
practice run of pipes and pedals, shot
into the wedding march.

Clare gave a nervous laugh. "Follow
me when Cousin Emily signals. About
ten steps behind me."

As she started down the aisle, counting Clare's steps, there was a long swish and sigh, so she knew that the big, main door of the church had opened and closed. She was vaguely aware that someone tiptoed across the vestibule behind her and apparently settled down in a pew at the back. Tomorrow the church would be full of people. She was getting an odd kind of stage fright. Tomorrow it would be easier, wouldn't it—in her shimmering white dress with its cloudy white veil?

Emily whispered piercingly, "There! Stop just there, beside Kirk."

She stopped. She felt the pressure of Kirk's arm against her own.

The young minister faced them. Clare had stepped to one side. There was a little hush. Doctor Norris said cheerfully, "And then the ceremony . . . 'Dearly Beloved,' and so on and so on, until we come to 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?'" He paused uncertainly and looked at Emily. "I don't believe . . . Who is to give the bride away?"

It was a hitch. It was a sudden and shocking hitch. Nobody spoke for a second. Then there was a rustle as Emily rose. "Why, that . . . that was to be George Clowe."

Kirk turned to look at Emily. Alroy seemed obscurely amused; his slaty eyes were bright. Clare said nervously, "I forgot about that. I simply forgot. I'm sorry . . ."

Kirk said to Emily, "It's all right." He glanced around the church and his face cleared.

"I'm sure Dr. Mason will be delighted—as a matter of fact, I don't know why we didn't think of him in the first place. He's known Maggy most of her life." Kirk turned to the back of the church and called clearly, "Josh, will you stand in for your father just for rehearsal?"

Josh, Maggy thought. So it was Josh who had entered the church as she was going down the aisle. No, no, she thought wildly, I will not march along that aisle with Josh.

But Josh, unusually elegant in dark grey slacks and a blue lounge coat, was strolling down the aisle. "Yes, of course, I'll be delighted," he said coolly.

Everything settled itself neatly, calmly. Emily sank back into a pew and gave directions to start all over again. Clare flung back her mass of black hair and started the slow march down to the altar. Josh whispered, "You've got to take my arm, you know."

"No. I don't want to. I won't."

Josh exasperatingly chuckled. "Clare's halfway to the altar. Shouldn't we be starting? Now take my arm . . ."

He extended his arm with only slightly exaggerated formality. Clare was almost at the altar. She had to put her hand on Josh's arm.

She could feel its warmth and strength through his blue linen sleeve. She tried to make her fingers light, barely touching the sleeve and Josh knew it. He put his other hand close and hard upon her own. She couldn't pull her hand away, even if she wanted to.

Josh said, "All right, now let's get our steps together. One . . . two . . ." They started together down the aisle. Josh said in a low yet terrifyingly clear voice, so the organ music itself seemed to recede, "Relax. You're not going to marry Kirk. You're going to marry me."

THIS TIME everything went well; everyone did the proper thing. Josh retired at the correct moment to a pew opposite Emily's. Dr. Norris told them where to kneel.

"And after I pronounce you man and wife," Dr. Norris said, smiling, "you kiss your bride."

Kirk laughed a little, exultantly, put



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his arm around Maggy, tilted her chin up and kissed her.

Josh sneezed raucously, reverberatingly, and said, "I am so sorry," loudly too.

Kirk lifted his head. The minister gave Josh a rather reproving glance and said, "And that's it! Then you walk up the aisle..."

The organist boomed into triumphant singing chords. Kirk drew Maggy's arm close through his own, turned her around and they marched briskly past Emily, past Josh, up the aisle again.

"This," Kirk said, "is the real wedding. The first time a man and woman walk back up the aisle together. You're my wife, darling. Don't you feel that too?"

I don't feel anything, Maggy thought, except I wish Josh weren't here. She said, "I don't know."

"I know." They had reached the end of the aisle and Kirk faced her, his eyes compelling in their bright exultance. "I've got the license in my pocket. I've got the ring. Let's go straight back and be married right now. In three minutes. Come on, Maggy."

"Oh, but—you're joking."

"I'm not joking at all. I'll go now and tell them that we're going to do it all over again but this time the whole ceremony, all of it."

"Oh Kirk, you can't. There's... there's the reception and all the wedding guests and—"

"None of that matters. Clare can send them telegrams and tell them not to come. Look."

Kirk pulled a white box from his pocket and opened it.

"Oh!" Maggy said. A wide but lacy band of platinum, set in a pattern of small emeralds, was wedged into the jeweler's box.

"The stones match your engagement ring." Kirk took her left hand and looked at it. Suddenly the tiny line came between his eyebrows. "You're not wearing it."

"No, I've... I've been unpacking wedding gifts. All that excelsior. I was afraid I'd lose it."

Kirk slid the wedding ring on her finger. "Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful!" The emeralds winked with deep flashes of green fire.

"We'll go straight back to the altar. In a few minutes it will be on your finger forever."

"Oh Kirk, you don't really want to!"

"You mean you don't want to," Kirk said suddenly, in a voice which she didn't know and yet knew and recognized, for she knew without looking at him that the tiny line was back between his eyebrows.

She fumbled at the wedding ring, trying to pull it from her fingers. "But we can't have the real ceremony now. There're all those things to be settled—"

"What things?"

"Why, why... the reception and... all the plans and... Emily and Clare and—oh, Kirk, my wedding dress!"

Kirk said, "Why take that ring off? It's your —"

"But not now! I mean, isn't it supposed to be bad luck? Wearing your wedding ring before..."

There was a little silence. Then Kirk said slowly, "There's no such thing as luck. A man makes his own luck, his own fortune, his own failure. I've made my good luck. I intend to continue to make it. I can do anything I have to do. — Is Josh one of the things to be settled?"

It flashed out unexpectedly, as Kirk's questions so often did, with the swift precision of a knife. But there was nothing indecisive about her reply, for that was already firmly established. "No," she said.

It didn't satisfy Kirk. "Look at me, Maggy."

She looked up, and his eyes were so very clear and light that they seemed to pierce straight to every thought, every fleeting — and guilty — impulse she had ever had. He said, "Did Josh come to Milrock intending to try to break up our marriage?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "He came to Milrock because —" With dismay she heard her own words and stopped in full flight, on the very verge of telling Kirk exactly why Josh had come.

Something flickered in Kirk's grey eyes. "Go on. Why did Josh come to Milrock?"

Her thoughts scurried like frightened chickens at the shadow of a hawk. She said, "Why shouldn't he come to Milrock? It's his home. Kirk, believe me, his coming here had nothing to do with me."

It was the literal truth, if not the entire truth. And if Kirk had only known it, she thought, it was a declaration of her faith in him. Kirk said, "What exactly did Josh say to you last night when

Josh made a motion to get up, and Kirk himself leaned over, put his hand over Josh's arm and helped him to his feet. Josh dusted off his coat and touched his chin where a red blotch was spreading. He looked at Kirk with an odd little smile which wasn't a smile at all. "What exactly was that for?"

"To teach you to stay away from Maggy." There was a white line around Kirk's mouth, but his voice was perfectly low and controlled.

Josh rubbed his chin meditatively. "There's an interesting violence in you, Kirk. Shall we go outside and finish it off?"

Josh was taller than Kirk and looked, somehow, assured and certain of himself.

Suddenly Kirk's winning, candid smile flashed over his face. "I'm sorry. Really sorry, Josh. I shouldn't have done that. I lost my temper."

"You did rather. Sure you don't want to finish it off?"

"Sure," Kirk said, and laughed.

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he took you up to the arbor?"

She wasn't afraid, she couldn't be afraid of Kirk, but nevertheless her words stumbled. "Why he... he talked... about George."

"Don't try to lie to me, Maggy," Kirk said.

HER EYES caught a flicker of motion beyond Kirk. She looked and it was Josh, sauntering along, yet approaching rather quickly, too. Maggy had an inexplicable impulse to move between him and Kirk.

Josh reached them, said, "A fine rehearsal. I'm glad I happened to drop in and watch —" and got no further, for Kirk's fist shot out with all the strength of his shoulder behind it, and caught Josh squarely on the chin.

Josh gave a kind of gasp and slid down to the floor, quite gently, very neatly. Kirk looked down at Josh and flexed his hand as if the fingers hurt.

Inside the church Dr. Norris' voice boomed out clearly. "— better be at the church at least half an hour before the ceremony."

They hadn't seen it, they hadn't heard it, Maggy thought with stricken astonishment. Josh had fallen just inside the vestibule, out of sight of the little group at the altar railing. She started toward Josh and Kirk said, "He's all right."

sofa and wondered how many evenings she and Kirk would spend in that room, Kirk working at the desk, while she watched or read.

"You're looking very serious," Kirk said. "I expect the wedding has upset Clare a little. Thinking of her own marriage, you see. She should never have married Alroy. I've done everything I can for him but he resents it, naturally I suppose. However, he owes Clare loyalty at least."

Maggy's mind went back to her talk with Clare the night before, and Lydia's divorce. There was another man, Clare had said; there's always another man. "What do you mean about Alroy?"

"Oh, nothing really. He's got an eye for an attractive woman."

"Do you mean anyone in particular?"

Kirk gave her one glance. His eyes were as clear and hard as diamonds. "Lydia? I don't know. When Josh brought up the question of murder, I did just... well, think of Alroy. You see, Lydia was a very determined woman. She was also extremely... oh, conventional. If Alroy had made a few passes at her, Lydia might have taken it very seriously and hopped off to get a divorce, intending to come back and make Alroy marry her. It would have scared Alroy out of his not-too-bright wits."

"On the other hand, Lydia would certainly have known that if Alroy made a move to get Clare to divorce him I'd have kicked him out. Lydia wasn't likely to give up a good steady living from George and take an Alroy with no money and no prospects. So, unless I've overlooked something, that idea is out entirely."

He put his coffee cup down and leaned against the edge of the desk. "Besides, I couldn't and I can't now, seriously consider the faintest possibility of murder. Naturally, though after an accusation like that, I did some thinking."

"Alroy rescued Lydia. At least he helped."

"Yes, I thought that, too. It's true that Lydia might have got it into her head that Alroy was in fact trying to... push her under the water or something like that. But that is really not reasonable. Besides, some of you would have seen it. I've tried to look at it from Josh's point of view, last night. But while Alroy was in the house when Lydia died, that doesn't make it murder or Alroy a murderer."

"George seems to have been wandering about too — jealous husbands have murdered their wives before now, but I can't see George killing Lydia. I was in the canoe when it went over—or when, just possibly, Ralph turned it over. If I hadn't managed to get hold of the canoe, I'd have been drowned. I really wouldn't have taken a chance of drowning, even if I had wanted to murder Lydia — as really, Maggy, I didn't! I was in the house too when Lydia died, but..."

He shook his head thoughtfully. "Oh, it's absurd really. Dr. Mason settled that last night... I lost my temper a bit with Josh this morning. Maybe that's natural though. I am as possessive as the next man." He walked over to the sofa. "There's no reason to bother about Josh. He took it rather well this morning. Probably knew he deserved it, as a matter of fact."

Now was the time to tell Kirk exactly what Josh still believed. And now was the time to tell Kirk why Josh had come to Milrock.

She wasn't afraid of Kirk, she wasn't afraid at all. All the same, she had to steel herself. She swallowed hard. "Kirk, Josh hasn't given up at all."

Kirk's face didn't change. There was not the slightest flicker in his eyes. She

Continued on page 136

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Continued from page 134

knotted her fingers together and plunged on. "That's what he said to me last night, up at the arbor. I ought to have told you right away this morning when you asked me what Josh had said."

"Why didn't you?" Kirk said softly.

"I didn't want... a quarrel or... and then, you see, Kirk..." She had to tell Kirk, immediately, that instant, the reason for Josh's coming to Milrock and she couldn't. Her throat seemed to close.

"Well?" Kirk said, watching her.

SHE PUSHED herself up, out of the sofa. She walked to the window and knew that Kirk was waiting and watching her. It was her clear duty to tell Kirk; her first loyalty was Kirk's. So she ought not to feel that she was cutting the ground from under Josh's feet.

She turned around and faced Kirk who stood perfectly still beside the sofa. There was a tiny wrinkle between his eyebrows. She forced out the words, quickly, before anything within herself could stop her.

"The truth is, Josh was sent here to investigate the Works—I mean, your financial statement."

"I see," Kirk said.

Was he surprised, or had he already guessed it? There was no way to know. "It's unofficial," she hurried on. "He didn't want you to know."

"Well, that's all right." The tiny line smoothed itself out. Maggy took a quick, thankful breath. Kirk said evenly, "We've had a spectacular growth. Probably somebody in the firm he works for has some questions in spite of our accountant's statement."

She was intensely relieved. She ought to have known that Kirk's reaction would be sensible and straightforward.

Now that she had started though she had to finish. "And then he said that I am a witness. He still believes that Lydia was murdered. He said there couldn't ever be a proven case of murder without me. And I am a witness in that sense. I mean I couldn't possibly swear that there was not a flush in Lydia's face when I found her. The more I think of it," she said miserably, "the more certain I am that there was."

Clare opened the door and came in. "George is here," George Clowe came in. He came slowly, as if he were drugged or half asleep.

Kirk started toward him, his hand out. Clare came in, too, and closed the door behind her. "George," she said, in a strained, harsh voice. "Why did Lydia divorce you? Was there another man?"

George turned slowly; he looked at her as if he didn't see her. "That's what Josh asked me this morning. That's why I came here."

Kirk lifted a heavy brass ash tray from the desk and slammed it down with a crash that seemed to rock the room. Then he walked around it and took up the telephone.

Clare's eyes flashed. She ran across to the desk and seized the telephone.

For a moment Kirk and Clare were like a picture, caught and fixed in a moment of intense struggle. George said dully, "What are you doing, Kirk?"

Clare answered. "He's phoning the police."

"Why?" George said.

Kirk still held the telephone, with Clare's hands pressing down upon his own. He said evenly, "I have to, George. I'm going to have a full-scale investigation into Lydia's death—Ralph's death—all of it."

George blinked. Obviously, he did not take in any meaning of Kirk's words. "Why?" he said again.

"Because of that damn fool, Josh Mason."

Clare's hands relaxed. "You can't do

that, Kirk. Scandal, newspapers—right now before the wedding!"

Maggy's knees were shaking. She went across to the sofa and sat down again, thankful for its support, thankful for Clare's intervention—and yet obscurely troubled by it, too.

If there was ever the slightest question of murder, anywhere, at any time, wasn't it better to answer it?

George said, "But what do you mean? I don't understand. Did you say an investigation?"

Clare tugged at George's arm. "Never mind that. Listen, George. Why did Lydia divorce you?"

George said simply, "That's what I came to ask you. I'm sorry, Clare, but was it Alroy?"

Clare stiffened. "No! At least—how could it have been Alroy?"

The lawyer in George was slowly beginning to arouse. He eyed Clare with a glimmer of his usual shrewdness. "You thought of that, too. You aren't sure."

Clare leaned forward; her sharp strong profile was outlined against the light from the desk. "George," she said softly, "how well did Josh know Lydia?"

George was more like himself; his eyes narrowed instantly. "She didn't



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know him at all, or at least very casually. Besides, he's been away for two years—"

Clare interrupted. "And Lydia got her divorce so she'd be free at exactly the time Josh got out of the service and came home!"

Maggy rose as if something had shot her up out of the deep sofa. "No! It wasn't Josh! It wasn't Josh..." she cried and stopped, for George's eyes were shrewd now and intent; Clare and Kirk were watching her too, looking exactly alike with their clear grey gaze.

Maggy turned to George. "You were here last night. You went up to the arbor. You took a blanket and then you came back to the house for whisky. Did you see anything or... or anyone?" She intended to say: anyone who might have murdered Lydia. George's eyes were so surprised and troubled she couldn't say it, point-blank like that in the face of his grief.

George said, "Why yes." He turned to Kirk. "I didn't tell you and Alroy last night. I mean when you heard me start the car and came out to tell me about Lydia. I was... I told you I wasn't myself. The fact is, I already knew that Lydia was dead."

KIRK DIDN'T look at him; he didn't look away from Maggy. George went on. "I guess I had passed out. I woke up in Alroy's room—it was nearly dark. I was still very fuzzy. I knew Lydia was here in the house and she wouldn't want me to stay here. But I wasn't in any condition to drive either. It seemed a good idea to sleep it off. So I got a blanket and went up to the arbor. I slept for a long time. When I woke up, I was

cold. I came back to the house. I thought, I don't know why, but I thought that if I went to Lydia then and talked to her—I'd have done anything to get her back, you know."

"You went to her room?" Kirk asked. "Yes." George's eyes were blank and dull. "She was dead."

"George!" Clare said on a sharp breath.

Kirk put up his hand as if to stop her. "Are you sure that Lydia was dead then?"

"Yes," George said dully.

There was a long silence. Then Kirk said, "So you didn't get to talk to her at all?"

"No. She was dead. Face down in the pillow. I didn't know what I was doing. I pulled up the sheet. It was all twisted and wrinkled. She wouldn't have liked that. Then I came out. I didn't want to see anybody or talk to anybody or... Somehow I got downstairs and there was the whisky, right where I'd left it. The next thing I knew I'd been in the arbor a long time. Drinking straight from the bottle." He pulled himself up with a suggestion of his customary primness. "I don't drink much as a rule."

There was another long silence in the room. Finally Kirk said, "What did you do then?"

George's slight air of dignity collapsed. "I don't know. I thought I heard somebody along the path. I left the arbor. I guess I wandered on over the hillside. After a long time I thought somebody called me and I didn't want to see anybody. I was starting my car when somebody shouted at me. Alroy began to tell me about Lydia. You told me too."

Maggy said suddenly, "Did you see Lydia's face?"

"Yes," George said, and unexpectedly, dreadfully, dropped the cup of coffee and put his hands over his face.

The break—the small crack—was in the wall of Maggy's conviction that Josh was wrong, that Lydia had not been murdered, that there was no such thing as murder in the night in the house, anywhere. Her voice came out tense as a strung wire. "George, was her face flushed? Was it dark red?"

"Don't," George said from behind his hands. "I can't bear it..."

It was true, then; George had answered the question she could not answer. She felt queerly cold.

Kirk went to George and put his hand on George's shoulder.

"Did you tell Josh all this?"

"No," George dropped his hands and looked up at Kirk. "I told you. We talked of other things for the most part."

"What things?"

"Why... the business, the Works, all that..."

Kirk interrupted. "I should tell you. Josh was sent here to investigate us."

George is in it, too; Josh had said that, Maggy thought, and tried to rein in her memory, but it galloped on. "If there's any funny business at the Works, George is in it, too."

George looked puzzled. "I don't see why they'd send Josh. Besides, he didn't say anything about it."

"It's not important," Kirk said. "Just tell him anything he wants to know."

"Yes... yes, of course." There was, though, still a look of puzzled question in George's face lifted up toward Kirk. "Kirk—when I came in just now you went to the phone. You said you were going to call the police. I didn't quite take it in." He pulled himself up out of the chair and said directly, "Why were you going to call the police? You said something about an investigation. About Lydia's death and Ralph's death. What did you mean?"

"That's not important either," Kirk

said. "We'll talk about that later on."

But George's normal shrewdness had returned. "Investigation and police. Do you mean—"

Clare said, "Josh says that Lydia was murdered."

George turned so slowly that an immense time seemed to pass before he spoke. The red patches in his face drained away slowly, too. "What do you mean . . . murder . . ."

Clare said, "You saw Lydia. Josh thinks she was smothered—a pillow over her face."

Suddenly red flooded back into George's face. His eyes were suffused and crimson; his hands trembled, his whole body shook. He shouted, "If anybody killed her I'll kill him. Nothing will stop me. I'll kill him."

"George . . . George," Kirk cried.

George spluttered and choked and tore at his collar.

Clare said, "He's going to have a stroke." She flashed up and across to George. "George come with me," Clare put her hands on George's arm. She led him toward the door, talking soothingly as if to a child. "Now be quiet, take it easy. I'll explain everything. You'd better lie down for a minute. Come on. You've had a terrible shock. I'll tell you everything, but you've got to calm down now."

She had him out the door and into the hall. She leaned back to close the door behind them. Maggy stood like a stone.

The crack in her wall of disbelief had widened to an enormous, a fatal crevasse. She stood and watched the flood of suspicion that poured through it.

Kirk said, "Clare knows all about Josh's talk of murder?"

Maggy replied, and was astonished in some distant corner of her consciousness to hear her own voice, perfectly quiet and perfectly cool. "Alroy heard us talking last night. He told Clare."

"She was afraid Alroy killed Lydia." He said it flatly, a mere statement of fact.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"George . . ." Kirk walked to the window and back, his head bent. "No," he said finally. "I can't believe George would kill Lydia. Yet he was drunk by his own admission. He was the injured husband—if Alroy was the cause of their divorce. Clare hated Lydia. I never knew why. But Clare—no, no! Clare wouldn't have . . . no woman could possibly have put that pillow over Lydia's head."

"No," Maggy cried. "It couldn't have been Clare!"

"It wasn't murder! We're letting what George told us confuse us—"

"The police have to know," Maggy said.

Kirk came to her. "Listen, Maggy. There is no real evidence of murder. If I call the police and tell them all this, I can do a great deal of harm. Do you think they would believe George's story?" He stopped. He looked down at her for a long moment. Something flickered at last in his eyes, like the small click of a camera. She had a fantastic notion that he had perceived and put down forever, in black and white like a photograph, some quality in her which she could never change or erase.

Then very deliberately he put his arms around her and drew her close to him.

He held her as if he never meant to let her go, or as if he himself were going away on a long trip and was saying farewell. But by this time tomorrow he would be her husband—to have and to hold from this day forward. He put his hand around her face, cupping it, and then down along her throat exploringly. The room around



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her seemed to dissolve. She was lost and breathless.

He released her. "I can do anything I have to do," he said. "I'll see to George." He went out of the room without looking back.

She sank down into the sofa. Her knees were shaking again.

Kirk in his heart believed now that it was murder, too. He, too, had witnessed a tiny crack of the wall of his disbelief widen with shattering swift-ness into a terrifying chasm.

There wasn't a sound in the house anywhere.

You are a witness, Josh had said; there is no murder case without you.

She was halfway to the door before she knew that she was going to the arbor and why.

IN THE daylight it was simply a path that turned now and again through trees and undergrowth and climbed steeply upward. She came out quite soon really upon the open space where the arbor stood. Nothing about it was changed.

If anyone had overheard their conversation and had resolved to make an end to a dangerous witness (me, Maggy thought) then he must have stood somewhere near the arbor. George?

George had been, by his own confession roaming through the woods on the hillside, drunk and confused. Oh yes, it might have been George.

She went to the edge of the lookout point and looked down the slope to the river. It was not as steep as it had seemed the night before in the darkness and in fear. In the daytime, even if she made a misstep and plunged over the little lip of rocks, she could easily save herself.

At night, though, it wouldn't have been so easy.

What about the rock?

Rocks do dislodge themselves. Certainly, people don't stand in the dark and pelt other people with rocks. A rock, though, can be put to other uses, can be seized upon as a weapon. And then later who would know that the concussion, the deadly bruise, had not been caused in a fall down the slope or by some rock along the river banks.

It would be an accident.

She didn't like venturing so close to the edge of the rocks even in the daylight, but she examined it inch by inch. She ranged farther, hunting for some mark, some clear little spot which showed less stain of time and weather, where a rock might have been dislodged, and found it. There was a shallow hollow, its outline preserved perfectly, the soil darker and damp, a few tiny white roots wound through it, white because of their lack of exposure to the sun. There were a hundred infinitesimal marks which showed that sometime until quite lately—until last night—a rock had wedged itself down into the soil.

All right then, face it, she told herself. Someone intended to smash the rock so hard against her temple that she could not have fought back, and then—nothing easier—push her over the ledge.

But she had saved herself instinctively. She had slid back into the shadow of the laurels, back and back so there was no longer the dim target of her white robe. So after waiting, whoever had stood there, that small rock in hand like a club, listened, waited, decided the quarry had escaped—tossed the rock away, into the darkness so by chance it fell into the river, and took a swift and silent way — where? Up along the wooded hillside? Or down through the woods to the house?

But that was attempted murder, she thought with a deep, inward shock of realization. She had come to the arbor

to search out the very evidence she had found, yet finding it was like a new and utterly stunning disclosure. It brought with it a kind of shock wave of terror.

There was no one there, no one in the arbor, no one anywhere. The green vines masked the hillside behind the arbor. The thick clumps of laurels glistered with fog. The roses drooped sog-gily in faded red masses. You could scream till you were blue in the face and nothing but the roses would hear you.

SOMEONE WAS coming down the hill-side, behind the arbor.

There was the snapping of twigs, the crash of footsteps through the shrub-bery. Her impulse was to run for the path and the house. But Josh had come before, like that, that first day—sliding in the pine needles, catching at the arbor, standing out on the rocks to look at the river.

She waited a moment, unsure, yet sure too. And Josh came around the arbor. "Maggy! What's wrong?" He strode quickly across to her. He put his arms around her, supporting her.

"It's you . . ." she said.

"Of course, it's me. I came here hop-ing to see you. I didn't expect to find you right here though. I thought I'd go to the house and try to get hold of you. Look here, what happened to you? An-swer me."

"I think somebody tried to kill me. Last night . . ."

His arm tightened hard around her. Then he turned her to face him; his eyes were like swords, his mouth a hard line. "Tell me."

She told him in scattered, hurried phrases, but he seemed to understand.

He left her and went to look at the patch of freshly exposed soil, where a small rock had lain. He looked down the slope toward the river. He came back to her. "I shouldn't have left you here alone last night. But I had to find George if I could and put a flea in his ear. And I didn't really think it would happen so soon."

"It would happen . . . ?"

"An attempt to murder you," he said. "Are you sure you have no idea who it was?"

"It could have been George. George was here just now. And he said that he was in the house last night. He was in Lydia's room. He said she was dead, then."

"So he came here! I thought he would."

"You . . . planned that."

"George is the only lever, the only chance . . . I didn't tell him that I be-lieve Lydia was murdered. I counted on . . . did anybody tell him that?"

"Clare told him."

"What did he say?"

"He was beside himself. He was ber-serk. He said he'd do anything, he'd kill anybody who hurt her."

Josh nodded, quickly, as if he had made up his mind. "Come with me."

"What are you going to do?"

"It may not work. But I don't see any other way. Come with me, Maggy."

They went back down the path. They came out on the lawn and instead of going to the house, he marched her across the wet lawn in full view of all the windows which peered at them from their curtains of ivy. They came to the little landing, where Josh stopped. "Stay here. I'll be back in a minute."

He seemed to saunter again, slowly as he had along the aisle of the church, yet at the same time covered space very rapidly. He vanished in the direc-tion of the garage.

The great loops and festoons of roses hanging over the backstops of the tennis court looked drained too, and

Continued on page 140

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Continued from page 138
pale. Josh came back. He held something close against his side, concealed by his coat. "Now then, Maggy. I want you to do exactly as I say. Get into the canoe."

It lay below the landing, rocking gently. "Back there," Josh said. "Take the seat at the end."

Josh got down into the canoe. He had some sort of tool with a red handle in his hand. She couldn't see what it was, for he slid it under the seat. Then he stepped up to the landing again. He took out cigarettes. "Now we wait," he said. "Want a cigarette, Maggy?"

She shook her head. Something terrible was going to happen. She waited for it as she had waited and watched while the tiny crack of her disbelief in murder had widened and let a whole flood of suspicions pour down over her head, swamping her.

There was a sound beyond the curve of pines. She said in a sharp whisper, "Somebody's coming along the path."

"Yes, I know," Josh said.

Alroy lounged into view. "Hello, Alroy," Josh said.

Alroy's big body looked slack and

give a hoot for Lydia. My advice to you, Josh, is to shut up and get out," he said, whirled around and slouched back off the landing and along the path.

Josh said, thoughtfully, "Clare's in love with Alroy. She'd be jealous if she thought she had any reason to be."

MAGGY HEARD the light leisurely pad of footsteps again along the path. The planks of the landing rattled softly, and Kirk came around the pines toward them. He was wearing brown slacks and a green coat and looked debonair and poised and handsome.

He had seen Maggy, he must have seen her but he said, half laughing, to Josh, "What did you do to Alroy? I met him just now and he's like a bear with a sore head."

"He's had some words with Clare." "Oh, Yes, I know. She got it into her head that Alroy liked Lydia—a little too much."

"Did he?"

Kirk sobered. "Now look here, Josh. Let's not have any more of this talk of murder. Clare wouldn't have hurt Lydia. —I saw you coming across the lawn and I want to talk to you." The ease,

You were asking CHATELAINE

QUESTION

How can I break the habit of biting my fingernails?

Mrs. J. L., Ontario.

ANSWER

The only sure cure is to be iron-willed. However, you can help yourself in several ways. Nails can be made to taste thoroughly unpleasant with hot red chili pepper, quinine, or arrowroot. And, whenever tempted to nibble your nails, substitute an apple, a raw carrot or a stick of chewing gum. Make your nails too pretty to bite. Occasionally, treat yourself to a professional manicure. At home, buff your nails (improves circulation and lustre). And apply polish—two thin coats on top and a coat of colorless under your nail tips.

lazy, but his slaty eyes were sharply inquisitive. "What are you doing here?" "Talking," Josh said. "I thought you were at the Works."

"I was, but Clare phoned for me."

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, half an hour or so, why?"

"Were you by any chance up at the arbor?"

Alroy shot a suspicious glance at Josh. "Certainly not. Why would I go up there? As a matter of fact, I've been having a row with Clare." A sudden wave of crimson surged into Alroy's face. "Women! You can't figure them. I didn't even like Lydia! I had nothing to do with her divorce."

"Does Clare believe you?"

"Listen, Josh," Alroy's great fist doubled up. "You started all this, and you're wrong. I didn't kill Lydia, and Clare knows I didn't. There was nobody in the house who would have killed her. George was wandering around drunk, but he wouldn't have hurt Lydia, he'd have done anything for her. There was Kirk and Cousin Emily and Maggy and Clare herself. Clare's got a will of her own, sure; so has Kirk. They quarrel, but they stand together when the chips are down. But Clare wouldn't go in there and murder a woman, and Kirk's out of his head over Maggy. He didn't

the friendliness was back. "Why didn't you tell me that you came here to investigate the Works?" he said with smiling reproach.

"Maggy told you," Josh said flatly.

"Why, of course. And very properly. But why didn't you tell me? I'll tell you anything you want to know. Glad to."

"Splendid," Josh said. "Sit down there, next to Maggy."

Kirk looked startled. "In the canoe?"

"Why not? I've been wanting to talk to you about this."

Kirk hesitated, glancing out at the sullen, cold river.

Josh said, "You're not afraid, are you?"

He held the paddle in a rather odd and awkward way, almost as if it were a club. Kirk did not see that.

He still did not seem to see Maggy either.

He must have seen her, yet she had an extraordinary feeling that she had become invisible to him.

He stepped down into the canoe and Josh followed. The canoe wobbled.

Josh untied the painter, swiftly as Kirk was seating himself. There was a soft little thud as the painter dropped in the canoe. Josh lifted the paddle.

As it dipped strongly in the water and the canoe shot away from the land-

ing Kirk shouted, "What are you doing?" and lunged toward Josh.

The canoe rocked perilously.

Josh said, "We're going out into deep water. Then I'm going to scuttle the canoe. I can swim and Maggy can swim, but you can't!"

"You can't! I'll drown . . . This is murder."

"Call it execution," Josh's voice was hard. The canoe shot on swiftly, too swiftly, into the swirling current. Already the landing and the line of willows were clothed in fog and seemed far away.

"I tell you, you can't do this," Kirk said in a strangled way.

"There's one way you can save yourself," Josh said. "Tell the truth about Ralph's murder and Lydia's murder. Then I'll bring you back to land."

Kirk hunched forward. "This is absurd. You hate me, you're trying to scare me . . ."

Something flashed up in one of Josh's hands. The canoe, left to its own course, wavered and rocked. There was a thin, rending crash, and then another.

"Why, you've got a hand axe," Kirk said in a still queer voice.

"That's right," Josh said. "And there's one air compartment gone. Next time I'll drive the axe right straight through the canoe."

The canoe had instantly lost something of its buoyancy. Maggy's seat rose a little higher. She could see Josh now, over Kirk's shoulders, and he was putting the small hand axe down beside him, out of Kirk's reach. That was the tool then that he had brought from the garage.

"But you can't!" Kirk said again, incredulously. "Why, even if you did scuttle the canoe, the police would know it. You can't get away with this."

"Once you're overboard, nobody will ever know what happened. I'll knock in the other air compartment, the canoe will sink, it'll never be found. It'll be an accident. The way Ralph was drowned. The way Lydia died. Another accident."

KIRK LURCHED forward toward Josh and the canoe lurched too. Water splashed coldly over Maggy's knees. It struck Kirk too, and he was afraid of water. He shrank back and suddenly turned toward the fog-shrouded shoreline. He was going to shout for help.

Josh said, "By the time anybody hears you it'll be too late. In this fog nobody can see what I'll do. There's no boat, nothing, no way to get at you. Why did you kill Ralph?"

"I didn't . . . I didn't. It was an accident."

"Why did you kill Lydia?"

"I didn't, I tell you. You can't . . ."

The canoe rocked. Maggy saw the flash of the hand axe. In the fraction of a second before it fell Kirk shouted, "Don't. I'll tell you . . . I didn't mean to kill Ralph. I did snatch that orange cushion, that life preserver from him. He got it first. But then I got hold of the canoe. I didn't mean to kill Ralph."

"But you did mean to kill Lydia. Why? Did she threaten you?"

"Threaten—"

"Kirk, you realize that George will find out everything there is to find out. He's suspicious now. You were the cause of Lydia's divorce, weren't you? As soon as George gets on to that, he'll tell everything he knows about the Works."

"You did that. You used him against me—"

"It's the truth, isn't it? Oh, you were probably too cagey to bind yourself, write any letters, anything like that. Of course, you must have made quite a play for Lydia, a conventional woman like that. She got back here and dis-

covered that while she was getting a divorce and intending to marry you you'd got another woman—and she had some hold over you. It's the business isn't it, Kirk? George knows all about whatever it is you're trying to do. Did he tell Lydia? Did she threaten you with that?"

"There's nothing to threaten me with."

"Oh, I think there is. I'm not sure just where and how. There are several things that you might be trying to do. There's the matter of inventory, for instance."

"We had accountants. They checked everything."

"Yes, well, how about that very successful new line of yours, small tool kits? Weren't the boxes already sealed up for shipment when they were checked?"

"Why, probably some of them. There was an exact check, though. Every package was rolled in on dollies and checked and then—"

Josh said, "Rolled back out again, I suppose, and hurriedly reloaded with more sealed boxes and counted. What was in them really? Scrap iron? Junk? It doesn't matter. That's only one trick. Did they check your accounts receivable?"

"I tell you, they looked at all our books."

"Oh well, that's only one way, another trick. Other people have tried. It will all come out."

"But I . . . I don't admit any of this for a moment. But even if I had planned any sort of . . . fraud, I'm not liable, now. The new stock issue has not been sold. I've not done anything illegal. You can't touch me—"

"Oh, Kirk," Josh said in a curiously sad voice. "Don't give me that. This isn't the first time you've tried to cheat the stockholders. A man doesn't turn into a crook overnight. It'll all come out now. And your escape hatch isn't quite ready yet."

"Escape—"

"Switzerland, wasn't it to be? Miss Emily living there, in her own house, a resident. Whenever you were ready to get away with all the money you could get your hands on, how simple it was going to be for you. Send money to Miss Emily. Get it deposited in a privately owned Swiss bank. No name to identify you, only a number, and you'd get away with it. You didn't intend to build up the Works. You intended to exploit it and get your hands somehow, anyhow, on other people's money."

"Cousin Emily! You're wrong there, you've got to admit. She wouldn't—"

"She wouldn't have known," Josh said sombrely. "She'd have done anything you told her to do. You were looking far ahead. But Lydia threatened to stop it all, so Lydia died. And Ralph died—"

"Why should I kill Ralph?"

"I don't think you meant to really. I think you figured Lydia would drown in this current but Ralph wouldn't. I could be wrong."

"But . . . why I couldn't manipulate an accident. I'd drown myself—"

"You would drown now," Josh said. "The canoe won't float by the time I get through with it. But yesterday that was simple. It wasn't much of a chance for you to take because you knew what you were going to do. You were prepared. Ralph wasn't."

"You don't have a scrap of evidence, nothing—"

"But I'm going to have." Josh looked around them. They were out now in the very middle of the current. "This is the place. Nobody can see or hear. Now then—jump when I tell you to, Maggy. I'll get you out." He lowered the paddle.

The canoe swirled in the strong cur-

(Advertisement)

In 1951, Viennese beauty, Hedy Lamarr, looked like this—with her lovely slim figure.

How I Stay Slim

By HEDY LAMARR
As told to Bobbie Reynolds

ONE DAY, about a year after I'd finished "Samson and Delilah," I stepped on the scales and, for the first time in my life, said: "Hedy, you've got to lose some weight!"

To anybody but a movie actress, the few extra pounds that I had gained would have meant absolutely nothing at all. But I knew how critical the camera could be—even before wide screen.

You see, when an actress is between pictures, she's more relaxed, not burning up calories, and so more likely to gain weight.

Of course, I immediately blamed my vacation trip to Europe. All that delicious French cooking! The crepe suzettes, for instance, and the poulet de bonne femme. I just couldn't resist them.

But no one could eat such rich food and not gain weight—or so I thought then.

Today, I know differently. The real secret of weight control, I've discovered, is simple *appetite* control. And this, I now know, is not too difficult when you follow a candy plan that helps make you thin.

A studio doctor was the one who suggested I try it, back in 1951. And it worked beautifully. In fact, that's how



I have kept my weight down ever since. It's such a safe and easy way.

Here's the secret. This is no ordinary candy. It's a special vitamin-mineral-candy called Ayds.

Taken as directed, it helps curb your appetite; as a result, you eat less and lose weight. You eat what you want, but you don't have the desire to overeat.

Just recently, I heard that there was a report on this reducing plan in a medical journal. So, I took the trouble to look it up, and here's what I learned.

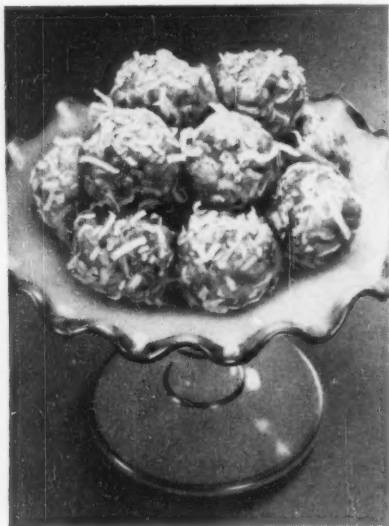
Tests show that the Ayds Plan really does help you lose weight, with no nervousness, sleeplessness or excessive hunger pangs.

These facts convinced me more than ever that this Ayds Reducing Candy Plan is one of the safest, most pleasant ways to lose weight. Both the regular vanilla caramel kind and the new chocolate fudge-type are sold at drug and department stores everywhere. For all those who want to stay slim the way I do, I recommend it highly.



TODAY, Hedy Lamarr, looking just as trim as she did eight years ago, says: "My secret of staying slim is simply a reducing candy plan."

No Sugar to add to these APRICOT COCONUT BALLS



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1½ cups dried apricots, ground
2 cups shredded coconut
¾ cup (½ 15 oz. can) Eagle Brand
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1 So quick! So easy! Combine apricots and coconut. Add Eagle Brand and blend well. Only Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with the sweetening already in it gives you such double-rich smoothness. It's pre-cooked!

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rent, tipped and water came splashing in.

Kirk dropped down, hugging the canoe. "I'll tell you anything! Anything you want to know. Hurry, Josh. The canoe's going over . . ."

It didn't. Josh righted it, struggling against the current with only one paddle. He said then, "You killed Ralph?"

"I got the life preserver from him. That's all. I didn't mean to kill him."

"You killed Lydia?"

"Yes, yes — anything you say."

"You tried to kill Maggy last night."

"No—"

"Don't try to lie. You were at the arbor. You must have followed her from the house. You heard me say that there was no case of murder without her. You lost your head. The river was near—you found a rock—but then you couldn't find Maggy. It gave you a chance to think, make some new plans. What were your new plans, Kirk? Were you going to marry Maggy and take her out of the country? Would there have been another accident? Sad, tragic, on her honeymoon — but no questions asked. Weren't you afraid that tomorrow would be too late?"

Yes, Maggy thought, yes — he was afraid tomorrow would be too late.

Josh said, "Was it a hard decision to make? The girl you want or your own life?"

Maggy, in her mind replied; not very hard, really; he said good-by to me as if he were going on a journey; he said he could do anything he had to do. And from that moment on, I became nothing to him—invisible.

"Answer me!" Josh said.

"All right, all right! I admit it. Anything you say. Now are we going back to land?"

Josh said slowly, "What are you planning now, Kirk?"

"Why, I . . ." For a second Maggy thought that Kirk was going to give Josh one of those flashing, apparently candid smiles; it was in his voice. But he said, "What are you going to do, Josh?"

There was a long silence except for the river whispering against the canoe, and the thrust of the paddle. Then Josh said, "Go back to land."

A subtle knowledge flashed through Maggy; Kirk had won, or he was going to win.

But that wasn't possible. He had confessed to murder. Josh would go to the police with the whole story. They would charge Kirk with murder. Surely, Kirk knew that and had accepted it.

But he hadn't accepted it, and he was going to win.

They approached the shallow water and Kirk said, "You can't do a thing! You forced me to say all this by threats of murder. Maggy heard it all. She'll have to tell the police that you threatened to murder me. So you see"—there was a faint small chuckle in his voice—"I wasn't safe before. Maggy was a danger to me. But you've cancelled that—you've removed all danger from either of you because you threatened me."

"They'll investigate," Josh said. "You can't stand investigation."

"Oh, but they'll investigate George! He admitted he had been to Lydia's room. If anybody is ever arrested or charged with murder, it'll be George."

"What about the fraud at the Works?"

"Oh, I can fix that—do something—I'll fix that all right."

"You really think you can murder two people and get away with it, don't you Kirk," Josh said in a thoughtful voice.

"I know this! Even if you got me hauled into court on a murder charge, no jury in the world would believe this

. . . this so-called confession you forced me to make in order to save my life."

Josh said slowly, "But you see, Kirk, I was afraid tomorrow would be too late, too. Too late to save Maggy's life. So I had to prove it to her."

Kirk's head jerked up. "Who's that," he said sharply, "on the landing?"

The weatherbeaten landing stretched out over the water toward them. Three men stood watching them.

Two of the men were policemen. The third, older man wore a business suit. One of the policemen bent to secure the painter as Josh tossed it up to him. The older man said to Kirk, "Ralph Hewitt's body has been found. I am taking you in charge, Mr. Beall."

There was a silence. Then Kirk whispered, "But that was an accident. Really an accident. You can't charge me with murder."

"No," the older man said, "but the district attorney can. Now, just come along quietly."

It was all very quiet. The landing rattled a little, then the three men, with Kirk between them disappeared around the curve of the path.

Josh said then, in a flat, tired way, "Stay here, Maggy. Don't come to the house. I'll be back."

The planks of the landing rattled

SCHOOL NIGHT

They listen to records,

They phone and write letters.

They raid the fridge

*And they wash out their
sweaters*

And plan how to doll

*Their jalopy with chrome
work*

And airily label it;

"Doing their homework."

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

lightly again and Josh was gone too. There was no sound at all from the house, no commotion, no shouts, nothing.

Time passed; she knew that, and that it was important time, for it marked moments which could never be erased and never be changed.

When had she stopped loving Kirk? With a white flash like lightning, she thought, did I ever really love him?

Clare came at last along the path. Her face was a pale wedge between her masses of black hair. She came to the canoe. "Maggy I want you to believe me. Last winter I thought that there was something between Kirk and Lydia. Then when Lydia died like that . . . I didn't know. I tried to warn you, I knew that there were times when Kirk would do anything in a rage — anything. But I wasn't sure — and I did want you to marry him and . . ."

"I know . . . don't, Clare."

"No, you must listen. I knew it was wrong to let you marry Kirk. I think I was sure in my heart from the very first, that Lydia was murdered. But then—I was afraid it was Alroy and . . ."

MAGGY STEPPED up onto the landing and put her arms around Clare. Clare bowed her head for a second against Maggy's shoulder. Then she lifted it. "I'm all right. They want you at the house."

The house was strangely still though when they entered it. In the library

there were three state policemen and Josh. Clare left her at the library door. Josh said, "Sit down, Maggy, here."

She sat in the armchair before the big desk. One of the policemen was busy about Kirk's dictating machine. A spool of thin brown tape was already in place. The policeman flicked a switch. He said, "This was in Ralph Hewitt's pocket when his body was found, wedged into a cove just below Berry Point. We thought it might be important. A tape can be immersed in water for as long as forty-eight hours and still, at least parts of it, will come out clear on the machine."

"It's beginning," the other policeman said.

The tape looked very small, simply a shiny brown thread, but a jumble of sound was beginning to come out of the machine into the room. Suddenly then, shockingly clear, Lydia's voice said, "—gone only four months. Couldn't you have waited?"

Kirk's voice said as clearly, "You agreed that we mustn't write, mustn't communicate. I'd have stopped you."

"You promised to marry me."

"Suppose I did. I've changed my mind, that's all."

"I'll not let you marry that girl. I'll stop it if I have to stand up in church and—"

Kirk's voice broke in, "—say what? You've got no proof, no letters, nothing. Don't be stupid, Lydia. I came here tonight because you asked me to."

Tonight? Maggy thought — and remembered the sound of a car returning very late; she had thought it was Alroy and Clare.

Something of Kirk's magnetic charm came into the voice from the machine. "I want us to be friends. Bygones are bygones—"

"If you marry that girl, I'll tell everything I know. I can ruin you, and I will. George has told me all about what you've already done and what you're trying to do at the Works. You've cheated, you've stolen from the stockholders—"

There was a jumbled rush of sounds from the machine, a half-choked scream which was then fully choked. Something clattered as if a chair had gone over. Then with horrible clarity Lydia's voice gasped, "You . . . tried to . . . kill me."

"I will kill you," Kirk said with utter cold deliberation. "If you say a word to anybody, if you try to stop me, I will kill you."

Lydia's voice said scornfully, "How?" "The safest way is accident." There was a sound like footsteps. A door closed hard and unmistakably.

The tape ran on and on. Unexpectedly a thin, frightened voice spoke, a man's voice — Ralph Hewitt's voice. "You can't go through with this, Lydia. Kirk means it. He'll kill you and he'll kill me too."

"I've got what I wanted. He admitted that he promised marriage."

Two ghosts were talking without hindrance, freely and dreadfully.

"Where is the microphone?"

"There, behind the cushion. The wire goes under the door of the next room. Are you afraid of Kirk?"

"Yes, I'm afraid. He nearly killed you just then."

"Why didn't you come to help me?"

Ralph shouted with surprising violence, "Because I was afraid! I'll have no more to do with this."

"Ralph," Lydia's voice said softly. "You need money. Tomorrow we'll both see Kirk just as I planned — Where are you going?"

"To turn off my tape recorder."

There were footsteps again, then a soft tap.

"He turned it off then," one of the policemen said. "That's all. Intent to

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murder. Motive. Attempted murder. Beall will have a hard time getting out of this!"

The telephone rang.

Josh reached for it, but one of the policemen took it up. "Probably for me," he said, and listened. A curiously blank and uncommunicative look came into his face. "Right. Yes, I understand... yes sir, right away."

He put down the telephone. He must have given some signal to the other two policemen, for they went out of the library all together. Josh followed them out and closed the door.

There were voices, low, in the hall, the sound receding toward the front door. After a time a car started up somewhere and another car followed it. Those sounds diminished too. The fog outside the windows was darkening in the early twilight.

THE DOOR opened and Clare came in. She put Maggy's dark-blue silk coat around Maggy's shoulders. She was very pale. She thrust Maggy's handbag at her. "I'll see to everything — Josh's waiting for you."

Clare's car was standing at the front door. Josh put her into it and went around to get behind the wheel. Probably, she thought vaguely, he was taking her to police headquarters. They would question her. She was a witness. As they turned out onto the road, she said, "Where are we going?"

"I'm taking you to your mother."

"What?"

"We both have passports. I made plane reservations this morning."

"But you couldn't have known —"

"I had to get you out of it somehow today. Before it was too late. I'd better tell you now, Maggy. There'll be no murder trial. That's what that phone call was about. It happened at the Berry Point bridge. He got away — it was his only chance really — he wasn't handcuffed. He was only held for questioning but he knew it was the end. It's all over, Maggy. Quickly over. He wouldn't have wanted a trial. It's better this way, for Miss Emily and for him."

The car shot ahead into the foggy twilight.

Yes, she thought after a long time, far better. She closed her eyes. She couldn't see Kirk's face at all; she couldn't conjure up any image whatever. It was as if he had existed only in her imagination, as if he had never been real.

It was a long ride but it seemed a short one, for the things to think about were real; the lights of the cars they met, the beat of the engine, Josh's hands on the wheel. He parked the car and left the key at the airlines desk when he picked up the tickets. The plane was being called: "Paris... Budapest..."

Halfway across the pavement toward the plane Josh stopped. He turned her to face him. "There's something I've got to know, Maggy. Would you have married him tomorrow?"

Josh waited, his eyes intent. She had to tell the truth. "Yes," she said. "And I'd have been sorry for the rest of my life."

"That might not have been very long. I was afraid... I had to do it this way."

"Yes... yes. Let's hurry, Josh."

Josh's eyes lighted. He gave a little laugh which seemed to share everything she knew of herself. "Oh, Maggy, I know you so well — and love you so much."

They ran together across the gleaming pavement to the lighted plane and toward something else, something as strong as the sea and the stars of their course, so it was content to await its destiny.

END

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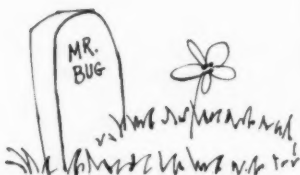
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HOW TO *Survive* A COCKTAIL PARTY



Be discreet: the one in the awful hat may be his wife

• A cocktail party is one of the simplest ways devised of returning hospitality to a large — and often widely assorted number of people. That sea of unfamiliar faces may look formidable, until you remember that nowhere else can you meet so many new people so easily — and so briefly you can't possibly be bored.

Invitations are usually by card, but are answered by phone. If you have an out-of-town visitor you would like to bring, ask your hostess when you phone your acceptance. Guests at a cocktail party come and go continually, so one person more or less makes little difference.

Since the party will usually take place between five and seven o'clock, you won't be eating anything substantial until late. It's a good idea — particularly if you are overtired — to have at least a glass of milk before you go.

What should you wear? If the guests are mainly business people coming directly from work, a suit is in order. At most parties though, an afternoon or cocktail dress and your prettiest hat are the rule. Gloves are left with your wrap.

After you have been greeted by your host and hostess, they will introduce you to a group of people nearby. From then on, you're on your own; chat with anyone regardless of whether

or not you have been introduced.

When you join a group of people, one of whom you don't know, say so, and someone who has met you both will look after the introductions — or you can introduce yourself. At a cocktail party, formalities are few, and conversation light. As a guest, it is up to you to be sociable and help make the party a success. But in your enthusiasm to shine as a wit, beware of indiscretion — that woman wearing the hilarious hat could be the sister or best friend of the person you're talking to.

If you don't drink, don't hesitate to ask for a ginger ale or any soft drink. If you do drink, remember, a straight whisky-and-soda, or gin-and-tonic are much less likely to have aftereffects than a Martini or other cocktail mixtures. Practiced survivors warn that switching from one kind of liquor to another is indeed unwise.

If you have no plans for dinner you might arrange with some of the other guests to go out somewhere to eat. Your hostess will be everlastingly grateful if you do not stay on at the party after the specified time unless you've been given a special invitation by her.

Whenever you do depart — early or late — be sure to track down your host and hostess and thank them for their hospitality.

— Vivian Wilcox

THE MAN WHO WON A PRINCESS

Continued from page 19

deference. Armstrong-Jones never deferred to her. He interrupted her, argued with her, sometimes treated her offhandedly. From him Princess Margaret took it and liked it.

What sort of man is this offbeat young photographer whose camera has been turned into a passport to take him from a basement apartment in Pimlico to marriage with the Queen's unpredictable younger sister?

Physically, he is short and slight, quick and restless, walking with a slight, almost imperceptible limp which is the heritage of a childhood attack of poliomyelitis. Princess Margaret is extremely petite herself — a mere five-feet-two in her stockinged feet — but with high-heeled shoes on she is almost on a level with the man she is to marry. He is ruggedly handsome, with fair hair which he quiffs up at the front and is inclined to rumple untidily at the back, freckles, and poor eyesight necessitating the need for heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles which he is quick to snatch off at the approach of an acquaintance.

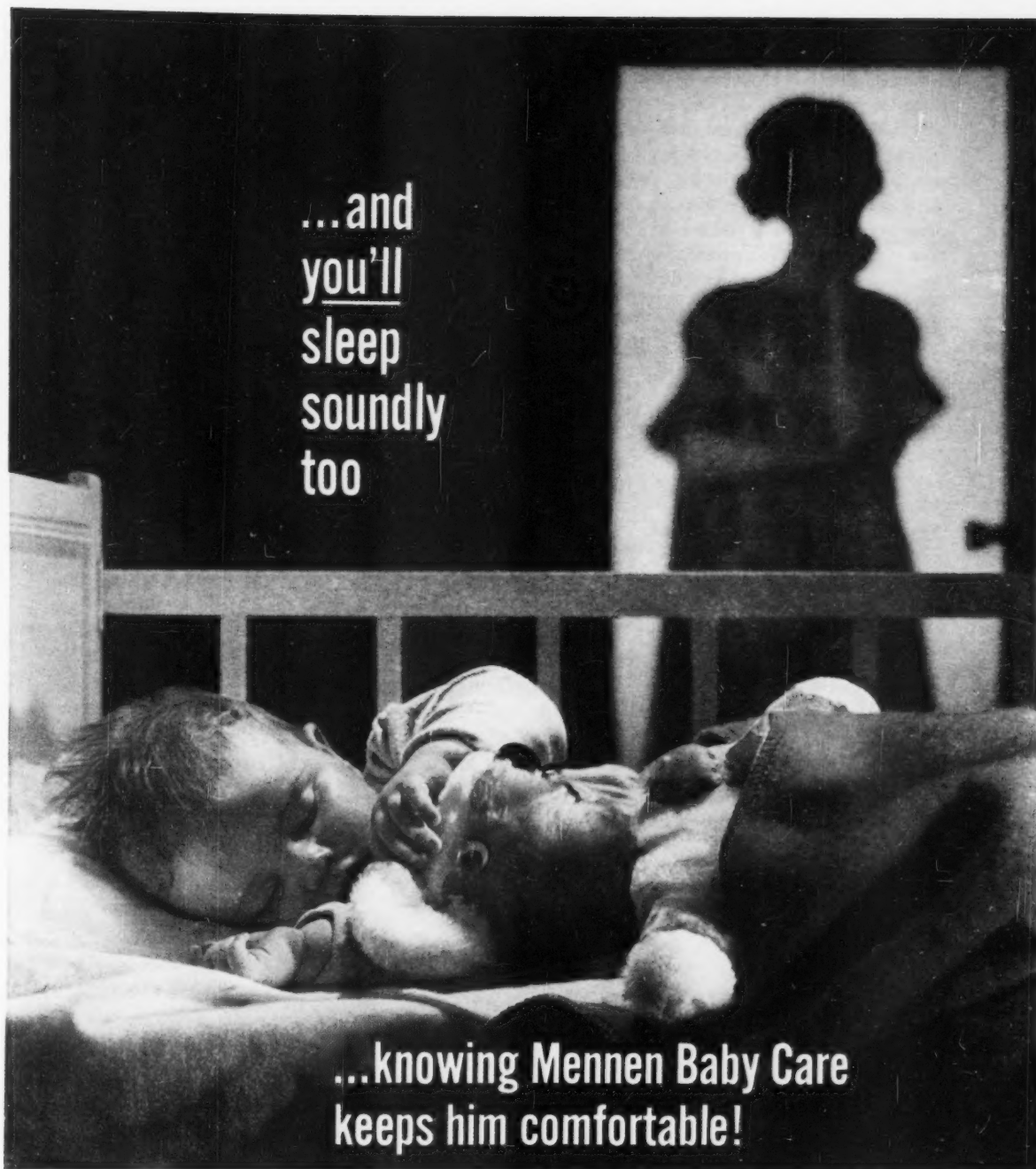
"His face has an enormously interesting dreamy look," says John Hughes-Hallett, the artist who recently painted a portrait of Armstrong-Jones. "It is terrifically mobile — changing all the time."

"He's a charmer"

Men find Armstrong-Jones quiet and unobtrusive. Some find him a bit too arty for their taste. One man who ran into him from time to time in the days not so long ago when he was more or less a regular caller at Esmeralda's Barn, a drinking and dining club frequented by London's actors and actresses, told us: "He is the sort of person who keeps himself to himself. Not the sort of person who stands out in a crowd, if you know what I mean."

Women see things differently. To them, Armstrong-Jones is completely irresistible. Kiki Byrne, the young London *couturière* with whom he worked during the brief spell when he branched out as a fashion designer, sums him up as "a complete charmer where women are concerned."

Another woman who knows him well told us, "He has the happy knack of making a woman feel she really is



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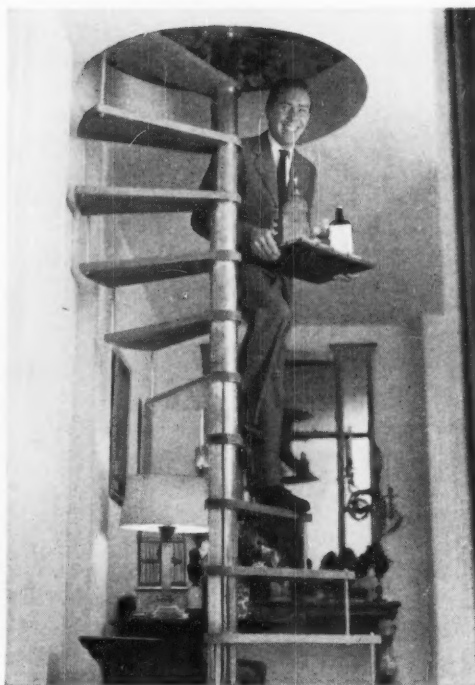
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a woman." There is about him something that brings out the maternal instinct in women — a quick grin, a boyish manner, a bubbling effervescence. Coupled to which he has all the Continental attitude of treating women as though they are helpless, fragile creatures, rushing to open doors for them, helping them into their wraps, clicking a lighter busily if they chance to pick up a cigarette — gestures which are far from typical of the average British male who expects his womenfolk to do such things for themselves.

He is mercurial, energetic, intense, always reaching out for some fresh interest — and discarding it just as quickly once the mood of the moment has passed. If a new idea seizes him, he must communicate it to someone immediately.

A young married couple, who have been friends of his for some years, told us of the night they were in bed when a motorcycle roared up outside at one o'clock in the morning and someone started rapping on the bedroom window. It was Armstrong-Jones. He had a new idea he wanted to discuss with someone — anyone.



Stairway, which some guests preferred to negotiate on hands and knees, led from Tony's work studio to his basement bachelor flat. Here guests usually sat on cushions to consume their host's home-cooked spaghetti or hot-pot suppers.

"We let him in and stayed up nearly all night talking to him," they told us. "By the time he was through, he had us as enthusiastic as he was himself." He went along to artist John Hughes-

Hallett's studio in Adam and Eve Mews for a number of sittings when his portrait was being painted. "He was extremely co-operative," said Hughes-Hallett, "but he just couldn't

sit still. His restlessness created quite a problem for me."

Antony Charles Robert Armstrong-Jones, to give him his full label, was born on March 7, 1930, which makes him six months older than Princess Margaret. At the age of thirty, with so much charm for the opposite sex, it could not be expected that the princess would be the first woman in his life any more than he is the first man in hers.

There was a time when he was the constant escort of Jane Baker, niece of Lord Bridport. "I never thought of him as the marrying kind," she has said. There was another spell in his life when friends thought he was very much in love with Lady Barbara North, sister of the Earl of Guilford. But she married the son of Lord Bossom, and Armstrong-Jones was the photographer at the wedding.

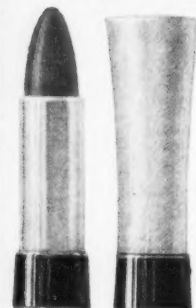
For a long time he was a very close friend of Jacqueline Chan, a diminutive part-Chinese actress who is currently appearing in the London run of *The World of Suzie Wong*. During the period Armstrong-Jones was fascinated photographically by the tiny figures and fragile bone structure of



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eastern women. At that time, when Jackie Chan was appearing in the Tea-house of the August Moon, he took scores of pictures of her and of another member of the cast, a Burmese girl who was her close friend. His life-size portraits of the two girls originally adorned the bar at Esmeralda's Barn, but more recently, by curious coincidence, the two portraits have disappeared.

The wedding of the princess and the photographer from Pimlico will give the royal family a large, fresh batch of in-laws — almost as large and even more confusing than those on Prince Philip's side of the family. And just as the fact that Prince Philip's sisters are married to German princelings has occasionally raised delicate problems of protocol, so will the fact that Tony's father, Ronald Owen Armstrong-Jones, has been married no fewer than three times — with his first two wives now married to other men.

Margaret's new family

His first wife, Tony's mother, whom he married in 1925, was Anne Messel, a sister of Oliver Messel, the world-famous designer and interior decorator who has a seventy-dollar-a-day luxury suite in London's Dorchester Hotel named after him. There were two children by the marriage — Tony and his sister Susan. Susan married John Eustace Vesey in 1950 and is now the Viscountess de Vesci, her husband having inherited the title upon the death of his uncle.

After her marriage to Ronald Armstrong-Jones was dissolved, Tony's mother married the Earl of Rosse and now lives with him at Birr Castle in Ireland. They maintain two other homes in England. Tony has two half-brothers as the result of the marriage, one of whom is young Lord Oxmantown.

On his second trip to the altar, Ronald Armstrong-Jones married Carol Coombe, an Australian actress who had gone to Britain in pursuit of an acting career. That marriage was dissolved a year ago. Since then, Carol has married Giuseppe Lopez, an Italian lawyer resident in London, and Tony's father, who is now sixty, has acquired a third wife in the shapely person of Jennifer Unite, a thirty-one-year-old air hostess he met on a flight between London and Bermuda. The two were, in fact, on honeymoon in Bermuda when news of Tony's engagement to

the princess was announced in February.

As might be expected of a youngster whose father was a QC, whose mother subsequently became a countess and whose uncle is a top-flight designer and interior decorator, Tony Armstrong-Jones was reared in the best

traditions of Britain's upper crust. He was educated at Eton, the most snobbish — and most expensive — boys' school in the country. He went from there to Cambridge, where he was a member of the 1950 rowing crew which beat rival Oxford in the annual boat race on the Thames.

But when Tony and Margaret first met — in April 1956, at the wedding of the daughter of the Earl of Leicester, at which Margaret was a guest and Tony the photographer — top-crust living was in the past for Tony. A rebel in a minor key, Tony had broken with family convention. For him there



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For 1954 Christmas card, Tony Armstrong-Jones spoofed friends by playing all the roles in this Victorian scene. Separate photos were taken, then put together.

was no luxury apartment in London, no stately home in the country for weekends.

His home was a basement apartment below his photographic studio at 20 Pimlico Road, Victoria, an unfashionable location tightly sandwiched between a laundry and a second-hand store. Victoria is just round the corner from Buckingham Palace, in a manner of speaking, but a very different class of district—grimy and rather down-at-heel. His weekend retreat was a single room overlooking the Thames, amid the slums of dockland.

His uniform: denims

For Tony Armstrong-Jones, there were no chauffeurs, no chefs, no footmen, no parlor maids. Only a daily cleaning woman came in to help. When he entertained, he did his own cooking. He drove a Morris Minor, and roared around London on a motorcycle. His friends were actors and actresses, designers and models, writers, painters and dancers. Like them he wore the uniform of Britain's post-

hoping it would encourage the youngster to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. Tony promptly swapped the gift for a camera he had been hankering after. At Cambridge during his rowing days, he insisted on taking his precious camera on training trips with him. More than once the result was a collision with the river bank as Tony, spotting something which took his photographic eye, let go of the steering gear to reach for his camera.

From Cambridge, he went to work as an apprentice to Baron, the society photographer who rated Prince Philip among his close friends. But he didn't stay long. His restless, energetic nature sent him branching out on his own. The first thing was to find a studio.

Friends found him suitable premises. But the rent was twenty-eight dollars a week. "Can't possibly afford that," said Tony, and finally settled on 20 Pimlico Road, a onetime hardware store which he managed to rent for eleven dollars a week.

His neighbors there knew him as a do-it-yourself addict who painted his front door in shades of white and grey, added a lion's head knocker to give a slightly exotic touch, and was forever hammering and sawing away in the pint-sized yard at the back.

He converted the basement beneath the studio into a Bohemian-style apartment reached by a series of floating treads fixed to a thick brass pole, up which visitors were inclined to crawl gingerly on hands and knees after devouring one of Tony's home-cooked meals of spaghetti or hot pot, which they had eaten sitting cross-legged on a profusion of cushions scattered haphazardly about the floor.

On at least one occasion Princess

war social revolution — tight denims and bulky sweaters, suede jackets and cavalry twill trousers.

Since he was a boy at school he has been mad about photography. While he was still at Eton, his grandfather, Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, an eminent physician, gave him a microscope,



Pimlico Road studio was home base for a photographic career that included society weddings and high fashion, theatre stills, offbeat portraits and a book of London street scenes—and ended with royal commissions and a royal wedding.

Margaret visited the basement apartment for a late-night supper party. But though she did her best to obey the age-old dictum of "when in Rome," she succeeded in upsetting her portion of casserole.

"I just don't know how to manage without a table," she sighed. "We always seem to have one at home — even for picnics."

Tony promptly dug out a folding, baize-topped card table for her to use.

In turn, Tony Armstrong-Jones tried all branches of photography — reportage, fashion work, portraiture, theatrical photography. He took his camera to society weddings, hunt balls, diplomatic receptions, and the results appeared in the glossy magazines. In the world of theatre, he broke quickly into the territory of the top men. He did the stills for *Look Back In Anger*, *A View From the Bridge*, *Separate Tables* and *The Entertainer*.

Little money—a lot of fun

He designed the ingenious photographic sets which John Cranko, the ballet dancer and choreographer and another of Princess Margaret's friends, used in his show *Keep Your Hair On*. The sets were hailed with enthusiasm. The show was a flop. Tony designed a range of ski outfits for Kiki Byrne. Those, too, were a flop—madly eye-catching, but quite impracticable.

Initially, he made very little money, but had a lot of fun. Armstrong-Jones has never bothered about money. According to Kiki Byrne, he has often turned down portrait commissions which would have brought him one hundred and fifty dollars a time on the basis that he was too busy to cope with them. The truth was that portrait photography bored him. He was infinitely happier picturing wrinkled old men looking out over the river or youngsters playing in the mean back streets.

His outlook showed in his work. The documentary photographs he took for his book, *London*, were outstandingly good despite the pressure of working against the clock. Mark Boxer, who worked with him on the book, rates him as "the most original photographer of today." Against that, another eminent photographer, Tom Hustler, is on record as describing him as "quite brilliant at commercial work, but poor as a portrait photographer."

Nevertheless, the portraits he was to take of the royal family were im-

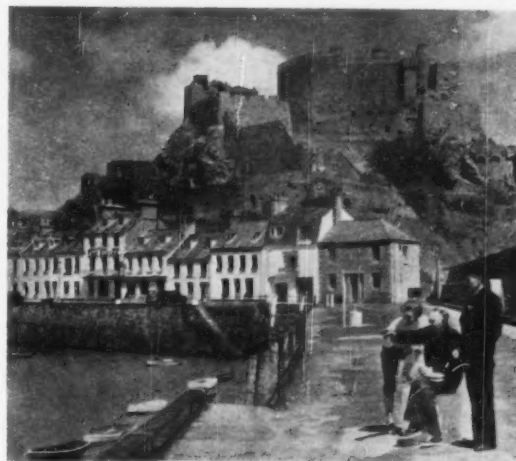


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C O M E T O B R I T A I N

mensely pleasing to the Queen. Her patronage was the start of great things for Tony Armstrong-Jones — the real beginning of a career which will now never see its fulfillment.

With no contacts to help him, no real reputation behind him, this distinctly offbeat young man got started on royal photography in the only way he knew how. He wrote to the young Duke of Kent — as one Old Etonian to another — seeking permission to take his photograph. Armstrong-Jones was probably as much surprised as anyone when the duke turned up at his Pimlico Road studio for a sitting and finally selected one of the resulting pictures as the official photograph to be distributed on his twenty-first birthday.

"Stiff, stuffy and pompous," howled the critics. But the duke liked the photographs. So, presumably, did the Queen, for only weeks later she was inviting Armstrong-Jones to take pictures of the royal children. The results, this time, met with nothing but praise. Other royal photographs followed in quick succession, including those taken last year just before the Queen left Britain for her visit to Canada and the

United States, and the official photographs marking Princess Margaret's twenty-ninth birthday last August.

Since attaining the status of a royal photographer, Armstrong-Jones is estimated to have netted around ten thousand dollars a year from his photography — little more than half the official allowance of the princess he is going to marry. This year, his earnings will be much more. Following news of his engagement to Princess Margaret, his photographs have become almost collectors' items. His book on London, which was being remaindered at half price by the publishers, is now being reprinted. Reproductions of his photographs, published in newspapers and magazines around the world, are reckoned to have netted him not far short of thirty thousand dollars.

But it is unlikely that Armstrong-Jones will ever take another picture as a professional photographer. Royalty must never commercialize itself and already the name has been painted out over his Pimlico Road studio.

For Tony Armstrong-Jones, life is changing rapidly. And the man, himself, is changing with it. He has put the hyphen back into his double-bar-

reled surname. It was there on his birth certificate, missing from his book and the rubber stamp on the back of photographs he submitted to editors, back again in the official announcement of the engagement.

Is Tony "shackled"?

Denims and sweaters have given way to more formal attire. He has taken to wearing a hat. The noisy motorcycle has been replaced by a modest station wagon.

For Tony Armstrong-Jones, there will be no more purchases from the secondhand store adjoining his studio, where he once bought a pair of riding boots for a dollar and fifty cents. The boots weren't mates, but Tony didn't mind. "When you're on a horse, no one sees both sides at once," he said.

There will be no more mixed grills and pints of beer in the pub in Pimlico Road, no more cups of *cappuccino* in Chelsea coffee bars, no more visits to waterfront inns in London's dockland, no more popping into the local laundrette with a pillowcase crammed with dirty linen.

Old friends of Armstrong-Jones view his marriage to Princess Margaret with mixed feelings. On the one hand, they're delighted with the match, on the other they regard with sadness the changes it has brought to his life. They picture his future as shackled to the chariot wheels of royal tradition, his ability, talent and brilliance lost to the world.

However, observers believe that Tony, like Prince Philip, has too much strength of character, too much restless energy, for his individuality to be completely submerged in the royal round. Philip has emerged as something more than the Queen's husband; he is a man in his own right, a personality to whom many look for leadership.

Tony Armstrong-Jones, observers prophesy, will develop in the same way, once his period of royal probation is over. With a wife who shares his interest in things artistic, the chances are that the future will see him as the figurehead to whom the artists, photographers, writers and designers of Britain can turn for leadership and encouragement in the years ahead.

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BEST BUICK YET!

HOW TO EAT, RELAX — AND BE HAPPY

Continued from page 20

There is no special diet to prevent fatigue. So far, none of the fad diets making this claim have really worked. Food faddists are thought by some psychiatrists to be suffering from emotional illness. Certainly many of them are naïve; they believe what they want to believe without very good evidence of the truth of their assumptions. Occasionally a doctor will find a patient has done real, perhaps irreparable, harm, by following a fad diet.

There is no better diet, ordinarily, than the one a person has been eating for the last ten, twenty or thirty years. If this is proving to be dangerous because she is putting on extra weight, the answer is to cut it in half or two thirds. Certainly it is not to change to some bizarre menu which makes one either a martyr or a fool and tends to disrupt the usual eating habits of her family or group.

Fatigue certainly results from eating too much, though it's a glorious feel-

ing sometimes to be too full. We are apt to feel relaxed. But continuous overeating cannot help but furnish us with too much weight to carry around. Extra weight is tiring in ways a person may not be aware of. It is harder to bend over, it is harder to bend at all. It is harder to take a big breath, and breathing is one of the automatic but continuous bits of work we have to do. If your family has a tendency to grow arthritic or rheumatic as they grow older, be careful not to add to the work of the leg and back joints by putting on too much weight.

It is important to retain your normal weight in adulthood. Eating the proper amount of food is as essential as getting the proper vitamins.

Taking off weight suddenly is not a good thing, certainly not the answer to being overweight.

A person who tends to put on weight will never change this basic pattern. She must be prepared to live a life of dietary discipline forever. A harsh thought, but true!

Patients often ask, "Should I be taking exercise, and what kind?"

Some people enjoy starting the day with a few simple exercises, and this

may make them feel very much more alert. Others find such shenanigans uninteresting, unsatisfactory and a waste of time. The average person feels better with a little exercise every day, or every other day. But some people can be perfectly healthy without any.

Don't exercise in spurts

Exercise should be a recreation, enjoyable for itself, not some kind of price paid for good health. Some people go at it as they would a diet, taking it too seriously and in short spurts. It should be something that can be done easily, conveniently and preferably with friends. Remember when you were young and a game of tennis made you feel healthy and vigorous, while scrubbing the kitchen floor made you tired? Probably the two called for about the same amount of exercise and energy. We lead awfully protected lives in our modern world. Keeping our muscles well trained may be extra insurance for emergencies.

In brief, then: Do not eat to combat fatigue. Remember that too much weight and too rigid muscles are two

of our greatest enemies. Make energy, then use it. Health is not an end in itself, but a good physique and lots of energy help make for a full and happy life.

And now for the worry we have about feeling tired. Our grandparents probably felt tired in their day, but no doubt took it for granted and didn't fret about it. I think we worry because we have so much greater expectations of ourselves than they did. We must be successful. All successful people are brisk, bright, vital, and energetic — any advertisement will tell you so. In our culture fatigue is something one can't afford.

Yet we have it. And because of this dilemma, we glance at fatigue out of the corner of one eye, instead of looking it full in the face. Instead of treating fatigue with the respect any real problem deserves, we take short cuts to get rid of it—a quick drink, a sleeping pill, Benzedrine.

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night its lights make the road almost as bright as day.

This is what we expect from our machines in modern society, and we often thoughtlessly expect the same of ourselves. We should wake up in the morning feeling fresh as a daisy, straining to get at the day's work. Midmorning and even midafternoon should find us still riding the crest of tremendous energy.

If we are to be interviewed by the boss we should be calm and imaginative. If we are interviewing one of our staff we should be clear and unemotional.

We should be hungry for our meals, yet not want to eat too much. After dinner at night we should feel as alert as we did in the morning, able to go on working or taking part in brilliant repartee. Sleep should come easily and be deep and restful.

That's what we sometimes expect our day to be like. Human flesh and the nervous system, however, were not made to run so perfectly. Some who turn to stimulants in an effort to remedy lack of energy, and find them helpful, come to rely on them.

By midmorning many pause to catch their breath and have more coffee (or more Benzedrine). But the real purpose of the coffee break is to interrupt the tempo of the morning and allow us a few minutes to relax and be sociable. The coffee is incidental.

Today we have a great variety of drugs available for waking up the human nervous system, stimulating it, soothing it, or putting it to sleep. While they are valuable to the doctor in treating sick people, their use has spread far beyond the boundaries of the sickroom.

These drugs are powerful chiefly because of the tremendous faith placed in them. They are harmful because they support the mistaken idea that the human animal should always be at ease, or always be at his or her best. Their continued use can be as fruitless as anything else that treats the result rather than the cause of a disorder.

The plain truth is that any short cut to overcoming our reticence, controlling our nervousness, or stimulating our confidence is harmful simply because it's artificial. When its effect wears off, a person is left with a sense of failure rather than accomplishment.

Moreover, it postpones learning the normal techniques human beings can develop to gain much better results.

Learning the technique of controlling nervousness, for instance, helps us use the nervousness for better performance. When we are nervous we can run faster, jump higher, think more quickly, and remember better. Some people get too fascinated with such unpleasant physiological evidences of nervousness as palpitations, sweating, and so on, and become frightened by them. It's better to look at nervousness as a pulling together of our energies—which it really is, or can be. Then we can have more confidence in what we are going to do *because* we are nervous, and the nervousness becomes a powerful aid in our effort to do our best.

Cocktails can depress you

Learning the techniques of controlling nervousness is part of the job of learning to live satisfactorily. These are some of the things parents are called upon to help their children with. You can't teach it unless you've experienced it. Let us not limit what we can pass on to our children to the knowledge of when and how to use tranquilizers and stimulants.

In our modern life, with its demands and drives, alcohol is being used both as stimulant and tranquilizer. If you want to be the life of the party you are going to, you feel a cocktail enhances the chances. If you come home tired and want to relax, you take a cocktail to help you let down. You may feel alcohol helps you view a failure with complacency, or a challenge with confidence.

Alcohol is not universally successful on all these counts. For some people it may prove more relaxing than inspiring, so that they drowse through a party instead of sparkling through it. Actually, alcohol is not a stimulant, it's a depressant. One of the things it depresses is your critical faculties.

A colleague of mine from a foreign country once said to me. "We wouldn't mind you Canadians and Americans working so hard and such long hours if you didn't make a virtue out of it." It made me stop and think. In a curious sort of way, we do tend to make a virtue out of our excesses. For example, chain smoking is often supposed to go along with the picture of the intent, creative, successful newspaper writer, advertising executive, or other glamorized figure in our civilization. By now anyone knows that excessive smoking affects a person's wind and circulatory system and pro-

duces in some people such bothersome and unpleasant symptoms as chronic coughs, hoarseness, and nausea on waking in the morning. But, like thumb-sucking, chain smoking can only be cured by learning to feel at ease and confident of oneself. This seems to be hard for so many people in our society. It's easier to make a virtue out of the excess. But excess is serious if it contributes to the deterioration of the spiritual self and one's nervous and physical functions.

Fatigue, as well as boredom and unhappiness, is temporarily relieved by drinking; if a person continues to drink to excess, fatigue ultimately becomes a chronic state. There are of course, some people who for years have drunk too much, yet they continue to perform creditably in the office, on the stage, or over the air. But I believe these are exceptions. The nervous system of the average person cannot remain healthy if the person drinks excessively. It is easily damaged, the important parts being damaged first.

In most alcoholics I have tried to help, I saw beneath the pitiable, uncertain, bewildered exterior, traces of a lovable, sensitive person who tried to do something beyond his or her capacity or kept making an effort against too discouraging odds.

I have had many patients who expected themselves to be the perfect hostess to their husbands' business associates, including those who landed suddenly in town at the end of a day when these mothers were tired from caring for small children and making the round of household chores. Some of these patients have crossed the line between the relaxing pick-me-up and the "drink I have to have to get me through the evening" without knowing it.

The woman who has all her life depended for security on her youth and beauty sometimes turns to alcohol as she grows older and feels less attractive.

"A drink buoys me up," insisted one such patient to me. "I forget how I looked in the mirror. I feel as gay as a girl on the dance floor."

"What's your husband doing while you're being gay as a girl?" I asked.

"Oh, either looking patient and kind of long-suffering, or else ignoring me completely," she answered.

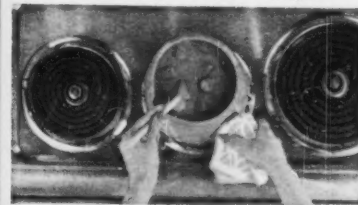
"Look," I said, "when you get to a certain age you're going to have lines in your face and neck. All women do. Your husband loves *you*, not your



Can be hung on a wall or placed on a base cabinet to suit your height... or surrounded by storage units to look "built-in."



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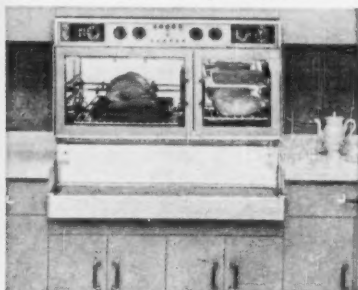
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complexion. Stop trying to get more attention from him by behaving like a girl. Learn what it's like to be cherished because you're a woman."

The challenge intrigued her. A few months later I saw her with her husband at a dinner party. Instead of the "cute little girl" creations she had affected, she wore a tastefully selected gown which was exactly right for her. Best of all, her animation was genuine, her face serene—and her husband was conspicuously attentive!

The problem of sleep has given birth to whole new industries, scientific experiments, millions of words on paper (to which I am about to add!), and many controversies. I tell my patients to pay plenty of attention to the amount of rest they require, but never to worry about how much sleep they get. The power of sleep to set our world in order seems to have more to do with the quality of sleep than its duration. Sometimes a five-minute nap completely changes our outlook; then again, a ten-hour sleep leaves us tired and drowsy.

Broken sleep won't hurt

It is wise to plan reasonable regularity of a time to go to bed and to get up. Strangely enough, the importance of this is seldom realized by people who claim difficulty in getting to sleep. Something else to remember is that if you are happy, you cannot possibly lose too much sleep. When our bodies really need sleep, unless there is some worry or frustration gnawing at us, it is almost impossible to resist the mechanism by which the body turns off our awareness and drops us into oblivion.

Many young mothers become completely tired out because they have not slept soundly during the prolonged illness of a child, or simply because they feel the responsibility to make sure the child is well covered. Again, I believe this is failure to relax tension. Ex-

periments have shown that broken sleep is often more refreshing than continuous sleep. It really isn't harmful to have your sleep interrupted several times a night by your child, as long as you have a sense of basic security—a feeling that your child is going to be all right, and that you have done your best.

A few minutes' relaxation before dinnertime is good for everybody, especially mother or whoever is going to get dinner. Most people who work need several evenings a week at home to decompress the head of steam they carry all day. Reading or working at hobbies helps replace life's inevitable frustrations with the happy satisfactions of small accomplishments. Sleep comes easily to those who have had a relaxing, interesting evening.

On the nights when we work late, attend meetings, or do something else which doesn't mean relaxation or recreation, sometimes interest or tension carries over and makes it harder to go to sleep. If it doesn't happen too frequently, this does no harm; most people can go on for several nights without their usual amount of sleep.

We must be matter-of-fact about this: in our age and our society, it takes time to relax. The change of pace, the change of interest, taking a warm bath, listening to a little favorite music, doing some little job with our hands—there are many techniques, and each of us must find the ones that will be satisfactory for us. But there is a way.

The human organism has ways of helping us to be alert, to relax, to sleep, and to withstand physical and emotional stress. We must work with nature's gifts, not against them, to be at our best. A short cut may promise much in the beginning but will fail us in the end.

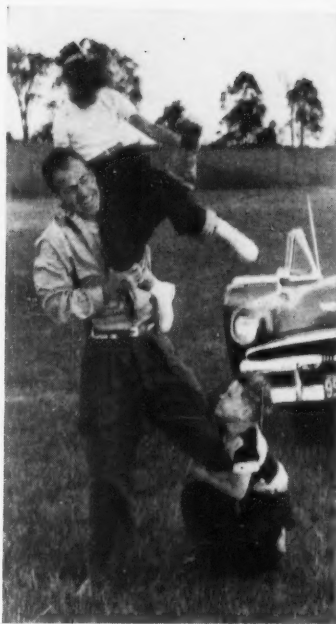
END

The final article in this series taken from Dr. Hilliard's last book will appear in next month's CHATELAINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—Peter Croydon (cover, 2, 33, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 100), Vic Greene (2), John Sebert (2, 52), Gilbert A. Milne (3), Alex Dellow (3, 42, 43, 98), Clive Webster (3), Harry Befus (4), Joe Michaud (6), Jim Murray (8), Robert C. Ragsdale (8), Peggy Todd (12), John Hedgcoe (18), Miller Services (19), Erik Schak (36), The Bettmann Archive (36), Werner Wolff (40, 41, 104), Dennis Colwell (81), Paul Rockett (155). ARTWORK—Anne Buckley (3), Eugenie Groh (14), Douglas Sneyd (34, 35), Tom McNeely (38, 39), Will Davies (44), Reg Campkin (80, 81), Robert Turnbull (106), Marion Paton (116), John Thorne (158).

YOUR CHILD

How to cope with children on a motor trip



Here are a few simple rules for keeping them healthy, happy and interested

By ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD

● Last year I received a letter from a mother in eastern Ontario, in which she said, "My parents live in Nova Scotia and we'd like to drive down there with our two boys, seven and five, and our baby who is nearly a year old. What precautions should we take, or do you think we'd be wiser to take our two weeks' holiday nearer home?" Her reasons for going were pretty strong, so I suggested the following ways of making the trip relatively easy.

Don't let them get bored

Children of this age—and preschool youngsters even more so—pretty soon tire of sitting cooped up in a car. So a stop at least every couple of hours, at a spot where they can have a safe spell of running around, helps to keep them happy. I wouldn't start buying ice cream or soft drinks whenever they are available because you'll have to keep that up and it will only spoil their appetites and possibly upset their digestions. A few not-too-sweet biscuits, and the children's favorite fruit juice in a Thermos, would be much cheaper and less trouble.

A station wagon is ideal for such a trip, with the older children in the back seat and the baby crawling around with some soft toys on a mattress behind the back seat. Then when he gets tired he just goes to sleep and

you can cover him up if necessary. When the older children get tired, you'd be wise to sit between them and play the usual car games — who can count the most cows in a field, etc.

By finishing your day's driving fairly early in the afternoon you can have a better choice of cabin, motel or camping site. Sometimes you can find one with spacious grounds and some have swings or other equipment for the youngsters. A vigorous play before supper is fine for them. Fairly early starts in the morning usually mean driving in less traffic and less heat.

Overnight accommodation

If there is a baby in the party, the ideal setup is a motel with two adjoining rooms, having a bathroom in between where the baby can sleep in his carry cot. Two adjoining cabins are next best. If you are camping, remember that a baby under two years can be quite upset by mosquito bites, so a netting tent over his cot is essential. You can often buy them quite cheaply at army surplus stores.

Baby's care and comfort

As long as you keep his diaper region washed and possibly the creases under his arms and around his neck, baby doesn't need a full bath every day. On a hot day though, a bath is



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All five Farmer's Wife Infant Formula Milks have Vitamin D added, for strong bones and teeth, and to help prevent rickets. Farmer's Wife Instant Prepared Formulas are the only products of their type with Vitamin C added, to guard against scurvy.





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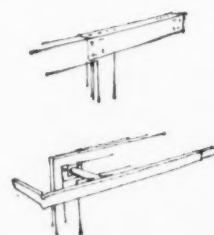
the only baby powder with olive oil...used in more than 1700 hospitals

soothing and makes him feel more comfortable. Sometimes the basins in motels are large enough to bathe him in. In cabins they are often quite small and so a plastic bath would be a good item to take along.

If you are taking disposable diapers you should have at least one change of the pantlike diaper holders; and you should pack a dozen regular diapers as well. These should be rinsed out as soon as possible after changing the baby — and giving them a good shake before putting them in the plas-

Window shopping

*Give your windows
a wider look*



Here are two simple ways to widen your windows. Top: extension plates, 18 inches each, can be fastened to the frame of your window as shown. Bottom: an extension rod can add as much as 3½ feet to your window.

tic baby bag will make them less objectionable.

Another essential is a partitioned plastic bag containing several damp facecloths for cleaning baby's diaper area. Also take along as many things as possible to make baby feel at home — his favorite Teddy bear, blanket, etc.

Water en route

Motels, cabins and camping parks often have their own private water supply. Usually they are required to have their water tested to make sure it is safe. Even though this is true, I would always boil baby's water. In fact I'd boil it for the whole family, taking along an electric kettle to use where possible.

Evaporated milk, diluted with boiled water is very handy, but you would be wise to accustom your baby to it before you leave home. You could flavor it with instant chocolate for the older youngsters. If your baby is still using a bottle, an electric sterilizer would be a big help and can be bought for as little as thirteen dollars.

Food en route

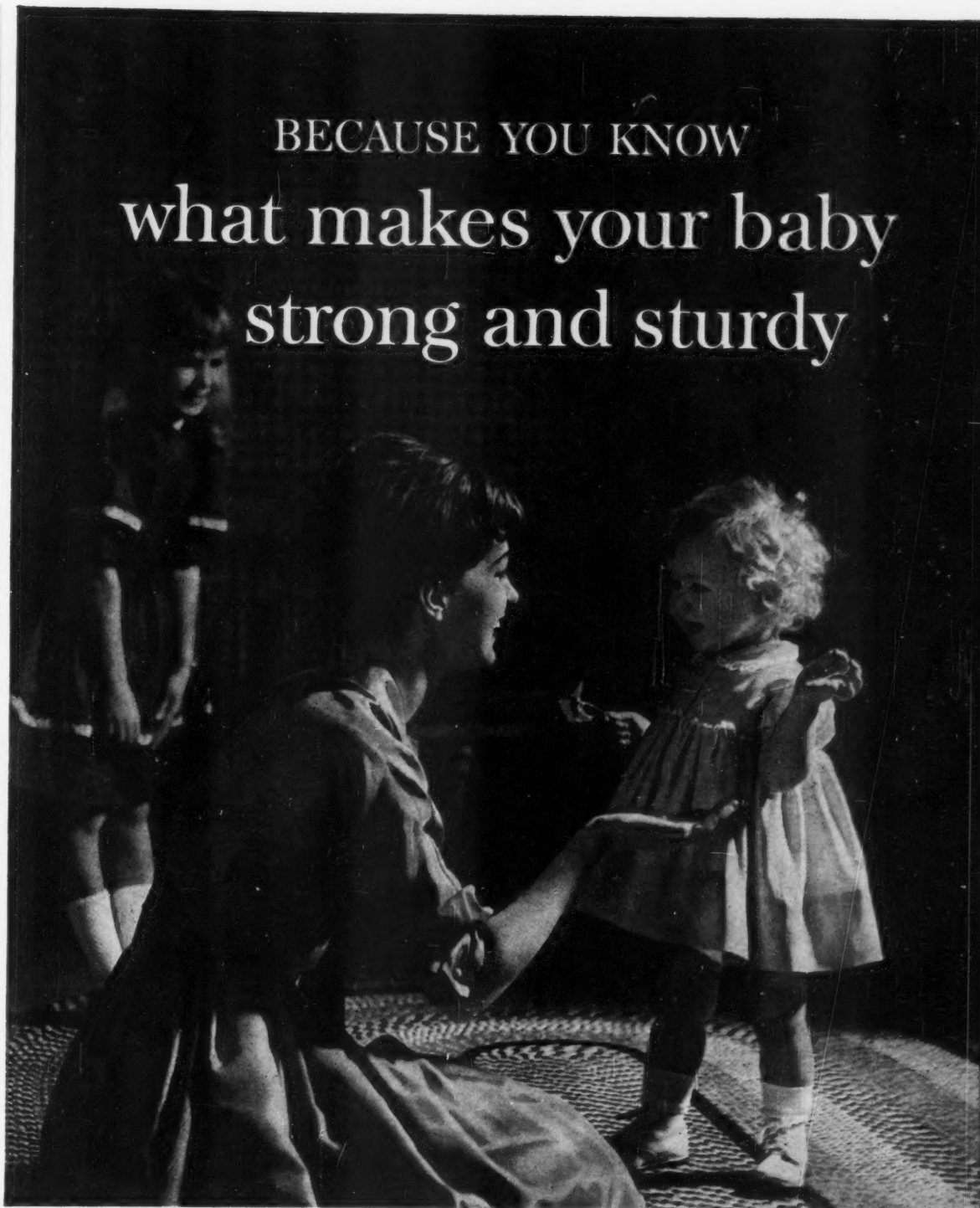
You will probably be buying at least some of your meals. An attack of food poisoning, with diarrhea and other digestive symptoms, would certainly ruin your trip. One common cause for this is staphylococcus toxin. If the person preparing the food has a cut on his finger infected with these common germs some may get into the food.

In warm weather these germs grow rapidly in moist dishes containing milk, eggs, meat, fish or poultry, unless these are either cooked or refrigerated right away. When they grow, the staphylococci produce an irritating substance or toxin. Some small lunch counters haven't as large or as cold refrigerators as they need for complete food protection. So to be on the safe side I'd avoid moist unheated foods containing eggs, meat, poultry or fish, especially if they have to be handled quite a bit in preparation — as with egg or chicken-salad sandwiches, for instance, and custard pie.

Freshly cooked hot food like chops, ham, bacon, eggs, soup and vegetables are quite safe; so are dry foods such as bread, rolls, toast, biscuits and uncooked cereals. Germs won't grow on dry food.

Be sure to wash and even peel raw fruits for safety's sake. Some of the cans of baby fruit, puddings and "dinner" mixtures of meat and vegetables are quite good eating at picnic lunches, even for adults. Check that fresh milk is pasteurized. It's well to remember that only Ontario and Saskatchewan require pasteurization of all milk sold. Pasteurized milk, though, is available in all the larger Canadian cities.

Plenty of planning before you go pays off. Soft plastic toys are best for preschoolers — and buy a few new inexpensive ones to bring out as surprises when they get tired. Fit the car with locks that go on the outside of back doors and that can't be opened from the inside at all. They save a lot of worry and are not dear. Everyone seems to get sleepy on a trip, so take pillows along and blankets. END



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THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW—LASTS A LIFETIME



The last
word is
yours—

Never, but never, has an article drawn more mail in the past year. We're referring, of course, to Eileen Morris' Housework Is a Part-time Job [March]. Below — just the merest sampling of letters, happy and furious, on the subject. And the deluge rolls on

Morris' method maddens—and delights

● Having just completed a fifteen-hour day when I sat down to devour my CHATELAINE, the article was maddening.

Lucky Eileen Morris—never mends anything, just throws the worn articles out. Lucky E.M.—never washes windows or curtains. Lucky E.M. never has to bake a cake or make an apron for a church sale . . .

Mrs. Myrtle Gallup, Danville, Que.



Praise be! Eileen Morris, brave soul that she is, has hit the little old nail squarely on its wilted head. Let's be honest. I know it hurts, but we don't work away time, we waste it away.

Mrs. B. Webber, Winnipeg.

Congratulations. Down with housework, vive les livres.

Beth Dale, Toronto.

When "modern" means skipping all the things that make home the best place in the world, I prefer to stay old-fashioned.

Mrs. L. Lepson, Sudbury, Ont.

Maybe you are happy with your way of housekeeping, Miss Morris, but I'll always find time for a few frills, such as baking just to hear my sons say, "Boy, Mom, you bake the best chocolate cake in the world." Just a ham at heart, I guess.

Mrs. Lindsay R. Barr, Winnipeg.

Just one little question—where does Eileen Morris get all the soiled clothes to wash?

Mrs. E. T. Geldart, Tide Head, N.B.

Eileen Morris is talking through the smog in her house.

Jean Morton, Thornhill, Ont.

Any mother of two and housekeeper of normal home who bristled angrily at this article should check her motives for two reasons: either the truth hurts or she is afraid of spare time, not knowing how to use it.

We often hear reference to man hours lost through illness and accident, but never of woman hours lost over coffee, cigarettes, TV, idle complaining and sleeping in. I have practised Eileen's method for a year and a half now and I certainly verify her article.

Mary Daniluk, Windsor, Ont.

Fiddlesticks! . . . Yours till 8 p.m.

Mrs. J. B. Hughes, Calgary.

Since Eileen Morris has so much time on her hands I suggest she obtain a position as saleswoman. Anybody who could sell a woman's magazine that line could sell bathing suits to Eskimos . . .

Mrs. F. Weekes, London, Ont.

I agree with Eileen Morris one hundred percent.

Mrs. R. Stuart, Glanford Station, Ont.



No mention is made of either child all afternoon, during which time she can read, write, rest. Do the children conveniently disappear with an incantation and a snap of the fingers? Please forward magic words immediately.

Mrs. Stephen Collins,
New Haven, Connecticut.

I was plain disgusted at Eileen Morris' laziness. I pity her husband who, I'm sure, like any other man must love pastry and a clean house.

Mrs. Angus King, Atikokan, Ont.

Your recipe filing system appeals to me. I am starting on it right away—the breakfast dishes can wait.

Jacqueline Dauphin, St. Bruno, Que.

I admit this schedule can be done—so can the four-minute mile if you have the energy!

Estelle Cooper, Red Deer, Alta.

First Lady — a triumph

The excellent article [Canada's First Lady at Home, March] and lovely photograph concerning Madame Vanier are a triumph for your magazine. The plant shown on the cover is so full-flowering—would it be possible for you to let your readers know what it is?

Mrs. H. R. Walker, Vermilion, Alta.

We can indeed. The plant is Browallia.
—The Editors.

Your March cover of Her Excellency shows her wearing three decorations? Could you tell me what they are?

Albert Hing, Lethbridge.

From left to right: Jubilee Medal, Coronation Medal, La Croix de la Légion d'Honneur. —The Editors.

Who's to thank for Judy?

Have just finished How Judy Won a Second Chance at Life [March]. I am sure everyone is overjoyed at the child's remarkable recovery but I could not but wonder at the last two or three paragraphs.

"Who is responsible for the miracle?" The parents award the honor to the doctors. The doctors praise the nurses, the nurses praise the doctors. No one, but no one, gives credit or thanksgiving to God Almighty.

Mrs. H. Ely, Kitchener, Ont.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

F.D.R. beat Hoover, too

On page 18 of the March issue Philip Deane [It's Your World] states: "... only one presidential incumbent, William Howard Taft, was not returned . . ." Of course, he forgot all about Herbert Hoover, president from 1929-1933.

W. Bellsmith, Springfield, Ont.

Hoover ran against Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and was defeated.

—The Editors.

Why women
are unhappy



The article [What Makes Women Unhappy, by Dr. Margaret Mead, March] is splendid and timely. Ah well, evolution of man is a slow process. The time may soon arrive when, to men, women may be looked on as something more than physical mates!

Jan Butler, Toronto.

Dr. Mead's perceptive insight into this problem proved revealing and consoling. I, too, have suffered pangs of guilt because the role of housewife and mother has proven not totally fulfilling.

Doreen Kinsman,
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Arthritics need volunteers, too

Re: What's Your Line in Volunteer Jobs? [January], I regret the omission of mention of the volunteer activity within the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society. For those women who may be interested, I shall be glad to hear from them and direct their enquiry to the appropriate C.A.R.S. division or branch.

Cecilia Long, Director of Public Information, The Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, 900 Yonge Street, Toronto 5.

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